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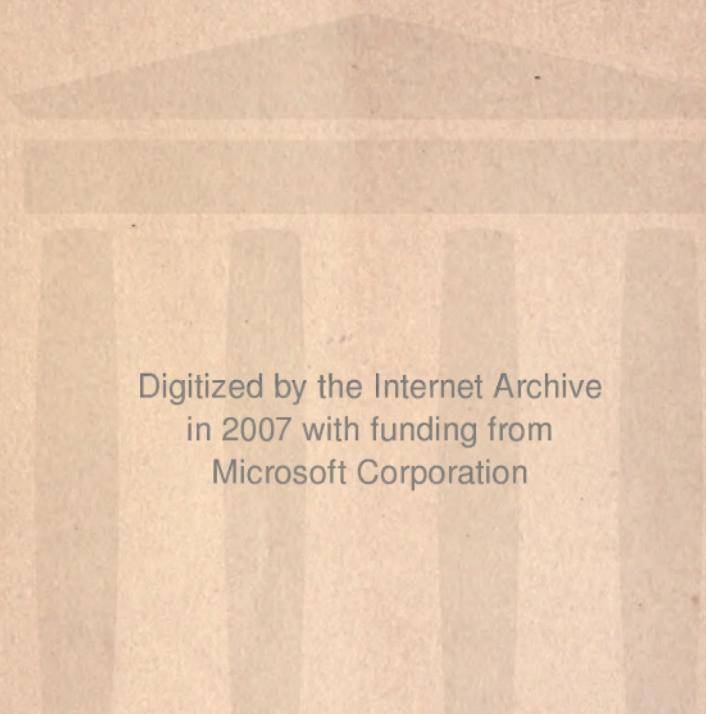


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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
B R A N N
THE ICONOCLAST

VOLUME IV

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“THE CAT CAME BACK.”

THE ICONOCLAST has several times pointed out that there is such a thing as overdoing reformation. The result of the recent election in New York is a case in point. Tammany became so shamefully corrupt that it was necessary to smoke the tiger out of the City Hall. The animal went on a dead gallop, his fur singed, his tail on fire. Quite naturally, the professional godly led the anti-Tammany crusade. Parkhurst and all his paladins and peers shinned in the van. And, quite naturally, the new administration was dominated by the googoos. It was elected for reform purposes, and was determined to “bring a corollary rather than want a spirit.” New York had been noted as the wickedest city in the world—with the possible exception of Waco. The latter is the only municipality, the majority of whose citizens are church communicants, that has licensed houses of prostitution. That puts Waco one ahead of New York in general wickedness—adds canting hypocrisy to her calendar of crime. New York has a Sunday law almost equal to the Texas infamy. This piece of puritanical dampfoolishness makes it a misdemeanor to breathe on Sunday except through the ears, and a penal offense to be found with the aroma of lager-beer and pretzels on the breath. When a man is caught in a compromising attitude with a whisky cocktail on the first day of the week the mixologist is arrested for seduction. The googoos decided to enforce this law clear up to the limit—to transform the Valley of Hinnom into a seventh heaven

by a simple presto, change! New York was suddenly stricken with a drought, and, as a natural sequence, grew hot in the collar. The side doors of all the saloons were hermetically sealed. Spies were employed to peep at key-holes and smell about alleys for surreptitious booze. The people protested against being transformed into seraphs by due process of law, but the professional godly were pitiless. The rich spent Sunday at their clubs and got genteelly drunk and down just to show that some things could be done as well as others. The poor took gallon jugs home on Saturday night and employed their Sunday leisure by getting bilin'. Rows increased and murders multiplied. The Christian Sabbath was transformed into a Bacchic orgy, a Saturnalian revel. All of which proves to men of sense that it doesn't pay to crowd the mourners. But the garoos and the googoos fairly chortled in their joy. Teddy Roosevelt, the man with the gall, and Doc Parkhurst, the party of ye tireless jaw, patted themselves on the back and exclaimed with little Jack Horner, "What a good boy am I!" They spelled reform with a cap R and sawed industriously at the limb on which they sat. But the floods came and the rains descended and beat upon the house of the he-Meddlesome Matties, and it was not. Gotham was compelled to choose between the googoos and the Tammany toughs, and it elected to endure the less of two evils. The googoos are gone; the cat came back. New York will no longer spit cotton because it loves Christ. It will join St. Paul in the absorption of a Sunday mint julep for the stomach's sake. The reform movement proved a Waterbury. By the time it was wound up the machinery broke. And Parkhurst is talking, of course. He has transformed his whiskers into an æolian harp and is singing of what the googoos are going to do next time. The doctor doesn't yet realize that he is dead—that he

has been hit by a brick house. But nobody is listening to him. The people understand that he is what S. O. Young of Galveston would call "a ass." And they are eminently correct.

* * *

EPICTETUS AND REBECCA.

NEARLY every day the "Apostle" receives letters from people who want to know if Rebecca Merlindy Johnson and Epictetus Paregoric Hill are "sure-enough people." The idea has somehow got abroad that Rebecca is but another Dulcinea del Toboso, and that Epictetus is a second edition of the mythical Mrs. Harris—that "there ain't no such person." By carefully husbanding the stamps inclosed for reply to earnest inquirers, the "Apostle" has been enabled to acquire a frilled shirt, open front and back, and which he can get into without doing violence to his carefully cultivated Roscoe Conkling curl. Epictetus Paregoric and Rebecca Merlindy are not the creatures of a Quixotic imagination. They are really alike and have a local habitation and a name. And I may add, *en passant*, that they both wear pants. Epictetus Paregoric is a rolled-gold blonde who yearns to be an editor and mold public opinion, even as a pickaninny shapes mud pies. He think he is afflicted with the divine afflatus. He is quite sure he is a 44-caliber genius, with chock-bore, automatic loader and latest improved breeching. When his afflatus begins to afflate he rushes into the gilded sanctum of the *Houston Post* and uncorks himself. He has to or bust. An effervescent barrel of sauer-kraut is nothing to the explosive power of genius struggling for expression. Mute inglorious Miltos and village Hampdens are all humbug. A poet with a *Paradise Lost* inside of him would have let

it escape; otherwise it would swing around like a steam hay-fork and break his heart. When the spirit moves Epictetus to turn loose a political editorial he couldn't suppress it even for a day with an equine astringent. Epictetus is no trifler in journalism, no dilettante with the stylus. He realizes that the fate of nations depend on the rhythmic rise and fall of his jawbone as he dictates political leaders and economic dissertations to his private amanuensis, the beauteous Rebecca Merlindy. He is fully cognizant of the awful responsibility resting upon him, but he does not flinch. Atlas upholding the world were not a more remarkable example of sublime patience and self-sacrifice. Since the death of Daniel Webster, Epictetus Paregoric is our recognized fount of wisdom. From his Jovinian brow new Minervas spring and go a-chortling through the world. Epictetus Paregoric tells the sun when to rise and where to set. Bismarck cannot have a birthday party nor Spain a cabinet crisis without his express permission. God could not be everywhere, so he made the editor of the *Houston Post* and gave him a strawberry halo. Rebecca Merlindy is a dizzy, dark-eyed brunette who used to play the accordeon and sing "Comrades" at John Bell's *maison du plaisir*, but has reformed and got her before-and-after-taking portrait in the gold-cure pamphlets. Just at present she is studying for the legitimate stage and will soon make her *début* as Claude Melnotte to Mrs. James Brown-Potter's Pauline. It being a male part, she wears pants constantly to accustom herself to he-toggery, and is practicing chewing plug tobacco and expectorating through her teeth. Rebecca has attached herself to the school of realism. When she plays Claude Melnotte Gov. Culberson, with his keen eyes for crinoline, will suspect her sex. Already she can sit cross-legged and cuss. She has even officiated as gubernatorial

aide-de-camp and worn her fiery Bucephalus clothespin fashion. Every morning she visits a barber-shop and frequent shaving is actually developing a beard. Rebecca has resolved to sacrifice beauty to art, to elevate the stage or break a leg in the attempt. And to think that the world should persist in regarding Rebecca Merlindy as a myth—that there be people who consider the journalistic Ajax of all Harris County as a freak of the imagination!

* * *

THE COMMON COURTESAN.

A GLIMPSE OF GEHENNA.

I PUBLISHED an article in the February number of the ICONOCLAST entitled "Woman's Wickedness," which gave many supersensitive people a shock from which they have not yet recovered. I have no particular objection to killing that class of cattle, for I believe the good God would be glad to get the rickety breed exterminated; but I would not ambuscade even a canting hypocrite or sheep-killing dog, so I here put up a sign warning the whole pestiferous crew of Pharisees to dive no deeper here, under pain of death, and heaven alone knows what hereafter. I am going to indulge in some plain talk, and those who wear their modesty on their sleeve will please betake themselves to a milder diet—one of Sam Jones' æsthetic sermons or the quack doctor ads. in the daily papers, for instance.

In my former article I discussed how courtesans are made; here I propose to consider how they can be reclaimed. Next to learning how to do a thing is learning how not to do it. The world has had a vast and varied experience with the negative side of the question and

seems to have settled it to its satisfaction that the only way to lift a woman out of hell is to bar the door of egress and shoot fireballs at her through the gratings; that the only way to persuade her to leave off her sinning is to inform her that, though she repent in sackcloth and ashes, she will never be forgiven; that the only method of elevating the fallen woman is to get after her with scorpion whips when she breaks away from the brothel and scourge her back again! This system of moral therapeutics is not without its advantages; if it seldom cures, it at least kills quicker than any other that could be devised, thus abbreviating the misery of the patient.

It were as idle to expect to eliminate Prostitution as to extirpate Poverty and Greed. Just so long as Lust runs riot in the veins of Adam's sons, women will be degraded and debauched. Just so long as Want and Wretchedness stalk like grisly phantoms through the earth women will be found who will brazenly barter their souls for gold or for bread. There are women who are wantons by nature; whom no wealth, education or moral surroundings can withhold from evil.

“ But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.”

It were idle to talk of “reforming” women who never possessed the faintest conception of modesty; in whom the brutish nature dominates the divine; but these form a very inconsiderable portion of that vast array upon whose brows blazes the scarlet brand of the courtesan. A vast majority of these unfortunates feel their degradation as no male malefactor ever felt his disgrace; would, were it

possible, wash the stains from their souls with their heart's blood. Every year of the world thousands of them, unable to further bear their weight of shame, to longer endure the fierce scourgings of the fire-whips of an avenging conscience, burst the gates of death, hide in the grave from a cold world's bitter scorn. Other escape there is none; society will not receive them back; its doors are irreversibly closed to them. They may knock, but it will not be opened unto them; they may come on their knees, groping their way through penitential tears, but they will be spurned from its portals with foul reproach. Society made them what they are; it now sits in judgment upon them and declares that they shall be no other. From the lips of the stern judge are never heard those words, the sweetest that ever fell on mortal ears, divinest sentence that ever passed the lips of God or man, "Go and sin no more." Other criminals reform. The thief becomes an honest man; the forger lives down his crime; the manslayer purifies his bloody hands with a life-time of noble deeds; but once a courtesan always a courtesan. There is no place in all the wide world but the bagnio for the woman who has once erred,—no matter how youthful or inexperienced, how foul her betrayal.

"No; gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame."

• • •

Those good people who drag her hence but plunge her into tortures beyond her powers of endurance; but place her on exhibition for the world to mock, set her up as a

mark for the cold unmoving finger of scorn. Those who can stand the ordeal are seldom worth saving; are women scarce conscious of their degradation, mere animals to whom all life is alike—who care little whether they take their food from the hand of a boorish husband or a dashing paramour. Crazed by the world's contempt, by its brutal scorn, trampled beneath the feet of women not worthy to serve them as waiting maids or scullions, the most rush back into the old evil life and madly plunge to more fearful depths.

What salvation can be devised for the thousands of noble women who have fallen beneath the terrible ban of public opinion? There is only one way: to reform public opinion itself; to lift from these daughters of shame the dead weight that is crushing them down to the deepest hell; to throw open to them the gates of the upper as well as of the nether world.

Such a task will appear to many almost as hopeless as an attempt to change the ocean's tides or alter the law of gravitation; but such forget that Falsehood and Folly fade before Truth like night's black shadows before the faintest light ray that trembles from the great sun. The world is naturally honest, just, pitiful; its attitude toward the fallen woman is an unnatural one, the result of centuries of false education and fatuous religion. Pessimist as I am called, I still have sufficient faith in my fellow men to believe that they will not persist in a grievous, a brutal crime, when they can once be made to see that it is such.

But who is to convince them? The press? The pulpit? Is not the present deplorable condition the result of their teaching? They have created a false, a vicious public opinion, before which they now cower and tremble. Is there a minister living with the courage to urge his parishioners to throw open their homes to and receive on a foot-

ing of social equality the repentant Magdalen? Is there a daily paper between the two oceans that would dare make such a suggestion,—that would, even for a fat bribe, state in its editorial columns that the most abandoned courtesan that ever made night hideous with her drunken brawling, may become the peer of the president's wife by discarding her evil ways and thenceforth living a life of purity and nobleness? Not one! Yet is it not true? If not, why not? If there is any truth in our religion, the portals of heaven will fly wide open at her approach; yet we close the door in her face! Almighty God thinks her good enough to associate with the Virgin Mary, yet we raise a devil of a row if we see her talking across the back fence to our daughters or wives! The Creator of the Cosmos is waiting to crown her amid the glad acclaim of the heavenly host; yet our nice American gentleman does not consider that she is good enough to wear his name and cook his hash! His honor would be irremediably smirched by such an alliance! Yet if he can but toll her back into the old life and be one of a hundred to visit her foul bed, his honor will not show even a fly-speck—will shine like a new tin pan at a Republican powwow! Curious this thing male bipeds are wont to call their honor!

The world, ever gross despite centuries of civilization, makes no distinction in illicit intercourse of the sexes. To it all women found even one step outside the prescribed path are equally vile, alike deserving unmitigated censure; yet from the highest to the lowest of those so outlawed and placed beneath society's ban, is a sweep as far from the highest heaven as to the deepest hell. Some of the noblest, grandest women ever sent into this dreary world by a beneficent God to brighten its cimmerian gloom are known to have lived on very intimate terms with the men they

loved, and that, too, without the formality of securing society's sanction. Love is a celestial flame that has not yet been educated to burn ever according to terrestrial law. Sometimes it will overlap such fences as secular statutes and religious dogmas and set the world on fire! Many a noble woman has become a man's mistress because she could neither become his wife nor trample her heart beneath her feet at the dictates of society. With some women love is a higher law, before which canons of church and State shrivel into nothingness. No saintly anathema, no fiat of society can disturb their devotion. Though the world reel, the heavens fall and black chaos come again, they will cling closer to the shrine upon which they have cast their hearts. Of these we need not speak further here. Society has no power over them for good or ill. From its fallible judgment they calmly and confidently appeal to an infallible God.

For those at the other extreme, the law of whose lives is Lust instead of Love, children of the slums, the spawn of criminals, who were courtesans from the very cradle, there is no hope. There is no method by which those now existent can be successfully reached. All that we can hope to do, is, by improving society, to curtail the class which breeds them. This cannot be done by dogmatizing or founding "homes for fallen women"; we must do our most effective work in our industrial system. When the laborer's lot is made easier; when it becomes possible for all men and women to earn an honest living, society will have fewer crimes and courtesan-breeding "dregs."

It is that vast class of women, once as pure as the snow but now foul as the hags of hell, yet who still retain a shadow of that "divine shame" which distinguishes humanity from the brute, and who long to return to the upper world,—to win back the respect they have forfeited

—that chiefly concerns us here. Naturally the first step would be to so reform society that it will not year by year pour thousands upon thousands of fresh recruits into the ranks of the fallen. Here, too, the need of industrious reform becomes apparent. Bitter poverty is as potent to make prostitutes of young women as thieves of young men. Make it possible for every young woman to earn an honest and respectable living and you will save more souls than have been garnered by all the priests and preachers from Melchizedek to Sam Jones. You make it possible for thousands of young women to choose between good and evil whose only alternative now of degradation is death. You prepare a field in which it is possible for moral maxims to take root. It is useless to hurl homilies at people suffering for food and fuel while the devil is clinking his gold pieces and dazzling their eyes with gems.

But the most effective method of checking an evil that threatens to engulf the world, is the easiest; it is to repeat to every repentant sinner the words of the Saviour: "Go and sin no more." Let the past perish and be forgotten: we will not judge you by what you have been but by what you are. Come out of the depths! If the God who made you forgives your transgressions, can we petty creatures, resting in the hollow of His hand, annul his judgments? If He says that your repentant tears have washed you white as snow, shall we appeal from His great court to that of Mrs. Grundy?

* * *

THE "COUNTESS" CASTELLANE.

AND now a tale of woe comes drifting across the dark blue sea—another American woman who wedded a titled nonentity is, like Niobe, all tears. Miss Anna Gould is the

latest American girl to learn that the European "nobility" is not composed of noble men—the new-made "countess" is already pining for her own country. I expected it. I confided to Anna that her "Count" was utterly no account, and advised her to use him for fish bait instead of for breeding purposes. I counseled her to give the miserable tramp a cold "hand-out" and the marble heart. I implored her to consider her latter end and have no dealings with titled dudes. I suggested that she spill her gilded affections on some honest American mechanic who could be trusted to carry in the coal, come home reasonably sober, avoid the company of courtesans and sure-thing gamblers and love her as long as there was any of her left. But it's a sheer waste of advice to give it to a woman. Anna found the "Count" on the matrimonial bargain-counter and gathered him in—paid for him, much as one might purchase a hairless Mexican pup. And the indiscriminating dailies fairly chortled in their joy. They informed the world that the union was a love match pure and simple—as though the average daily editor could distinguish between a Cupid-shaft and an affection of the kidneys! They slobbered over the young turtle doves until the bridal wreath floated in the lather, and prattled of the "holy union of two young hearts." Rodents! And while sassiety and the press was slopping over, the Castellane family was recalcitrating like mule colts because Miss Gould would not turn over her entire fortune to her fiancé—even threatened to break off the alliance at the very steps of the altar. But the Goulds knew the market quotations of expired patents of nobility, kept a stiff upper lip, and "the great house of Castellane" grew hungry and came off its perch with the frigid hauteur of a lame parrot making a sneak on a rotten peanut. Anna captured the erstwhile coronet—encumbered by an

early morning accident, such as will sometimes happen in respectable families. And now we are getting the second chapter of this "true love" tale. According to apparently reliable reports, the "Countess" Castellane is one of the most miserable of mortals. Ze count—without a coronet—is blowing in her boodle on bawds and boozers while neglecting and humiliating his wife in every possible way. So brutal is his treatment, so ostentatious his neglect of the woman who has paid for the very clothes he wears and the bread in his belly, that even the heartless cosmopolites of the wickedest city in the world profess to pity her. I have tried to be sorry for the "countess"; but I can't. I am indignant that a scrawny little French fice, who insults his own country by pretensions of "nobility" in the days of the Republic, and whose forefathers were kicked across the frontier like so many sheep-killing curs by the outraged peasantry should dare mistreat a countrywoman of mine; but reason tells me it is retributive justice. When the daughter of a mouse-trap-maker and map-peddler becomes too purse-proud to marry an American sovereign, and seeks among the syphilitic dudes of a fallen dynasty a companion for her bed, she deserves to suffer the tortures of the damned. It is a grim satisfaction to know that most of these title-hunting Yankee dunderheads get their just dues. If any American woman has wedded a European "nobleman" and "lived happily ever afterwards," I have yet to hear of it. Social claptrap and sacerdotal ceremony cannot sanctify a contract to commit a crime against nature, nor purge "a marriage of convenience" of the taint of prostitution. The woman who barters her beauty for a title, her soul for social distinction is even more culpable than the courtesan of Boiler avenue, whose fee is a dollar bill. In both cases it is cold-blooded barter and sale, but to the crime of a

loveless marriage is added the vice of hypocrisy. The bawd may be driven to sell her body for bread, but the title-hunter sacrifices her purity to gratify a prurient ambition. It is scarce to be expected that women who purchase their marital companions should make model wives—that is not a clause in the contract. The penurious “nobleman” marries such a woman not because he cares for her companionship, but because he needs money which he is too indolent to earn and too cowardly to steal. Having given her his name in exchange for a grub-stake, he feels that he has performed his part of the contract, has discharged his entire duty. He understands full well that the woman wedded him solely for his title—that it was social ambition instead of love’s passion that brought her to his bed—and he heartily despises her, as all hypocrites do their fellow humbugs. There is no contempt so profound, no hatred so implacable as that with which the impoverished patrician regards the aspiring parvenu; and scarce has the epithalamium ceased ere this feeling begins to make itself manifest. The man who weds a woman solely for her wealth cannot possibly possess the instincts of a gentleman. Though he wear a crown, he is at heart a human hyena, capable of any crime that requires no courage—just the kind of a creature to find a fiendish joy in torturing the helpless, in making a woman’s life a hell. All the manhood which the “older nobility” of Europe ever possessed was bred out by selfish marriages and shameless bawdry years ago. Most royal families were originally established by the plunder and oppression of the weak by the strong. The “nobility” was composed of the obsequious servants of marauding sovereigns, the hired assassins of crowned hoodlums, its ranks regularly recruited from professional panders and the spawn of prostitutes. For centuries the European “nobility” was

but a foul cesspool into which emptied the social sewer. The throne was surrounded by "ennobled" bastards and shameless bawds swayed the sovereign's scepter. "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Idle lives, vicious habits and inherited disease have degraded the present "nobility" below even the brutish level of its progenitors —has transformed it into a disreputable *omnium gatherum* of wife-beaters and sure-thing gamblers, scorbatic cowards and brazen cuckolds. Here and there may be found a family, lately ennobled, that has not yet become irredeemably rotten; but the tendency is almost invariably downward—each succeeding generation drifting further from the distinctive virtues of manhood. And it was one of these hoodlums that Miss Gould bought for a husband. Her marital experience is that of most American women who have traded cash for coronets. The "Countess" Castellane and the "Princess" Colonna should retire to the woodshed and mingle their tears. They might retrieve their mistakes by employing a half-grown "coon" to bump together the empty pates of their titled nincompoops until they pop like a pair of painted bladders, then marry good Texas Democrats and rear a crop of boys with brains in their heads and iron in their blood.

* * *

THE MORMONS OF MEXICO.

After suffering unremitting persecution at the hands of religious bigots for half a century, the Mormons are moving into Mexico, where, I am informed, there is little inclination to interfere with their polygamous practices. And they are repaying the hospitality of our sister republic by transforming her arid wastes into fruitful farms. A dispatch announces, as an item of news, that "they are

industrious and law-abiding citizens who are aiding wonderfully in the development of the country." The same could be said of the Mormons in America so long as the religious fanatics could be kept off their collars. The United States never had better citizens than were the Mormons so long as they were let alone. Their industry, thrift and penchant for attending strictly to their own business has passed into a proverb. This much may be said of them without indorsing their religious doctrines. I have ever been undecided whether Joe Smith was a faker or a fool; but certain am I that the brutal treatment accorded him and his followers in this country should call a blush of shame to the cheek of every American citizen. It was a crime unparalleled since the persecution of the Quakers by the Puritans; was committed by a country posing as the refuge of the world's oppressed—the chief exponent of individual liberty. There was not the slightest danger that polygamy would become a serious menace to American morals; the attempt to engraft it permanently upon Anglo-Saxon civilization were as futile as the labors of the Del Rio idiot to convince men who have circumnavigated the globe, that it is flat as a cellar floor. Instead of warring upon the seraglios of the Latter Day Saints, we should have considered ways and means for the abolishment of our own bagnios. We should have gotten the beam out of our own eye before going for the mote in the optic of the Mormon. The Church of the Latter Day Saints would have quickly perished had we let it alone. A religious craze thrives on persecution—"the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." Having murdered the founder of the new faith, we drove his followers—men, women and children—into the snow-clad, blizzard-cursed western waste. It was not a social convulsion that expelled the Mormons from the older States, but re-

ligious intolerance pure and simple. New York, where Joe Smith began his ministry, suffered a free-love colony to exist in its midst in peaceful prosperity; but the Mormons were aggressive proselytizers and thereby evoked the undying enmity of other religious sects. Polygamy, as subsequently practiced, appears to have had no place in the Mormon cult until after the murder of Joe Smith; but they were hated and harried as vindictively by their Christian neighbors before as after it became an accepted tenet of their faith. They were expelled, not because of their immorality, but because of difference with their neighbors anent religious dogma. They abandoned their magnificent city of Nauvoo, their fruitful farms and pleasant homes in Illinois and Missouri, and tramped resolutely a thousand miles into the wilderness, hoping that they might there enjoy that religious liberty to which they were entitled as American citizens. Tireless industry soon retrieved their fallen fortunes, but with prosperity came the development of polygamy. Utah was at once denounced as a moral plague-spot demanding heroic treatment, and the Federal officials became the agents of the new persecution. I rejoice that polygamy exists no longer on American soil; but the remedy adopted was infinitely worse than the disease. Religious liberty and local self-government are the very pillars of this Republic, and the integrity of both was fiercely assailed in our dealings with the Latter Day Saints.

It is questionable whether we have done the monogamic doctrine any real good by the persecution of a few polygamists. Our crusade sufficed to call the world's attention to the fact that, while dominated by the polygamous Saints, Utah was a veritable Arcadia, practically free of pimps and prostitutes, bloated millionaires and groveling mendicants—strange contrast to those communities where

our religious ideas and code of social ethics have long been paramount. It has served to remind untold millions that, while accepting the Hebrew prophets and patriarchs as God's anointed, we have persistently hounded as public enemies a people who molded their social life by those divine models. True, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob lived in an age of general ignorance; but if they had Græco-Roman wrestling matches with angels, fed those feathered songsters and washed their feet, we may presume that they learned how many female bosses are permitted to the average pilgrim—whether polygamy is displeasing to the Lord. Of course the old dispensation has passed away; still it is difficult to imagine the Almighty permitting a sawed-off dude like King Solomon to have a thousand pretty women and compelling a fine lusty animal like the Rev. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill to worry along with one.

Furthermore, the anti-Mormon crusade has set the anthropologists to prattling again; and, shocking as it may seem to our modern civilization and its monogamic ideas, they are inclined to agree with Solomon that it is difficult for a man to get too much of a really good thing. Science does not show much respect for modern creeds and cults, environment and education; but tells us plainly that man is naturally a polygamous animal—even intimates that a thousand years of monogamy, strictly enforced, would sweep the human race from the face of the earth. Progressive physicians inform us *sub rosa*, of course—that loss of virility is the reward of male virtue—even prescribe an occasional violation of moral law as a preventive of impotency. This is indeed a serious matter, and I submit it to my brother ministers and humbly ask: What are we going to do about it? Does the Seventh Commandment repeal the imperative order issued to Adam and Eve

to be fruitful and multiply? That is a knotty theological problem which should be decided without delay, and I move that it be referred to the faculty of Baylor University.

Monogamy has become with us a sacred thing, the citadel of social purity; and I am in nowise responsible for the demoralizing example of King David, the beloved of the Lord, nor for the conclusions of science that it runs counter to the law of man's life.

If the conclusions of the anthropologists be correct—which I am not prepared to admit, and it were presumption to deny—the question naturally arises: Were it better for the race considered either morally or physically, that man should have a plurality of wives, or only one legal mate and many mistresses? that he should legitimatize all his children and accord them a father's care, or disown a part—turn them adrift to grow up as best they may beneath a social blight? Were it better that their mothers have a legal claim upon him for life, and feel that they are within the pale of respectability, or remain the mere creatures of his caprice and suffer a social ostracism that is more demoralizing than the worst of marriage systems? The seraglio or the bagnio—which shall it be, oh brother ministers mine? Is the courtesan more desirable to our civilization than the concubine? We have answered this important question in one way, the Mormons in another. I believe that the Gentiles are in the right. I opine that a handful of women, who are true wives, are worth more than untold millions living lives of legalized concubinage. I believe that of monogamic marriage were born the bravest and brainiest men that ever fronted destiny. Still, candor compels the admission that the polygamists have both science and the cumulative wisdom of sixty centuries on their side, while we are little more than experimentalists, who may be riding to a fall. In the discussion of all

problems of such import, we should be rigidly honest with both our opponents and ourselves. In considering the relation of the sexes we should remember that marriage, the most sacred of our human institutions, had its origin in selfish lust. When men attempt to live together in communities that they may be mutually helpful, they must, perforce, make rules for the measurement and conservation of individual rights. The institution of marriage, like the law against theft, was originally intended to guarantee to each male member of the community peaceable possession and enjoyment of his property. From such an unseemly grub sprung the winged Psyche which we now worship. Female purity was not handed down from heaven like Promethean fire; it was born behind the war-club and developed with the criminal code. It is sometimes necessary to a proper understanding of the phenomena with which we are confronted, to examine the compost from which springs the Rose of Sharon. Careful examination into the origin and development of social and religious phenomena signs the death warrant of dogmatism and makes us tolerant of the ideas of others. The more a man knows the more he doubts. Wisdom stammers while Ignorance out-bawls Stentor. Fools approve or condemn according to the creeds and customs to which they are born; the philosopher rises superior to his environment and education and views human institutions and habits by the light of the whole world's history.

Polygamy has gone, but America has forever lost her reputation for religious tolerance. Columbia can pose no longer as the champion of liberty of conscience. The man who desires to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience had best charter a balloon. The Mormons are drifting to Mexico, and while these home-builders and desert-subduers are going out at one gate, the

anarchists and ignorami of Italy and Russia are rolling in at the other. Even the Mormons who remain, and have renounced polygamy, are subjected to gross indignities. We send our missionaries among the Mohammedans and Buddhists of Asia to destroy the time-honored faith of their fathers, and shield them from insult with double-shotted guns. If one of them chance to catch an o'er-ripe egg in his ample ear, we shriek about "Moslem fanaticism" and demand that the government let loose the dogs of war; but let a Mormon elder come into a Christian community and begin proselyting for his faith—even since shorn of polygamy—and he is given time to leave town. Should he stand upon the order of his going, instead of humping himself down the plank turnpike with his back to the burg, he is treated to a coat of tar and feathers, supplemented by a ride on a triangular rail. The fact is that despite our boasted civilization and prattle anent freedom of thought, we are about the most narrow-brained bigots and intolerant fanatics to be found on God's footstool. Our very atheists are dogmatists in their denial; our agnostics are pharisees in their pride of ignorance, while the American definition of a liberalist is a man who thinks as he durn pleases and protests against others exercising the same prerogative.

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THE JEW-BAITER ABROAD.

THE daily papers announced some time ago that "Herr Doktor Ahlwardt, the world-renowned Jew-baiter," had arrived in this country for the purpose of delivering a series of anti-Semitic lectures. One or two papers printed his picture—that of a pudgy little porpoise with a wooden face, a scrubbing-brush mustache and "fair

round belly with good capon lined." Since then I have heard little of "the Herr Doktor," who, by the way, is no more a doctor than he's a dodo. He seems to have made just one "splurge," then dropped into innocuous desuetude with the dull plunk of a tub of offal descending into a sub-cellar. Hermann Ahlwardt is an ex-schoolmaster who tried to become an editor, but lacked sufficient brains to make the undertaking a success. He has dabbled in politics quite extensively, and succeeded in winning for himself the reputation of a conscienceless demagogue. In every vocation he has yet attempted he has proven himself a small-bore adventurer without sufficient ability to make rascality pay, and he now comes to America under the false pretense that he was formally invited, in the hope of picking up a few dirty pennies in abusing his betters. Ahlwardt's entire stock-in-trade consists of hatred of the Jew, and he proposes to peddle it for such admission fees as the curious or the cranky can be prevailed upon to pay. It is strongly suspected that Ahlwardt also had other reasons for deserting his seat in the Reichstag—which pays no salary—and coming to America at this particular time. He is suspected of having been a "pal" of Baron Hammerstein, the swindler, who left his country for his country's good, and is thought to be hiding in this, "the home of the world's oppressed." "The Herr Doktor" has been several times consigned to prison in his native land, and while he does not seriously object to a life of masterly inactivity, the beer supplied the involuntary guests of the German government is somewhat limited as to quantity and inferior as to quality. Perhaps he had some expectations of finding the Baron and obtaining another slice of the boodle. I know the temper of this mighty Yankee Nation, and can safely predict that all the money "the Herr Doktor" will make in this country

by abusing our Jewish fellow-citizens will not suffice to pay his board and buy his beer. We are inclined to believe with Bobby Burns that

“A man’s a man for a’ that.”

“The Herr Doktor” can tell nothing about the Jew—at least nothing true—that we do not already know. We have neighbored with him for 200 years or more, and feel fully competent to estimate him without the adventitious aid of a strolling mountebank, who could never have landed in this country had it first been necessary to produce a certificate of good character from a respectable source. The Jew is a good citizen. He is seldom a crank. He is never a fanatic. All his influences are cast upon the side of law and order. He is exceptionally tolerant of other people’s opinions, whether religious or political. He attends strictly to his own business. He makes no attempt to breed bitterness among the different races and peoples in the land where he may chance to live. He endows colleges, builds asylums and founds hospitals, but does very little to fill the penitentiaries. The finest school building in Texas was built and equipped at the private cost of one of that race which “the Herr Doktor” comes to America to denounce. Despite Shakespeare’s Shylock, the generosity of the Jew has passed into a proverb. He is Oriental in his beneficence as well as his magnificence. He spends his money as Bob Ingersoll says it should be spent—as though dollars were but dead leaves and the world a forest. Down-trodden, despoiled, outraged in other lands, he appreciates the political and social equality here accorded him, as no other race could do. America has dealt intelligently, fairly by the Jew, and he has repaid her with a devotion to her institutions that amounts almost to idolatry. The Federal Constitu-

tion is his political Ark of the Covenant, "Old Glory," another flaming Nehushtan lifted up in the Wilderness, upon which he may look and live. Doubtless there are bad Jews—thousands of them; but since when did all the Gentiles become angels? David and Solomon were Jews, and they are almost as well thought of to-day as is "the Herr Doktor." Christ was a Jew, and among his baker's dozen of Hebrew disciples there was found but one renegade, and he had enough moral character to be sorry for his sin, sufficient manhood to go hang himself. Had Judas been a Gentile I suspect that he would have posed before the rabble as a "Jew-baiter"—perhaps employed his thirty pieces of silver to found an anti-Semitic newspaper, and by its base misrepresentations and demagogic utterances inflamed the populace to commit crimes against a helpless people, as the good "Herr Doktor" has done. Ahlwardt belongs to that class of pestiferous busy-bodies and fat-headed fanatics who make dangerous agitation their occupation and thrive upon the misfortunes of their fellows,—who play upon the blind prejudices of the ignorant to fill their purse. They are the enemies of law, the assassins of order. They have done absolutely nothing to make the world better, but have employed their vicious energies to make it worse. In countries like Russia, where ignorance is the rule, they are dangerous, but in nations like America they are only ridiculous. Let "the Herr Doktor" gnaw a file and work his jaws until he foams with anti-Semitic fury. He is harmless as Bottom imitating the king of beasts, and the American Jew is sufficiently intelligent to really enjoy the frantic genuflections of this imported pismire.

LOCAL OPTION AND INFAMY.

THE announcement that the people of Hillsboro have tired of Prohibition and are demanding a new election, deserves more than a passing notice. Hillsboro is naturally a progressive city, but has been well-nigh wrecked morally and ruined financially by the local-option folly. Before the professional "reformers" got in their graft it was noted for its public spirit, its thrift and the sobriety and law-abiding character of its citizens; now the chief ambition of its business men appears to be to peddle booze, that of a majority of its other male inhabitants to put it beneath their belts. Under the license system it was considered an exceptionally moral city; under local option it is, if we may credit the testimony of its leading citizens, "one of the hardest holes this side of hell." It has passed from the golden sunlight of liberty into the upas-shadow of sumptuary law. The blight of local-option has fallen upon it like the hand of the destroying angel. Its civic pride is broken, its morals debased, and across the path of its progress looms the demon of discord. It is a living illustration of the axiom that evil communications corrupt good manners. Under Prohibition crimes have multiplied and drunkenness increased. Instead of three or four semi-respectable saloons, contributing to the support of the government, it has a score of disreputable groggeries. Pure liquor has been substituted by coffin-paint, the social drink at cleanly bars by bottle-nursing in disreputable back rooms. The licensed saloonist who will sell to minors is an exception to the rule and is tabooed by his brethren in trade; in Hillsboro merchants who, a few years ago, would have scorned to play the publican and serve princes with wine of Samos, now sell mean booze to beardless boys. I do not say these things to disparage the people of Hills-

boro; I say them because they are true, and that other Texas towns may profit by the pitiful object and avoid the foul pit into which their sister has fallen. The fact that Hillsboro is moving for a new election argues that even years of local-option have not rendered her altogether destitute of shame—that the hypocrites and hoodlums have yet succeeded in degrading her beyond redemption. The present unhappy condition of Hillsboro is by no means the only evidence that local-option is the fecund mother of infamy; that Prohibition is the enemy of municipal progress and manly pride. Wherever tried, its tendency has been to foster crime, to promote drunkenness and corrupt the morals of the community. That this is true all fair-minded and observant men will concede; that it must be so, those capable of reasoning from cause to effect must infallibly admit. Let us take the rise and fall of Hillsboro for an illustration—it is a fair specimen of the Prohibition towns: A majority of its male population drank more or less liquor. They obtained it at licensed bars and felt that they had a right to buy. They were freemen, lords of their own actions and answerable to society for any abuse of their liberty. In buying liquor they encouraged no man to break the law, became co-partners in no crime. A public drunk was a social disgrace. Capital, responsibility and legal sanction raised the liquor dealer to the plane of commercial respectability. Peace reigned and sobriety was the rule. But the professional "reformer" was not content; he aspired to transform the town into a Paradise by due process of law—to substitute the hosannahs of feathered angels for the clinking of cut glass. He lifted up his doleful jeremiad against the "sin of a community going into a partnership with Satan." He carried about on a buckskin string the broken hearts of wives and mothers and sisters, and piled

dead babes as high as Helicon upon the altar of the dreadful "Rum Demon." He loaded himself to the muzzle with statistics by which he proved that Methuselah, Joyce Heth and George Washington's body-servant were slain by booze. He railed at the saloon as a "plague-spot" and branded the broad-beamed barkeeper as a Moloch with springs in his jaws and a triple row of teeth. Men are but children of a larger growth, and it is natural for children to follow a noise. The uncanny yodel of the "reformer" was heeded, and the people voted to "pulverize the rum power." Then they began to spit cotton. "De men who invented t'irst," declined to pool issues with the local-optionists. The fact that it was hard to get made a drink the more desirable. Men who seldom touched liquor, when it was under their very nose, began to dream of mint juleps and little brown jugs. The ghosts of long-forgotten cocktails came trooping back to haunt the waking hours of men, and the tinkle of cracked ice in cut-glass reminded them of the days that were dead. Casks and jugs began to drift in from Dallas, labeled paregoric, or soothing syrup and the "Rum Demon" to do a little password business in back rooms. Those who had howled for Prohibition the hardest became his best patrons. When one man bribes another to break the law he is morally bound to protect him as far as possible. Like Sir Launcelot,

"His honor rooted in dishonor stands,
And faith unfaithful keeps him falsely true."

Thus was contempt of law fostered and immunity secured. Soon men, who never before dreamed of selling booze, finding the trade both profitable and safe, added a little mean liquor to their stock-in-trade "for the benefit of their customers." Habitual law-breaking makes de-

scent from the zenith of commercial pride to the disreputable doggery both rapid and easy, and the associations of such a place soon complete the moral degradation of its master. The legitimate fruits of such conditions are terrible to contemplate. When men, whom the youth have been taught to regard as examples, disregard the laws, practice deceit, suborn witnesses and pander to the debased appetites of drunken bums to make a dollar, that community is dangerously near the devil—only a special interposition of Providence or an anti-Prohibition victory can pull it through. I am more addicted to work than prayer; but I do here petition that good God Who made of man a responsible entity, to rescue the city of Hillsboro from the damning blight of sumptuary law, which in every decade does more to corrupt the morals of mankind than have all the publicans from the dawn of history to the present day. The oak was not intended for the hot-house nor grown men for a moral kindergarten. The first, to develop its full strength, must breast the storm and take its chances of being blasted by the writhen bolt; the latter, to grow in grace, must contend manfully with the world, the flesh and the devil. In such a struggle some must fall—the weak will go to the wall; but the fittest will survive, and one man who has been tried by fire and proven true gold, is worth more to the world than a thousand little microbes whose battle of life has been made a holiday-march—moral dudes brought up on a bottle by a political step-dame.

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SALMAGUNDI.

THE Galveston-Dallas *News* loves England and adores Cleveland. Since the latter blossomed forth as chief of the despised “jingoes,” our contemporary, like Desde-

mona, finds "a divided duty." It cannot admit that it has been bowing down before an idol of clay; nor can it consent to have dear old Johnny Bull's nose rubbed in the sawdust.

Wherein Riggins' great Texas Industrial and Immigration Association consented to "take a rest until after the holidays." Good. Riggins' jaw may not require a rest, but the country does.

In a few American cities making loud pretenses to æstheticism, entertainments were given on New Year's eve, a feature of which was the sale at auction of old bachelors to ladies supposed to be hungering for husbands. And yet, we recalcitrante like a mule colt whenever foreigners comment upon the crudity and coarseness that in America marks the social relations of the sexes!

Dallas is so enthusiastically in favor of the Anglo-American war that she may tender Uncle Sam and John Bull her big auditorium free of charge and hang up a purse.

Samivel Small declares that "Prohibition goes marching on." It sure does—with a jug in each hand.

James G. Corbett having "retired from the ring" to avoid meeting Fitzsimmons, should now have the decency to put a timelock on his gab-trap.

The Democrats and Republicans in congress now fiddling on the financial issue, are filling the treasury with political capital.

Thos. F. Bayard is one of those Anglomaniacs who have never forgiven Almighty God for suffering them to be born American sovereigns instead of British subjects. Only a mugwump administration would clothe a man ashamed of his birth with the power of an ambassador.

The St. Louis *Mirror* declares that "Cleveland towers above his enemies like a colossus." Col. Reedy must have caught a glimpse of the "Stuffed Prophet" when he was lying down.

In case of a war with England all hades cannot keep the Irish Catholics from going to the front; but the A.P.A.ites will remain at home to see that nothing happens to "the little red schoolhouse."

An exchange suggests that the New Woman hung up her bloomers for Christmas gifts. Um! Let us devoutly hope that she got a man in 'em.

I note with pained surprise that the Rev. Tommy Clark will not be a member of Add-Rann's faculty during the present term. Perhaps the Rev. Tommy has taken a vacation to study the French system of physical culture.

The goldbugs declare that "the silver craze is dead." Perhaps that is why a Republican congress declines to tackle it. Even Richard Cœur D'Lion was a trifle afraid of a corpse.

Henry Clay Gray—I believe that is his name—is a smart nigger now loafing about the white man's hen coop and tater-patch somewhere in South Texas. He has "writ a piece" about the "Apostle" and sent a marked copy

to his Baptist brethren in Waco. Henry is a mulatto, which argues that somewhere in his ancestry there was a white bum and a black bawd; still he is the moral equal and social superior of alleged white men who act as sewers for his intellectual offal.

The case of the State vs. Steen Morris, charged with outraging a half-grown girl under the very nose of the good Dr. Burleson of Baylor, has been continued to the next term of court because one of the defendant's three attorneys had a pain in the umbilicus. An innocent man accused of a cowardly crime is not content to lie under the stigma one hour longer than necessary; but continuances until public indignation has abated is the usual game of attorneys who have undertaken to clear a criminal.

And now it is said that Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill will run for president on the Prohibition platform. If he can only get Judge Gerald to stand at the starting-post and make a few impromptu remarks, Doc will run like a scared rabbit.

As a Napoleon of finance Ives was not in it a little bit with President Cleveland. The latter was practically a pauper when he first became president, yet was able to save enough out of a salary aggregating \$200,000, to make him a millionaire. And the Morgan-Belmont syndicate was then buying no bonds on private bids.

Now that Rufus Hardy has set the seal of his approval on the president's message, there is absolutely nothing more to be said.

John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia bargain-counter fame, is now seeking a United States Senatorship. He'll "shore" get it, for John is a master of finesse as well as of finance. In 1888, when the fate of the g. o. p. trembled in the balance, John came to its rescue with a barrel o' coin. By advertising that "French thoughts are sewn in our underwear," he turned the trade of all upper-tendom to his doors and was enabled to purchase a cabinet portfolio.

Cleveland sent a substitute to confront the Southern Confederacy; but when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to tie a few double bow-knots in the British lion's tail and adorn them with pink ribbon, he does not shirk the task.

If England sends her crack Irish regiments over here, Tammany Hall will put the last one of them on New York's police force. Then Johnny Bull will have to keep off the grass.

The Washington correspondents inform us that Cleveland wrote his famous war message in a few hours; but they neglected to inform us whether he was in his usual condition—that of maudlin inebriety. Perhaps, in view of his literary product, they considered that what Col. D. C. Jenkins would call "a work of supererogation."

The death of Judge Nugent leaves the Texas Populists without a leader. They are political orphans. Among their jawbone artists and wind-jammers there's not a name to conjure with. Nugent was a patriot and a statesman; Kearby, Davis, Walton, et al., are but monstrous bags of fetid wind.

This being the glad New Year, good resolutions are in order. I beg to suggest that "our heroic Young Christian Governor" swear off on professional poker until he learns to play.

A correspondent sends me, as a Christmas present, a doll which he thinks resembles Rebecca Merlindy Johnson, the only lady I ever truly loved. It does look somewhat like Houston's beauteous belle; but no doll architect can ever reproduce the b'Jesus dignity and Junoesque pose which have made the private secretary of Epictetus Paragoric Hill the wonder of the world.

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THE GILLY WHO GABS.

WHAT this country needs even more than currency reform or defense of the Monroe folly, is an antidote for the awful affliction of flatulent talk. Man has been described as "a speaking animal." The definition is apt, but not exhaustive. He is an animal whose distinctive characteristic is garrulity. Webster defines speech as "the faculty of expressing thoughts by words or articulate sound"; hence man is not necessarily a speaking animal, for he can utter articulate sounds for ages without ever an idea. His words are usually empty wagons that, like Tennyson's brook, run on forever, but bear no freight,—his articulate sounds mere Christmas crackers that tire the ear and pollute the atmosphere to no purpose. Man forgets that the hole made in his face by an all-wise Providence was originally intended for feeding purposes, and to enable him to exchange a

few pneumonia microbes and diphtheritic walking delegates with lackadaisical young ladies addicted to lallygagging, and he proceeds to transform an otherwise useful chasm into a veritable Cave of the Winds. A woman talks to entertain her companions; man gabs for no other evident purpose than to air his ignorance. The burden of his song is usually himself. The he-parrot infests every portion of the habitable globe. His cackle transforms the streets into a mental chaos. He fiddles with his jawbone in the busy marts of trade while the commerce of the world waits. He invades the private office of the worried banker and spills his inane dribble in the library of the student whose soul is above the stars; but it is on the railway train that he looms up an insufferable bore, a nuisance unabatable. When two of these featherless geese get together in a crowded coach and settle down to a 500-mile cackling match, that permeates every corner of the car like the odor of an assisted immigrant, one can easily understand how imperial Rome was saved—the invaders fled lest the self-constituted sentinels talk them to death!

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CHRISTMAS CRIMES.

“MERRY Christmas” has come and gone, leaving in its wake the usual appalling crop of crimes. The Christmas holiday as observed in this country is becoming an insufferable nuisance and should be abolished. Whenever Christmas rolls around I’m really glad that Christ is dead. Were he cognizant of the manner in which his birthday is celebrated in this supposedly civilized country he’d be sorry he was ever born. The Saturnalian revels of ancient Rome were not a circumstance to the shameful orgies held in commemoration of the birth of Christ. They are such

as only the Prince of Darkness could afford to father. Christmas is a day upon which the police are reinforced and the fire department expected to do its duty. It is a day upon which the careful citizen slips a six-shooter into the bust of his breeches before venturing down town, lest he be insulted and trampled upon by a mob of drunken bums, who are glad that Christ is born. It is a day upon which gentlemen forget their breeding and hobnob with hoodlums, and usually sedate communities are transformed into howling, whooping segments of hell. Everywhere giant crackers explode distractively and destructively; conflagrations blaze; murder runs riot and the barrooms and bagnios, the doctors and the undertakers do a rushing business. Those who do not get drunk and express their joy by adding to the infernal din or trying to do somebody to death, stuff themselves to the muzzle and lie dormant like boa-constrictors, and during the rest of the year dose themselves for the dyspepsia. These conditions are especially true of the South in general, and of Texas in particular. Our Northern neighbors observe the birthday of the Prince of Peace in a more befitting manner, indulging in their annual debauch and powder burning on the Fourth of July. In the North the national holiday is a holy horror. The birth of freedom is made the excuse for unbridled license, a general debauch that might cause barbarism to blush. With us, all the inherent savagery that lurks behind even the most perfect civilization, is permitted to break forth at a time that should be sacred to meditation and prayer. Perhaps it is not so much our fault as our misfortune that we welcome the anniversary of the Savior's birth with cannon crackers and bacchic revels and stain the day with bestiality and blood. Truth to tell, this entire nation has so few holidays that it knows not how to utilize them. The American people are inclined to "celebrate"

as they work—under the highest possible pressure. Whether at work or play, we are under whip and spur. The nervous energy of the Nation is abnormal. The American can do nothing with moderation. We need more holidays over which to spread our enthusiasm,—to enable us to cool down and strike a moderate gait. We should be given more than two or three days in the year in which to get acquainted with turkey and truffles and drink all the liquor in the land. We should have more time in which to be thankful for God's mercies and indulge in fisticuffs with our fellows. Our savagery should be afforded an opportunity to come to the surface on the installment plan instead of by explosion. If we could spread out Christmas murders over a month they might not attract so much attention from those barbarous pagans who hail the birth of Mahomet and Buddha with songs of gladness instead of rivers of gore, with Arabian perfumes instead of villainous saltpeter. Just imagine Waco on Christmas day—a seething maelstrom of semi-savagery—weeping because the Brahmins of India have not been brought beneath the soothing and sanctifying influence of the Christian faith!

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RELIGION A DISEASE.

THE papers have had much to say about a young man at Muncie, Ind., who was recently "converted" by a professional "revivalist," and who has been "going into trance visions" ever since and seeing most remarkable things. It may yet become necessary to suppress the revivalist in the interest of public health. The brand of religion he peddles is simply a disease. One of them recently stated in his sermon that religion and morality were in no wise synonyms. If he was referring exclusively to the camp-meeting or revival brand of Christianity he was eminently cor-

rect. It has no more in common with morality than has a sore toe with the construction of the Cosmos. It is simply an evocator of insanity, the fecund mother of neurotic affections. The revivalist does not appeal to the sense, but rather to the sensibilities of his hearers. He has nothing to say anent "the sweet reasonableness" of religion. His "success" depends on his ability to excite the passions and play upon the prejudices of the public. He rasps the untrained nerves of the *hoi polloi* with his rat-tail file until they go to pieces. He excites their small mentality with pictures of feathered angels and visions of scaly demons until they develop into full-fledged fanatics or even dangerous lunatics. The trail of the "successful evangelist" is everywhere marked by neurasthenic wrecks and mental abnormalities. He sows dragons' teeth and produces a crop of cranks. His victims are too apt to mistake religious fervor for morality and love of God for duty to man. He is a purveyor of the disease germs of mental degeneration and physical death. The sane element of society is certainly entitled, in self-defense, not only to suppress the itinerant evangelist who transforms divine worship into a mental debauch, but to apply the soft pedal to every preacher who devotes his energies to the task of making work for the neurologist and the insanity expert.

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AMBASSADOR BAYARD.

THE entire country is discussing the resolution recently introduced, demanding the impeachment of Ambassador Bayard. That our representative at the Court of St. James deserves a severe rebuke must be admitted by all impartial men; but the resolution was confessedly a piece of political clap-trap, intended solely to promote the fortunes of the g. o. p. The Republican leaders admit as

much. They confess that there was no intention of pushing the matter to a conclusion, but to bring on a discussion and create prejudice against the Democratic party—to make a grandstand play to ingratiate themselves with the groundlings. Mr. Bayard was indiscreet and undiplomatic, if not unpatriotic, in criticizing a long established American policy and taking a fling at his own people for the delectation of a notoriously anti-American audience. Had a man like Jefferson or Jackson occupied the White House at the time, Ambassador Bayard would have been curtly informed that he was not sent abroad to indulge in political harangues or public discussions of America's economic methods and their effect upon national morals. Were the matter left to a vote of the people Mr. Bayard would unquestionably receive the bounce, and that in one time and two motions; but, by introducing an impeachment resolution for the sole purpose of playing upon American patriotism for political purposes, the Republicans have been guilty of a grosser insult to this mighty Yankee Nation than has the object of their turgid criticism and intemperate abuse. Bayard's inordinate egotism and blind partizanship made of him a diplomatic Benedict Arnold instead of a worthy successor of Benjamin Franklin; the Republican leaders deliberately assumed a virtue they did not have, to humiliate the administration and make partizan capital, then laughed at the trick as a smart piece of political skull-duggery. It was eminently in line with their avowed intention of doing as little as possible at this session of Congress, to the end that the present unhappy condition of the country may be prolonged into the next presidential campaign and the blame thereof thrown upon their political opponents. It was an apt illustration of the shameful fact that the leaders of the various political parties are not laboring to promote the general welfare, but

rather to get and hold the pie-counter as long as possible. Nine-tenths of the bills and resolutions introduced in Congress are framed with an eye single to political effect—are simply buncombe intended to affect the ballot-box.

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A SACRIFICE FOR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

I HAVE received a communication from Cleburne, Texas, from which I reverently lift the following paragraph:

“I believe that Texas is just tired enough of the machine politicians and grandstand Charley-horses to elect you governor, if you would become a candidate.”

I have been afraid all along that, in her dire extremity, Texas would turn to me to save her. I trust that I have not shirked my duty as an American citizen: still I confess, with a feeling akin to shame, that I have kept as much as possible from political conventions, lest, in an evil hour, I should be selected to make this supreme sacrifice for Texas' sake. When Hogg drew the gubernatorial black bean I could only shudder and wring his lily-white hand in silent agony. When the lot fell to Culberson, the good and beautiful, I feared that it would be my turn next; and now the bolt, if not actually fallen, is poising for its flight. Reforms, like revolutions, never go backward. My Cleburne correspondent has applied the match to the powder-barrel, and soon the whole State will be ablaze. I've got to either jump into the river or serve as governor. The moment the ministerial associations learn that I've been “mentioned” they'll shuck their coats and begin to roll up votes in blocks-of-five for the “Apostle.” Cranfill will take the stump in my behalf, Dr. Burleson will organize the cadets into an ICONOCLAST, Wherein Riggins will supply the campaign fund from the plethoric coffers

of the Texas Industrial etc., etc., association, while Rebecca Merlindy Johnson will don her bustle and get up and hustle to further the political fortunes of her own true love. There is not the slightest hope that I'll fail of election with such a combine pulling back on the towline like a Norman stallion yanking a red cart down a plank road. Old political parties will put forward candidates as a mere formality; but they'll make no fight, and I'll be elected by default. I might as well submit to the inevitable. Candidates for the appointive offices will please file their applications early, accompanied by two years' subscription to the *ICONOCLAST*, which will take the place of both the civil and criminal codes during my administration. I have but one request to make as I am led forth to the sacrifice as a sheep to the shambles: Let the dear good people elect Epictetus Paregoric Hill, of the *Houston Post*, to the attorney-generalship. It will afford him a reasonable excuse to cut loose from the journalistic corpse that is fast absorbing his substance.

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GONE MATHEMATICALLY MAD.

TEXAS' progressive department of agriculture has at last succeeded, with the aid of a little political ergotine, in getting itself delivered of the report with which it became pregnant in 1893. Quite naturally, the child was still-born, and its birth and burial occurred on the same day—a stiff collection being taken up among the taxpayers to defray expenses. The report is a six hundred-page book which deals exclusively with ancient history, and will not command a moment's attention from a dozen people in Texas. Not even the statistical cranks care a continental about Texas' crops in years agone; they have been sold



and the money blown in. And if they did care, I defy any mortal son of Adam's misery to glean one atom of intelligent information from the aforesaid expensive report. It resembles the Arabic numerals on a drunken debauch. It is about as intelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphs to the average college graduate. What is true is esoteric, and what is esoteric is self-evidently absurd. Delving into it were about as profitable as applying historical criticism to the tales of Tom Ochiltree. In this alleged land of intelligence millions upon millions are regularly wasted in the compilation and printing of statistics that are as useless to the general public as a plug hat to the man in the moon. All the important information they contain is in the possession of interested parties long before they are compiled; while the common people no more think of reading them than of perusing a patent office report or the editorial page of the *Houston Post*. The last United States census is a case in point. It was begun in 1890, and, if God is good to the compilers—and the appropriations hold out—the completed work may be ready for its utterly useless delivery during the first decade of the twentieth century. The future antiquarian, who examines this ridiculous rubbish, will conclude that the Americans had run figure mad.

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One of the dirtiest crusades yet inaugurated by that secret, oath-bound, *omnium gatherum* known to all broad-gauged men as the Aggregation of Political Asses is now afoot in Missouri. The A.P.A. has set deliberately at work to tax Catholic schools, hospitals and eleemosynary institutions out of existence. Of course it does not overtly avow its intention, preferring, like all those whose deeds are evil, to operate in the dark. It has a committee to do the dirty work, and the parties comprising it are eminently

worthy their unsavory occupation. The committee has sent to all the papers of Missouri a communication signed "Economist," urging that they use their influence to secure the enactment of a law by the legislature taxing all property not employed for general public purposes. This, of course, includes all church property of whatever denomination, and therein appears to be a non-sectarian movement well calculated to secure the support of fair-minded men. It is, of course, an outrage, that the mechanic's cottage and the widow's cow should be taxed for the support of the State, while the half-million dollar church is exempt; but it is evident to all capable of looking beneath the surface that such a reform is not the purpose of the A.P.A. The idea appears to be to pass an omnibus bill, subjecting to taxation not only all church property, but sectarian schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, etc. This accomplished, it will be easy enough to secure a repeal of that clause relating to churches, and the vast eleemosynary and educational institutions of the Catholics at St. Louis and elsewhere in the State will not only be subjected to taxation, but to appraisement by those who will demand the pound of flesh. The Catholics now pay taxes to support the public schools, while maintaining their own at private expense. If these latter are subjected to taxation the triple burden may prove too heavy to be borne, in which event the Catholics will be compelled to suffer their children to grow up in ignorance or send them to public schools dominated by Protestant influences, and this is the self-evident object of the A.P.A. A glance at the committee appointed to engineer this "reform" should give the people of Missouri pause. Minor Merriwether, an intellectual lightweight, shining by the reflected light of his wife, who is a kind of Prohibition Mother Lease, is president of the committee; the other members being Rev. W.

W. Hopkins, a cranky little preacher, to fortune and to fame unknown; Rev. R. P. Farris, who was bounced from the editorship of a Presbyterian paper as a hopeless back-number of the witch-burning and tongue-boring period, and Jake Williams, a busy little red-bug on the body politic whom nobody has yet thought it worth his while to expectorate upon and drown. A fine combination, truly, to undertake, by dark lantern methods, the reformation of the economic conditions of a sovereign State.

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THE RIDDLE UNRAVELING.

It will be remembered that a month ago I discovered the "Rev. J. B. Riddle, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Waxahachie, Texas." It was one of those happy accidents that sometimes occur to the earnest entomologist; but I was unable to classify my discovery. I am pleased to announce that I have partially succeeded in unraveling my Riddle, and find him a rarer specimen than I had dared to hope. Nothing so important has occurred in the study of insects since "Butch" Armstrong of Waco discovered a new variety of bumblebee. Dr. Riddle is so happy at being discovered that he has taken to sending me telegrams and writing me long letters. It is these latter that give me a correct insight into his character and enable me to classify him. Dr. Riddle is not a pathogenic micrococcus at all, as I at first suspected; he is not even an itch bacillus—he's a dude. At the top of each page of his letters is a wood-cut portrait of the author, making a reasonably successful effort to look pleasant. The artist evidently dropped a quarter into the contribution-box at the very moment he snapped the kodak. As only men who imagine themselves particularly handsome put their pictures on

their note paper, I am able to announce authoritatively that Brother Riddle considers himself a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And he is pretty—pretty as a piebald bull pup. When I make a million out of the ICONOCLAST I am going to buy him and put him in my park with a whole herd of spotted deer and a drove of peacocks. It doesn't matter what he costs; I am going to have him. I dote on the beautiful, and the doctor is beautiful as Adonis. And I really think he knows more than did that young man. After studying his counterfeit presentment from a phrenological standpoint, I am convinced that he would recognize a good thing on sight, and "push it along." Dr. Riddle's picture, if printed half-tone in the Chambermaid's Own, would create a decided sensation. Every serving-maid in Christendom would be trying to kidnap him. We would have to lock him up o' nights or there's no telling what would happen. The nereids and the naiads, the dryads and the hamadryads would fight for his favors. True, he is not a classic; but, taken "by and large," he's a bute. He has tacitly acknowledged as much himself. The idealist may object that his head resembles a football, and his mouth is too suggestive of Symmes' Hole; that his eyes might be mistaken for two burnt holes in a blanket, while his ears lop down like those of a terrier before they are trimmed; but even Apollo was not altogether perfect—the chasm between the ideal and the real in physical beauty has never been successfully bridged. If Dr. Riddle's proboscis is built on the pattern of a Milwaukee pie, we must not forget that the Venus of Milo had big feet. Physical imperfections will crop out; if not at one end, then at the other. Despite the trifling blemishes noted by the skilled connoisseur, Dr. Riddle is a specimen of manly beauty seldom equaled and never surpassed. He is a pastoral Apollo, a backwoods Beau Brummel. I do

not blame him for getting stuck on himself and putting his pictures on his note paper. Beauty such as his should not be hid under a bushel. If his face is not his fortune it is his own fault. He could easily get a dollar a day to sit on a stump in a farmer's field as a bluff for the blackbirds. Billy Kersands would give him a cool million for that mouth. That illustrated note paper should make him a successful preacher. Think of the ecstasy of his female parishioners when they receive a letter from their beloved pastor, enclosing a tea-store chromo! Any stranger in Waxahachie would gladly chip a saw-buck into the contribution-box just to see Brother Riddle feed that face! And he is just as good as he is beautiful. "The outward evidences of an inward grace" shine in his letter to the Apostle. It is redolent with the odor of sanctity, and over it all his Christian charity oozes like molasses from a busted barrel. Brother Riddle assures me that he has seen the time when he would make a long pilgrimage to give me "a cowhide performance, equal, if not superior to the one in San Antonio," but that "the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ" has transformed him from a wild and woolly anthropophagus, whose food is bleeding hearts and human marrow bones, into a meek and lowly saint, plodding painfully up the steep and narrow path to St. Peter's gate with a hymn-book in one hand and a copy of the *ICONOCLAST* in the other. The letter evidences the softening and humanizing influence of that religion dished out at Baylor. It also reminds me of an old deacon up in Illinois who, after returning from prayer-meeting in his store clothes, undertook to feed a calf that had been lately pulled from the parent stem. He put a bucket of skim-milk before the youthful bovine and bade it drink. The calf didn't begin to commence, so he pushed its nose down into the pail. It threw up its head and "snorted" the lacteal fluid all over

him. Seizing it firmly by the ears, he jammed its head up and down in the pail, remarking at the top of his voice:

“ If it warn’t fer the grace o’ God shed abroad in my heart, I’d jam your blankety-blank head down through the bottom o’ that blankety-blanked old bucket! ”

That is too evidently the way Brother Riddle feels: If it warn’t for the grace o’ God shed abroad in his heart he would “ board the train,” come to Waco and chase the “ Apostle ” around city hall square until his tongue hung out so far he could straddle it and slide! What a tremendous difference religion does make in a man! Instead of resorting to physical force to right a supposed wrong,—as is the custom with gentlemen—he sits him calmly down and writes an insulting letter. I rather expected when I ridiculed Dr. Riddle that he would offer up public prayer for me—but he didn’t. He wrote me what awful things he would do if his Saviour did not hold him back by his little alpaca coat-tails. Instead of leading me tenderly into the fold, he persists in frightening me to death! I much fear that Brother Riddle is not so good as he looks—that his heavenly smile is but a mask behind which riot the world, the flesh and the devil. I fear that he is one of those bloodless pharisees who mistake cowardice for Christian charity, and a white liver for a good heart. I may have been cow-hidied in San Antonio for aught I know to the contrary; but no one except Brother Riddle seems to have ever heard of it hitherto. He may have heard it at Baylor University, for even the godly will gab. He should not render a verdict on *ex parte* evidence, however. I don’t. When a Dallas druggist assured me that during the recent Baptist conference in that city he sold more private disease panaceas and devices for onanism than during the preceding year, I didn’t rush forth and herald it from the house-tops as a fact, notwithstanding its apparent probability.

I continued to treat Brothers Cranfill and Morris with exactly the same Christian courtesy that has been my wont. The druggist may have lied—just like Dr. Riddle. What a lonely old world this would be if the Lord persisted in striking every Ananias and Sapphira dead—and how we would mourn Dr. Riddle's untimely decease! I have been striving for lo, these many years to reform my brother ministers by means of a good example; but it does no good and I am becoming well-nigh discouraged. I find that, despite my counsels and prayers and Christian patience, about half of them will lie just for the fun of the thing or to gratify a petty grudge; that 75 per cent. of them assume that a criticism of their pitiful selves is an insult to the Saviour,—that when the Lord calls them to surrender a fat pastorate for poorer picking, not a durned one of those lowly laborers in His vineyard either hears or heeds. I even find that occasionally there's a man among them so pitifully mean that he will poke his proboscis over a prayer-book to offer an insult, then, when "called," will jump behind his Jesus and bellow about the blessings of religion to avoid getting his ears boxed. I really don't know what I'm to do with the Texas ministers. I'm sorry sometimes that the Lord appointed me to look after them.

* * *

SOME EDUCATIONAL IGNORANCE.

I RECENTLY provoked the wrath of the professional pedagogues by criticizing some features of our public school system, and by intimating that an attempt is made to teach children the "dead languages" by those who are not even masters of modern English. The *North Texas School Herald*—which has a large contingent of professors, superintendents, etc., for "associate editors"—poured

upon my defenseless head the seven vials of its wrath, then, fearing that I might not learn of my utter annihilation, kindly forwarded me a marked copy. From the *Herald* before me I select a few paragraphs as examples of "English as she is spoke" by our public pedagogues, and their idea of what constitutes an education:

"One great object of school is to learn children how to study."

Noah Webster, of whom the editor of the *Herald* and his distinguished corps of "associates" may have incidentally heard, remarks:

"To learn is to receive instruction, to teach is to give instruction." The *Herald's* blunder is one that no managing editor of a cheap daily would pardon in a \$10-a-week reporter. Again: "There are forty-eight different materials used in the construction of a piano from fewer than sixteen countries."

But suppose a piano was from only one country?

"As humanity ascends toward the mountain heights, the leaders must always be in advance of the masses."

Which were equivalent to saying that the man who is before should not be behind,—that what is on top should not be underneath.

"Elihu Burrit was a linguistic prodigy educated in a district school. He was compelled to discontinue even these meager opportunities at fifteen by the death of his father."

How a youth can "discontinue opportunities" that have been abrogated by the act of another is beyond my comprehension, but may be clear as mud to the trained mind of the *Herald* man. A reporter, who has acquired his knowledge of English at the "case" instead of in the classroom, would have written: "At fifteen he was compelled by the death of his father to withdraw from the district

school." But to point out all the pigeon-English appearing in any one issue of this flamboyant organ of our public educators, would require a page of nonpareil. I am no grammar-sharp—I have small patience with those ultrapurists who esteem manner above matter; but I do insist that people who are well paid to teach our children English composition, should be able to construct an intelligible sentence. Our pedagogues worry their pupils well-nigh to insanity with "parts of speech"; but how many of them have the faintest conception of the majestic beauty and transcendent power of the English tongue? They can "parse" the sentences of Ingersoll and Macaulay; can resolve these prose poems into their component parts—much as a brindle pup scatters the petals of the great blush rose; but they can no more construct a sentence on these models than a fence-painter can reproduce an Italian sunset. The most graceful and forceful writer I ever knew could not distinguish between a preposition and a conjunction, an adverb and an interjection, but he had an ear for the divine harmony of speech, a true conception of the eternal fitness of things. By his own unaided effort, Elihu Burrit became proficient in fifty languages; with almost unlimited opportunities for education, it appears impossible for our public pedagogues to master the vernacular of their mothers. The average "public educator" is absolutely useless except when dealing with abecedarians. He can teach a child the alphabet, but it must go elsewhere if it would learn to read. With the assistance of maps and text-books, he can impart a smattering of elementary geography, and photograph the multiplication table on the youthful mind; but when he goes beyond what a child of average intelligence would acquire by absorption if let alone, his labor is about as profitable to the pupil as the croaking of a poll-parrot.

It has been urged that I am an enemy of general education—that I am “seeking to overthrow the public school system.” That is a mistake. I am the enemy only of the useless, the foe of the unfit. I dislike to see the instructor’s art degraded by ignorant cotton-pickers posing as “professors.” When a young man is unable to earn his bread and butter at any other occupation, he becomes a schoolmaster and employs his stupidity to stunt the youthful mind. The most frivolous girl graduate of a ridiculous “high school,” when thrown on her own resources, turns to “teaching” instead of to the washtub. Pope wrote wiser than he knew when he declared that

“A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

It is transforming our public school system into a brutal farce. It induces such egotistical ignorami as the *Herald* editor and his asinine associates to assume the rôle of educators. Fine specimens of teachers they to train the nascent mind of nature’s future noblemen! We are making entirely too many public pedagogues of the mentally incapable and the morally unfit. We are paying out in this country more than \$150,000,000 annually to men who prate about “learning” their pupils how to study! The teachers should constitute the very best element of the community. They should be to the rising generation examples and exemplars. What are they? For the most part men of narrow minds, and presumptuous chambermaids who “teach school” until afforded an opportunity to get married! Of course there are honorable exceptions; but they only serve to emphasize the rule. A majority of our public educators are mere “gerund-grinders”—know less about more subjects than do the very street gamins! They are as little qualified to equip the youth of our land for the battle of life as Mary Ellen Lease to train John L.

Sullivan. They know little or nothing of that great social maelstrom into which they spew their "graduates"; their world is bounded by text-books. They take a youngster and teach him his *hic*, *haec*, *hoc*, then turn the poor helpless calf loose among the hard-fisted, keen-eyed men of the world, who have come up at the counter or on 'change, and expect him to hold his own!

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THE SIX-SHOOTER.

"THE six-shooter must go," has long been the slogan of the busy reformer in the Southwest. They sometimes let up on Prohibition; they occasionally give the fee system a rest; the non-enforcement of the Sunday law affords them only a periodical pain; but their jeremiad anent the six-shooter mounts heavenward night and day. And still the patent of the late lamented Col. Colt does not "go"; except to "go off" from time to time, thereby buling the price of burial lots, the stock of the coffin trust and furnishing employment to the architect of the lowly epitaph. We have a drastic anti-pistol packing law—enacted by legislators half of whom at the time had six-shooters in their hip-pockets. I hazard the assertion that there has never been a session of the Texas legislature in which a search of the solons would not have disclosed half-a-bushel of pistols and bowies. When our very law-builders make a practice of "pistol-toting" what can we expect of the common herd? The law prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons has ever been a dead letter, and must so remain until men feel that gunpowder is no longer necessary to the protection of their persons. It is bad enough to be arrested, fined and imprisoned; but it's infinitely worse to feel the need of a good "bulldog" and have to

do your own barking. It is about as difficult to punish a man in Texas for carrying a pistol as for purveying mean whisky in a local option precinct. If a conviction is secured, the chances are that the court of criminal appeals will reverse the verdict, thereby transforming the whole procedure into an expensive farce. A man may carry a pistol in Texas for a decade and never be molested unless he makes a "gun-play," and then the damage, which the law seeks to avert, is done. Undoubtedly some citizens have laid aside their shooting-irons as a tribute of respect to the law of the land; they are invariably the very men who could be trusted to carry them. The "tough" element pays absolutely no attention to the statute, and the result is that the law-abiding are placed at the mercy of the lawless. The respectable citizen is disarmed, while the thug and the thief, the chronic brawler and the drunken desperado are as powerful for evil as ever. I am not so certain that the law would be a good one even though it could be universally enforced. Milton attributes the invention of gunpowder to the Prince of Darkness; but I am inclined to consider it a potent factor of civilization. Physically men are far from equal, but a few grains of gunpowder make the frail student and the brawny bully "equally tall." With a good "bulldog" of the Colt's breed, the weakest citizen may cope with Sullivan himself. It were idle to urge that we have constabulary and courts for the protection of the person; one cannot always have a policeman at his elbow. Furthermore, the social code is stronger than written law, and it declares that man a coward who appeals to the courts for redress when worsted in a personal encounter. And if it did not so, it is small satisfaction to see a man fined a few dollars or imprisoned a few days who has employed his superior physical strength to humiliate you. Gunpowder is a great promoter of good

manners. The bully is not so ready with his insolence nor so careless of his hands, when he knows that a lapse in courtesy may be promptly repaid with a leaden pellet. Just so long as there is a criminal element in the country, the six-shooter is a blessing when in the hands of the law-abiding. Such being the case, I suggest that the law be so amended as to permit men of good moral character and temperate habits to bear arms, and that it be made the imperative duty of peace officers to search, from time to time, those to whom permits have not been granted. Let those found carrying concealed weapons, without having secured legal permission to do so, be promptly consigned to the penitentiary. Such a law could be enforced, for it would have the unqualified approval of a vast majority of the people,—would only be opposed by the comparatively small class recognized as dangerous and disreputable. In a government by the people no law can be long enforced that is not supported by public sentiment. We cannot disarm the great respectable element while the criminal contingent transform themselves into perambulating arsenals; but, by according to the first a privilege that will be seldom abused, we secure their support of a law that will clip the claws of the latter. That done, the law-abiding will have little occasion to encumber themselves with weapons—the six-shooter will “go,” and go for good.

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PRAYERS FOR THE PAGAN.

THE American press has been making merry at the expense of those pious people who prayed for the conversion of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, the eloquent Agnostic. It had not occurred to me that the act contained any of the elements of humor; but a skilled chemist can get sugar out

of an old shoe, and an editor whose sense of the ridiculous is abnormally developed may find fun in a funeral. Whether the press disbelieves in the efficacy of prayer, considers the Colonel beyond redemption, or classes religious ceremonies under the head of "Amusements" I do not know; but it occurs to me that even a futile attempt to benefit our fellow man should be spoken of only with respect. This simple act of faith, this outward evidence of an inward grace marks an important change in the attitude of the church toward dissenters. It is another Star of the East, ushering in a new religious epoch; a glimmer of light in the darkness, heralding the coming day—

"A poising eagle that burns
Above the unrisen morrow."

It is a fragrant life-giving oasis in the dreary desert of profitless dogmatism, swept by the hot Harmattan winds of religious bigotry and sectarian hate. I wish that the whole Christian world would pray earnestly and often, not for Ingersoll alone, but for every one encompassed by the darkness of Doubt—for all those who say in their hearts "There is no God." If it would do so, the Kingdom of Heaven would be near at hand. It is much better to pray for a dissenter than to persecute him; better to win him with kindness than to pursue him with calumny. When the worst of criminals is shipwrecked upon a stormy sea we hasten to his aid. We plunge into the swirling breakers and brave the treacherous rocks, while above the storm rings the cheer which informs the fainting wretch that hearts of oak are hastening to his rescue. But when one of God's noblemen is cast away upon the dark sea of Infidelity; above him only the starless night, below him hopeless death, no boat puts forth from the shore to succor or to save, no prayers are uttered for his preservation—every

voice that comes to him from that land he cannot reach is pregnant with a curse. After all these years the maledictions are for a moment hushed, and in their place there rises the fervent prayer. At last, from Christian lips there bursts the cry, "To the rescue—man the life-boat!" Had such ever been the practice of the church there would not be an Atheist to-day in all the earth. You cannot war upon kindness—all the logic of man cannot cope with the power of love. There may be spots on the sun; but while it fills the land with light and life all admit that it is good. The tree may be gnarled and misshapen, but if its flowers yield fragrance and its fruits strength, the axe will not be laid to its root. Revealed Religion may run counter to the laws of Science and regard not the rules of Reason; but while Faith, Hope and Charity be the sign on its forehead and all-embracing Love the transcript of its heart, Logic will bow at its altars and Philosophy worship at its fanes. The prayers for the great Agnostic, even though he dies in his doubts, have not been labor in vain. They proclaim once again, "Peace on earth and good-will to men." They were evidence that there still burns within the church a living spark of that all-embracing love which, more than the miracles, attested the divinity of Christ, and is destined, let us devoutly hope, to bind the great round earth every way,

"With gold chains about the feet of God."

They will convert others even though they fail to bring Ingersoll into the fold. At last the church is marshaling its forces beneath a flag that can be carried in triumph around the world—the snowy gonfalon of the Prince of Peace. *In hoc signo vinces!* The brand of the bigot and the empoisoned arrows of those who persecute in the name of Christ have recoiled with ten-fold force upon the church.

“ Those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword.” In attempting to destroy men like Ingersoll the church has well nigh destroyed itself. The well-informed know full well that, morally and mentally, Ingersoll has few equals and no superiors within or without the church; hence every attempt to belittle and belie him has added new recruits to the great army of Infidelity. Where his well-rounded periods caused one to doubt, the brutal attacks made upon him by ignorant zealots and ministerial mountebanks have made a thousand despair. Every cowardly lie told about him by professors of religion has but enhanced his power for evil; every effort to discredit his genius and cover him with contempt has but added fresh terrors to that iconoclastic hammer which, like the weapon of Thor, rocks the world. Prayer may not alter the plans of the Infinite, but it disarms the enemies of the Christian faith. If it does not reach to the highest Heaven it fills the earth with sweetest incense and covers the rocks with flowers. By praying for Infidels, the church will soon have them praying for themselves, and that “ with faith believing.”

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BONDS VS. BUNCOMBE.

CLEVELAND AND THE CURRENCY.

DAY by day my conviction strengthens that the American press is “ a great public educator.” Hour by hour my faith in its infallibility burgeons and blooms. Since the announcement of still another bond issue to bolster up the moribund gold reserve, I have examined several hundred papers, great and small, and carefully considered their opinions anent this important public measure. I was

pleased to note that in every instance they spoke "as one having authority and not as the scribes." At least, not as the old Jewish scribes, who, being only learned doctors of the law, could seldom feel cock-sure. The great dailies have monetary wisdom corded up like the patent medicine electrotypes, while the Archimedi of the Washington hand-press utilize it for paper weights. Some philosopher has said that there's nothing so cheap in this land as intellect, and his conclusion is eminently correct. Brains are cheaper than liver at the very butchershops. I am a trifle confused, however, by the fact that, while one-half of these public educators proclaim, in effect, that the government planted by the sword of Washington and watered by the blood of Lincoln, would have gone to hades in a hand-basket had not Providence, in a burst of generosity, sent Cleveland to tide us over the awful crisis, the remainder are equally sure it cannot much longer survive his costly mistakes. You pays your subscription and takes your choice.

I much fear that editors, like politicians, regard public measures through partisan rather than patriotic glasses, and bless or curse according to the party trade-mark adopted by the business office—that, in attempting to ride the popular wave in his own little frog-pond to the sunny haven of pecuniary profit, the editor too often forgets his rôle of "public educator." The ICONOCLAST, while strictly orthodox in religion, is a political maverick. There's where it has the advantage of Barney Gibbs, who wears the Democratic brand and the Populist bell, and of the "Little Giant," whose partisan trade-marks are only circumscribed by the extent of his cuticle.

I am the only man in America who doesn't understand the financial problem from A to Izzard. That is my misfortune rather than my fault, for I have wrestled with it,

as did Jacob with the angel, for a quarter of a century. I have even remained away from prayer-meeting to pore over ponderous tomes of political economy, and fractured the Fourth Commandment in a futile effort to master the intricacies of national finance. I have burned the midnight tallow dip over the monetary acumen of every authority from Lycurgus to Mrs. Lease, without taking a vacation to run for office, and now frankly admit that I do not even know what effect the free and unlimited coinage of silver would have upon the commerce and industries of this country. Several thousand learned Thebans have taken pity upon my stupid nescience and explained it to me; but I could discover never a Daniel to explain the explanations. They are more exasperating than the prophecies of the Pythoness. And even if I could work the silver problem through my seldom hair and be able to predict with certitude whether, in the end, we would be better off by defrauding our creditors with cheap money, or permitting them to squeeze the immortal ichor out of us with dear money, I would stall irremediably at the gold reserve. Of course, its maintenance is necessary to preserve the public credit, for Morgan and Belmont, Cleveland and Carlisle have said so, and "that do settle it." Faith is our only salvation. If without faith in J. Christ and his apostles we go whooping to hell, how without confidence in G. Cleveland and his paladins and peers can we hope to reach the financial heaven? Of course, I have unbounded faith in the orthodox plan of salvation; but I would like to understand it so that, while whittling a pine box in front of my favorite grocery store. I could explain to it Governor Culberson and his brother Populists. How can I hope to convert these financial heathens while unable to give a valid reason for the faith that is filling my heart with the rhapsodies of Heaven? I want to be able to explain how

\$100,000,000 of the "real" money can "guarantee" more than \$1,600,000,000 of "token" money; why the great capitalists of the country, who must lose by any depreciation in the purchasing power of our currency, are continually assailing the base upon which its credit rests; why, if they desire to commit financial hari-kari, the great debtor class should tax itself to prevent their destruction; what nation ever issued money that was "good the world over"; what has our circulating media to do with our foreign trade so long as nations do not swap money but exchange commodities; but the orator is silent. The preachers assure us that there are some things which the Lord did not intend that we should understand; that he

"Moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

And is not Cleveland a kind of political Christ? The higher mathematics of our financial Providence is beyond my comprehension. During the few days I attended school —between "corn-suckin' and corn-plantin'" —I studied Ray's arithmetic. If I remember correctly, he proceeded on the hypothesis that a part can never be greater than the whole. New discoveries are ever exploding old dogmas —Ray laid down his premises and drew his conclusions in utter ignorance of the hole in the treasury. He made his arithmetic to conform to idle theories; Cleveland figured with an eye single to conditions. One of the "examples" in the new Cleveland arithmetic reads substantially as follows:

"If Sam owes to his playmates 16 pennies, payable on demand, how many pennies must be in his possession to inspire the boys with perfect confidence in his ability to promptly discharge his obligations? —*Ans.* One!"

Copernicus revolutionized the science of astronomy and Napoleon the art of war; but it remained for our own and only Cleveland to induct the world into the higher mathematics. The American exchange media consists of \$556,100,818 in gold and \$1,659,342,832 other forms of currency, "bottomed on the precious metal;" which means, if it means anything, that it is merely "token" money for which gold must be given on demand to prevent its depreciation in purchasing power. Of this "token" money less than \$500,000,000 is in silver, and more than \$1,159,000,000 in paper, worth intrinsically nothing; yet, according to Cleveland, the presence in the treasury of a few pounds of gold is what makes this vast amount of cheap silver and worthless paper "money current with the merchant!" That may be mathematics, but it looks to me more like thaumaturgy. Cleveland has evidently discovered the philosopher's stone. As a miracle worker, Schlatter is not in it. Were Cleveland a farmer, obligated to supply have-a-dozen full-grown hogs, he'd simply hang a pig's tail up in the smokehouse as hoodoo and have swine to sell. The egg is made to stand on end by our new and greater Colombo, the financial pyramid to safely balance on its apex! The \$100,000,000 reserve is the Atlas warranted to uphold our monetary world! It must be kept intact at any cost. What were a few more hundred millions, or even billions, of bonded indebtedness—principal and interest to be paid in gold by the working people—compared with the unutterable evils that would ensue should the linchpin be pulled out of our financial cosmos, our currency be discredited!

Of course, there be Doubting Thomases who declare that the "bulwark of our currency's credit" is not composed of a few paltry bags of

"Gold, gold, bright and yellow, hard and cold,"

and which may be spirited away any moment by a handful of wealthy men; but of commercial confidence that United States money, of whatsoever made, will answer the purposes for which it was created, that of effecting the exchange of commodities. These financial heretics even declare that, by persistent calamity-clacking and pernicious activity in the matter of bond issues, the president has practically destroyed this real fortress and brought us to the verge of ruin.

The people have been led to believe that unless the gold reserve be kept running over the top of the tank, a silver dollar will depreciate fully 50 per cent., and its paper companion not be worth a tinker's dam. And to this idiotic jeremiad, which mounts heavenward night and day like the feculent odor of a dead fice, is ever added the information that, under present conditions, the preservation of the reserve is a practical impossibility. No wonder the people become panic-stricken and strive to unload their silver and paper—"withdraw gold for hoarding." No wonder the gold purchased at fancy prices for the Morgan Syndicate and poured into the treasury went through it like a dose of salts through a tin horn!

The Cleveland administration reminds me of an old darkey I once heard discoursing to a badly frightened small boy: "Chile, if dat wolf catch y' he gwine t' eat y'; an' chile, dat wolf shuah done gwine t' catch y'!"

That is the administration's method of "restoring confidence." Cleveland was probably sent in response to prayer, for up in Illinois an old Methodist exhorter was wont to fervently pray that "this yere weeked and parvase gineration be hair-hung and wind-shaken over the orful abyss o' hell, for Christ's sake, amen." Cleveland certainly has us hair-hung and wind-shaken over something unutterably awful.

Our circulating media is unquestionably a ridiculous moon-calf. It represents various compromises effected between warring political factions and adverse interests. It should be reformed on common-sense lines; but the task should not be undertaken during a period of incipient panic. That were to invite disaster. Let us wait to swap equines until well out of the water. What we need just now is, not so much a new currency as a revival of confidence; and this can easily be attained if the calamity clackers of the Cleveland type will arrange to consume their own sound, and the politicians maintain a masterly inactivity. If the gold reserve is exhausted, a disastrous panic will probably ensue, simply and solely because Mr. Cleveland and his coterie of cuckoos and bond-clippers have educated the people to expect it. Under normal conditions—which would exist but for Cleveland and his kind—the national treasury might become as guiltless of gold as Hamlet of gall, without doing the slightest damage. Those who needed gold in considerable quantities for export—as they might need corn, cotton, or any other commodity—would have to look elsewhere for it and pay the commercial instead of the governmental price. Gold coin might go to a slight premium until it could again be had of the government; but the country would never suspect that it was passing through a crisis—the cart-wheel and paper dollar would continue to do their duty. The idea that any sane man holding for silver or paper bearing the sign-manual of Uncle Sam, would have a financial jeminy fit because the government did not maintain a supply warehouse where exporters could, at all times, secure any commodity they choose to call for, is the veriest moonshine. Something of the kind might happen during a disastrous war, when the perpetuity of the government was seriously menaced, when its ability to ever meet its obligations was

in doubt; but to say that such a thing were probable in an era of profound peace—that commerce would contumuously reject the I. O. U.'s of the wealthiest country in the world because it could not convert them into yellow coin at a moment's notice—were to concede that the American people have precious little confidence in the wisdom and honesty of those they have placed in charge of federal affairs.

Cleveland has increased the interest-bearing debt of the nation \$262,000,000 in conformity with his peculiar ideas of finance, and now frankly confesses that his plan of salvation leads deeper into the Slough of Despond instead of to the Delectable Mountains; but announces a determination to persevere in his folly regardless of cost unless Congress will consent to become responsible for additional public burdens in time of peace, retire the greenbacks and rely upon the patriotism of national bankers to provide an antidote for this arbitrary contraction of the currency and the consequent decline in the price of commodities—the enhancement of all debts. Of course, the bankers will cheerfully come to the relief of their suffering country—that's what they are here for! By making it possible for them to absolutely control the volume of currency, we place an Archimedean lever under every debtor and hoist him out of the hole! Having permitted the Morgan-Belmont syndicate to pull Uncle Sam's leg in a former bond deal to the extent of \$8,418,757, the administration decided to make the last a "popular loan." It was urged in the former instance that the government was in dire straits and absolutely at the mercy of the bankers—those patriots who propose to see that we do not suffer because of a withdrawal of the greenbacks—and the president pompously avowed his responsibility for the shameful hold-up of the tax-paying public. The treasury is in worse condition

now than then; yet Mr. Morgan has been given his *conge* and a successful appeal made to the people. There may be nothing rotten in Denmark; but when a public official saves more than a million out of a salary aggregating less than \$350,000, it is pretty safe to use disinfectants.

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“UNCLE WILLIAM” CAMERON.

THE Apostle takes a day off to call the world's attention to Col. William Cameron of Waco, the commercial Colossus, the Napoleon of finance, the hub around which all great enterprises revolve. In the lexicon of public opinion we find the following entry: “Col. William Cameron, an up-to-date daisy, but no dude.” Having lifted himself, by his own bootstraps, out of the Serbonian bogs of poverty to the milliononic plane, it follows that Col. William Cameron knows a thing or two—is “dead onto” all the world's ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. At least we were wont to think so—to imagine our Bill sharper than a serpent's tooth, the very *creme de la creme* of the “hot stuff.” We were sure of it when he put back the gubernatorial crown proffered by the Texas Republicans, nailed up his smokehouse, set a bear trap in the donjon-keep of his henry and padlocked both the bung and the spigot of his “bar'l.” But alack and alas! Our idol is broken, our Carian marble hath proven but common clay. We have worshipped what Old John Knox would call a “pented bredd”—a gilded stick—and bowed us to the earth before one of those Arabian images ridiculed by Mahomet, as “gods with flies on them.”

Col. William Cameron—our Bill—recently strayed from home and was spotted by a brace of gold-brick mountebanks as “a dead easy mark.” They actually

passed by Col. J. S. Hogg of the Link Line, with whom the Wall Street financiers have been having fun, and selected the representative citizen of Texas' educational center as their huckleberry-do, sized him up as the sucker most likely to fly at a piece o' red flannel! It was the old, old story; older than three-card monte and the shell game, older than the flim-flam of the circus ticket seller or the bank draft for 'steen thousand dollars worked off on the railway passenger from Posey county. A guileless youth with the flavor of the untamed West on his tongue, and the secret of the "Lost Mine" of Cortez and his Conquistadores concealed about his person, discovers that Col. Cameron is his long-lost "Uncle William" with the strawberry mark on his left arm and a forgotten goat-walk amid Arizona's wilds. Upon the latter was located the rediscovered El Dorado. Sudden joy sometimes kills; but, by exercising great self-control, Col. Cameron was able to safely pass the crisis, even to wonder in a vague way how much his new-found relative wanted. This appeared, like the "chill penury" of the poet, to freeze the genial current of the young man's soul, and he hastened to assure the man of millions that his nevvy was no homeless hobo in search of a handout. He even went so far as to doubt their consanguinity, while incidentally displaying slugs of yellow metal which he had clipped from Uncle William's Arizona mine. His Mexican body servant inspected Col. Cameron and declared him an interloper and an alien, possessing no right or title to the golden treasure protruding itself through Arizona's sacred soil. It looked for a moment as though Col. Cameron would be arrested for an attempt to swindle himself. The young man was much discouraged. He wept because he could not find his real Uncle William and pour into his lap all the gold of Ophir and all the treasures of Ind. He was only a poor illiterate boy,

brought up amid the cruel cactus and uncertain mescal of the uncouth West. Perhaps his companion would consent to manage the mine, to act as treasurer for this new and greater gold reserve; or, if not, he might be able to recommend some good honest man who would do so. It was truly touching, this innocent young man from Arizona, wandering among wolves like a blind orphan girl adown the midnight Bowery. Blood is thicker than water, and Col Cameron relented and found a snug corner for his nephew within his ample heart. He didn't care for any more money himself—a man with a million or two never does. Still, a few tons of gold would be a handy thing to have in the house in case Dick Bland forced the country to a silver basis. The spider had towed the fly into Houston and was doing the elegant. Among the young man's assets were two gold bricks, about the size of Iowa barns and assaying more than \$20 to the ounce. These were but unconsidered trifles which he had brought with him, thinking he might need some small change. There were oodles of it down in Arizona—on Uncle William's ranch. Col. Cameron retired to the toilet room of the Hotel Lawlor and figured out that he was worth, at the lowest calculation, \$927,000,000,000,000. The cold perspiration stood out on his forehead in half-pint drops. It would never do to throw this gold on the market at once—Cleveland and Wall Street would encompass its demonetization on the plea that silver was the only honest money. England could take a billion, Continental Europe two billions and America almost as much by calling in and canceling the silver certificates and greenbacks; but this would scarce exhaust the top-crop. What would he do with the surplus? To turn it all loose at once would run gold down to less than a dollar a pound—would kill the goose that laid the auriferous egg—would make mining even less profitable

than dealing in long-leaf pine. Happy thought! He would make the streets of Waco the exact counterpart of those in the New Jerusalem—would pave 'em with gold bricks! That done, he could get out some extra large slugs with which to dam the Brazos and rebuild the Cotton Palace. He had always wanted to do something handsome for Waco, and here was his opportunity. He would demonstrate the truth of the adage that fact is stranger than fiction by double-discounting the long-range lies of Marco Polo anent the golden roofs of far Cathay. He remembered having read in the *ICONOCLAST* that "the surface of the earth had been merely scratched—we know not what may be hidden in its dark depths. Our children may shoe their mules with yellow metal from King Solomon's mines." He remembered how he had slaved and saved for half a lifetime to pile up a paltry million or two, and felt sorry for himself. At this juncture his nephew called to say that a string had suddenly been discovered tied to the mine, the thither end of which was securely held by his Mexican servant. It would take a cold \$25,000 to turn their *El Dorado* loose, and he had but \$5,000. He would have to sell his gold bricks at a sacrifice to raise the remainder, unless— Here he looked wistfully at Uncle William. Yes, he would fix it; what was a miserable \$20,000, when you could knock it out of the mine in a minute! But suddenly his Aladdin's lamp began to smoke and sputter. He remembered having heard somewhere that all is not gold that glitters. Uncle William actually smelt a rat—smelt it all by himself, and it was not labeled either. He was taking dinner with his nephew in the hotel dining-room when it suddenly occurred to him that not every ass wears four legs. He fixed a cold, search-warrant gaze on the young man who pretended to be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and the latter wilted like a white rabbit beneath the

glance of a basilisk, or a sweet-potato vine frescoed with a hoar frost. Uncle William rose, pointed his soup-spoon at the cowering wretch and hissed through his teeth, as he once saw the hero do in a play: "You're a villain." The iciness of his tone frapped the coffee in the kitchen, while the mercury dropped through the bottom of the tube. The young man fled and Uncle William joined in the chase, his napkin streaming on the breeze like a white plume of King Henry of Navarre. Those who saw the race will not soon forget it—the wicked wretch hoofing it up Washington Avenue, his face distorted with fear; Uncle William pursuing him with uplifted soup-spoon like an avenging Nemesis! Surely the path of the transgressor is hard.

Uncle William should come home. It is not safe for him to wander about in this wicked world. Somebody might steal him. First thing we know he'll purchase the philosopher's stone or the state right to saw sunbeams up into cypress shingles. Come home, Uncle William, before the bities get you! Alas! alas! that the leading citizen of Waco should be humbugged and hoodooed by an antediluvian fake that would not impose upon a country bumpkin from the Free State of Van Zandt! Oh, Uncle William, Uncle Willliam, when the grass grows green and the cow-slips bloom in the meadow beware of the omnivorous calf.

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PANACEAS FOR POVERTY.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

How to secure "a more equal distribution of wealth" is a problem that has perplexed publicists since the dawn of civilization, the genesis of government. A thousand solu-

tions have been proffered, all panaceas for poverty; but despite the fecundity of social therapeutics the evil grows ever greater; Fortune and Famine, Waste and Want continue to divide the world between them—the walls that separate their territories to reach higher and higher. Year by year the hoard of Dives is increased and the poverty of Lazarus made more poignant; ever does the dismal howl of the gaunt wolf draw nearer the cottage of Labor, retreat further from the mansion of the Capitalist; ever is it true that to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath.

Civilization, the introduction of machinery, the more minute division of labor, the concentration of capital, while multiplying the world's wealth-producing power, but serves to accentuate the division between Rich and Poor; to enable the former to demand a larger, to compel the latter to accept a lesser share of the joint product of Capital and Labor. It is an open question whether our "progress of civilization," taken collectively, is a blessing or a curse. That Progress is the order established by the Infinite, natural and necessary, must be conceded. That it brings a curse rather than a blessing to the majority of men; that only the favored few reap its rich rewards, while the last state of the mass of mankind is worse than the first, must be due to individual greed and general ignorance rather than to evil inherent in the principle of Progress; that its car rolls over the heads of the millions instead of under their feet, crushing into Hell those it should bear into Heaven, setting the world ablaze instead of warming it into perennial summer, must be due to the fact that it is driven by a presumptuous Phæton who cannot or will not properly manage it.

Many methods, almost as arbitrary and unnatural as that of Lycurgus, are still seriously proposed for securing financial equality, serving sometimes as artificial wings upon which aspiring politicians mount skyward until an iconoclastic sun precipitates them into Icarian seas. Of these catholicons, the communistic—under various brands and trade-marks—is the most common. It proposes to purge away “the primal eldest curse,” to re-imparadise man, to inaugurate the millennium by fiat of the State.

Then there are more or less “conservative” plans for putting more pie in the dinner-pail of the poor man. One would save for him some two or three cents per diem by pulling the top rows of brick off the tariff wall; another would add as much to his daily stipend by building a wall some inches higher—and there you have a political issue; worthy labored disquisition by “able editors,” statistical harangues by “prominent politicians”—the whole Nation groaning in an agony of excitement; parading itself in torch-light processions; electing representatives pledged to pry off or plaster on; constables and county commissioners who cannot get at the blessed tariff with either trowel or pick, but whose moral support this or the other tariff wall the toiler can rely upon. Another plan for pulling a few feathers from the Gessler-cap of a presumptuous Plutocracy and inserting them in the hat-band of the man with the hoe, is to get up more steam at the mints, to grind out more money—it being argued that the more coin there is in the country, the better chance the toiler will have to clutch some of it. Of course, it is “money” the shivering wretches need—but would not filling the stores and shops with cook-books and fashion-plates answer as well? Let the political issue-makers consider this. It is a Pegasus that if properly bridled and saddled may carry a skillful rider afar—perhaps to the White House and the distinc-

tion of having a nation bawling under his windows while his babies are being born!

The “radical reformer” is not satisfied with saving less than the world; he would drag in a visual and tactual millennium broad enough to enfold the earth. The “conservative” is satisfied if he can save the particular portion of it in which he resides—and where a vote will avail him; proclaims more or less articulately that he cares not if the rest of it miss salvation and get quite the reverse—even rejoices that, bad off as his little dogkennel of a country may be, other countries are in infinitely worse condition, fuller far of woe and wail. Between the enthusiastic radical, with his impracticable Utopias, the cold-blooded conservative, with his impotent bread boluses, you can take your choice—and dodge regret as best you may.

The fact is, Society is sick unto death; to such dire extremity have the doctors in their disagreements and experiments reduced their patient. If the radicals ever get an opportunity to give it one full dose of their horse-medicine even prayer cannot pull it through; the treatment of the conservatives is about as potent as rattling beans in a dried bladder to stop an eclipse of the sun—about as satisfactory as a drop of water to Dives after Death has transported him to the torrid regions of the damned.

Clearly something must be done, and that quickly—but what? It were as idle to attempt to complete extirpation of Poverty as to banish Sin from the world. “The poor ye have always with you;” there will ever be improvidents and unfortunates. But while we cannot relegate Poverty altogether to the Past, and, with perfumed airs, waft every human sail to happy havens in Fortunate Isles, it is certainly possible to circumscribe it somewhat; to reclaim a portion of that arid, monster-bearing desert in which

wander so many millions with infinite woe and wail, without God and bereft of hope, fiercer than famished wolves, desperate as demons who tread the deepest depths of the Divine displeasure and fear no further fall, do what they may.

We need not pause to mourn over the fact that some men have more wealth than they need; it is that other all too palpable fact that many have less than their necessities require that concerns us here. We need not care how excessive some fortunes are if all be sufficient. Surely with our improved methods of producing wealth—and in a country whose government is of, for and by the people—a man of average muscle, intelligence and thrift should be able to support a family comfortably, tide over ordinary mishaps, educate his children, sustain his old age in dignity, meet the expense of a decent funeral and prove to the satisfaction of St. Peter that he does not come as an “assisted immigrant.” To accomplish this he should not be compelled to make a self-denying slave of himself during the greater part of a long life, but have time for that social enjoyment which makes life worth living, for that mental culture supposed to be necessary to the “American sovereign.” But, unfortunately, such is not the case. From youth to old age, from the cradle to the grave, the average mortal is at very death-grips with destiny, feels that he is fortunate if he can retain some shadow of manhood, if he sink into nothing worse than quasi-pauperism or industrial peonage. Why is this? In a new country, where every man is his own farmer and dairyman, his own butcher and bootmaker, homely Plenty abounds; but when population increases, government is set up and labor made a hundred-fold more productive by means of division and the introduction of machinery, the great mass of mankind find the battle of life more bitter and bootless. Ever are people leaving the thickly populated countries, where the wealth-

producing power of labor is great, for the thinly populated sections where it is small—being taught by observation or experience that our boasted Progress bears in its bosom no blessings for Labor—that the further they get beyond the confines of “our great industrial system,” the less they are affected by our “government for the people,” the less their danger of dying by starvation.

Clearly it is not a high or low tariff on imported goods; not the lack of a few more in-God-we-trust dollars in the channels of trade that drives men from the great industrial centers of the East, from the fertile, half-tilled prairies of Illinois to seek a livelihood in the wild west, where each man must be his own manufacturer and carrier—expending more time and labor to make for himself one pair of moccasins or a few shingles for his cabin than it would require for his Eastern brother to shoe a regiment or get out lumber for a palace. There must be a linch-pin loose in our much-vaunted Car of Progress, when the further the simple laborer gets from it the better his condition. Evidently the putting on or taking off of a few leaves of gilding—by means of “tariff reform,” free silver, reciprocity, etc.—will have little appreciable effect. Some more radical remedy must be resorted to or we might as well give the patient up to Death and Destruction.

There are two forces that are grinding labor down into the dust—Government and Monopoly. The first robs it of well-nigh half its scanty earnings, the latter takes most of the remainder. First or last, directly or indirectly, Labor pays every dollar of taxes—tariff, excise, State, county and municipal—and the grand total is simply appalling. In 1879 the amount of taxes paid in this country amounted to nearly \$600,000,000. Every dollar of that was drawn, directly or indirectly, from the pockets of

Labor. In that year there were less than ten million families within the United States, so that the average cost per family for the sustenance of government was more than \$60. Subtract the families of our vast army of "public servants," the wealthy non-producers, paupers, criminals, preachers, actors, saloonists, able editors, etc., and it will be found that our blessed government in its various ramifications, does not cost the wealth-creating laborer much if any less than \$100 per annum! That is what he pays for protection; for the inestimable privilege of suing and being sued; for being prohibited the pleasure of drinking a mug of beer on Sunday, paying too much interest or putting a mortgage on his homestead—if he chance to have one! American Labor staggering along under a \$600,000,000 government must make Atlas feel that his lot is by no means the worst.

Of course, we need and must have a government; but we are overdoing this thing sadly—are buying more "protection" than we can readily pay for. Perhaps if we would buy more bread and less buncombe; raise more pork and fewer politicians, we would not need a bluecoat on every block, a constable at every corner grocery to prevent our pulling each other to pieces.

Seven-eighths of the laws now in existence are worse than worthless, seven-eighths of our "public servants" are but so many flunkeys, kept for show, and who eat out our substance. Let us reduce the weight of government of some hundreds of millions and we will find ourselves in better condition to deal with that other and even more adroit robber, Monopoly. When a business man finds that he is "running behind" he at once concludes that he must reduce expenses. Every employee that can be spared has to go; every expense not imperatively necessary is shut off.

It is the true commercial instinct; let us follow it. Let us go through the various departments of our great governmental shop and see if we cannot manufacture an article of justice in every way as serviceable as the present one for considerably less than two million dollars a day! Economy is not the only road to wealth, but it is the safest and surest.

When the great body of the American people can be made to understand that every penny collected by whatever method, by any department of government, comes out of the scant purse of Labor—the only source of wealth—we may confidently hope to hear of “political issues” that really mean something. When American Labor acquires enough business acumen to put the Goddess of Liberty in a calico gown until richer raiment can be afforded—until her devotees can provide themselves with pants—then may it take up that more difficult task, the readjustment of our industrial system, then may it gird on its armor for the battle with the monster Monopoly, and hope to escape being hoodooed and cajoled thereby, made to turn its broadsword into its own bowels.

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON proposes to again play the matrimonial lottery, his fiancée being a Mrs. Dimmick, who has also loved and lost without becoming discouraged. There is no reason why these two turtle-doves should not inhabit the same nest. If each is satisfied with the warmed-over affection of the other, the world should find no fault. It is not the rash act of impetuous youth, for at Mr. Harrison's age

“ The heyday in the blood is tame;
It’s humble and waits upon the judgment.”

True, Prince Russell and Mrs. McKee insist that a she-devil hath cozened their sire at hoodman blind; but we must remember that their father is well-fixed, financially; also that many a man who, in the sere and yellow leaf, takes to himself a buxom wife—and moves into a fruitful neighborhood—raises up a second crop of heirs to put the proboscides of the first little crop completely out of joint. Quite naturally, they dislike to see their hoary sire leading a lusty widow to the altar, chanting for epithalamium,

“ Turn backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,
And make me a boy again,” etc., etc.

But they should not permit the green-eyed monster to transform them into a brace of pie-bald burros assiduously hammering the stable door with their heels. There are sentimental people who do not approve of second marriages, even when the high contracting parties stand on what Chimmie Fadden would call their “ first legs; ” those who foolishly imagine marriage more than a “ civil contract; ” who are so impracticable as to insist with the poet that

“ Life is short, but love is long.”

These are transcendentalists who should be required to hold their peace, that they interfere not with the freedom of their thrifty fellows who would make the funeral baked meats furnish forth the wedding feast. The average man is not super-sensitive. He considers rotation in office perfectly proper, whether applied to matrimony or politics. He takes the good the gods provide and enjoys it, regardless of how many others have done the same under priestly

sanction—recks little whether he be the first or fifth in possession, if his predecessors conformed to the law of the land. Mr. Dimmick is dead, and his relict only contracted to love, honor and obey him while he remained on earth. By dying Mrs. Harrison released her husband from his obligations—left him free to seek another to keep tab on his puff-bosom shirts and comfort his bed. That's the law and the gospel. It is likewise the way of the world, and hath the unqualified sanction of our most æsthetic society. True, Mr. Harrison has passed his grand climacteric; but that is all the more reason why he should remarry. When David, the beloved of the Lord, waxed old, fair women were placed in his bosom to keep him warm. And in Indiana the mercury frequently falls through the bottom of the thermometer. Is not an ex-president of the greatest of nations entitled to be as carefully considered in the matter caloric as the moribund monarch of a country no larger than the fag-end of California? Sure! I heartily congratulate Mr. Harrison. His first wife was one of the crown-jewels of American womanhood. Her love and tact led him from obscurity of a Hoosier lawyer, step by step, onward and upward, until he stood in the great white light that beats upon Columbia's uncrowned king. Her work was done, her mission ended, and so she folded her worn hands upon a patient breast and died, leaving the companion of her youth standing high above all the sceptered sovereigns of the earth—poised in midheaven like a star! I thought his heart was broken as he followed that glorious woman to the grave, "like Niobe, all tears"—but it was only sprained. It is again in working order, doing business at the old stand. Happy Harrison! The writhen bolts of God that blast the towering pine have no effect on gutta-percha. The fact that his fiancée is a niece of the late lamented, and that he will become his first wife's

nephew, is no bar to the bans—at least not within the purview of the law; and that is all that people who enter into civil contracts—good only until death—need consider. And the happy couple will find such comfort in weaving garlands of blue forget-me-nots to place on Auntie's grave! Prince Russell and Mrs. McKee are protesting against the marriage because they say, Mrs. Dimmick does not trot in the same class with the spouse of the erstwhile Cæsar. They intimate that for some years preceding their mother's death, Mrs. D. was their father's paramour—that she was kept at the White House for carnal purposes. The public will hesitate to believe this remarkable story on the testimony of a brace of froward brats, who, like Ham, expose a parent to public shame. They are entirely too subsequent with their tale of woe. They should have made their play while Mrs. Dimmick was abusing their mother's confidence, or forever after held their peace. Having enacted the rôle of Pandarus while their father was able to push the fortunes of their favorites; having dishonored their mother by permitting her to remain under the same roof with a wretched concubine, they should have the decency to conceal their shame. I would not condemn Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet on such doubtful testimony. I have heard of nothing so horrible since the heirs of a wealthy West Texas woman—now social favorites in a certain city—proved in open court that her first born was a bastard in order to beat him out of his share of the boodle. I opine that President Harrison's relations with Mrs. Dimmick were purely avuncular. I cannot imagine an ex-chief magistrate marrying his mistress. But even were Mrs. Dimmick his discarded drab, he owes it as a solemn duty to himself and his dead wife, to seize an adult fence-picket and wear the physiques of his lippy kids to a frazzle.

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I note that the Baptist *Standard*—that sectarian sewer through which Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, professional Christian and candidate for President on the pink lemonade ticket, spills himself upon a defenseless world—is trying to run a boycott on Waco's morning paper because it had the temerity to allude to Bob Ingersoll without calling him a beast. Doc proclaims himself mean and vindictive enough to destroy a little business patiently built up by the tireless industry of moneyless young men; to turn their printers into tramps, deprive their carrier boys of employment and snatch the nursing-bottle from the mouths of hungry babes if he possessed the power. And yet "Pagan Bob" says there is no Hell! And who, in the name of all the gods at once, is this fellow Cranfill, that he sets up as censor of the American press and orders newspapers placed in the *index expurgatorius*? When did the Baptist Church renounce the doctrine of liberty of conscience, preached by its much-vaunted Roger Williams, and begin to persecute religious dissenters? When did it elevate this pot-bellied symposium of ignorance and impudence to the office of infallible pope and place in his paw the keys of St. Peter? Who is he and what is he? Whence came he and what for? Doubtless God made him; but it does not follow, therefore, that he should pass for a man. The Architect of the Universe may have had some remnants left over—*disjecta membra* of various mammalia. Nature wastes nothing; hence, what more likely than that the Creator should throw these remnants together and call it Cranfill? On no other hypothesis can I explain the head of an ape and the legs of a kangaroo united to the body of a hippopotamus, the whole animated by the cowardly and cruel heart of a hyena. This amorphous freak missed the dime museum and broke into the sectarian sanctum through the back door of a beer saloon—perhaps rode in on that

country stallion for which he had the honor to collect the fees! And now he is supervising American literature and guarding the public morals! Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What does he know about literature that he should assume to sit in judgment? He cannot spell words of four syllables, nor tell an ellipsis from a lightning rod. I'll bet \$4 that he cannot name the Twelve Apostles or the books of the New Testament without cramming for the occasion. I am inclined to suspect that the *Times* subsidized Cranfill to assail it that it might be loved for the enemies it has made. Perhaps it is trying to work up a circulation in Gatesville, where he "got converted"—when he could no longer obtain credit for corn-juice. It has ever been a mystery to me why a community composed largely of white folks, would permit this feculent he-Meddlesome Mattie to pollute its atmosphere with his presence. The city council should either abate him as an incorrigible nuisance, or put him on a "Reservation" with the Baylor University management, and have the unsavory aggregation disinfected occasionally by a sanitary official.

I don't know why Cranfill should remind me of Dan Stuart; but he does. And that's about the meanest thing I could say of Dan, if I studied all day. Perhaps it is because they are both sports, and possessors of "pedigrees" duly recorded in the *ICONOCLAST*. True, they employ different systems of corraling the long green; but they are both out for the stuff, and neither is playing for a permanent engagement in the cotton patch. The first advises consistent Christians not to patronize the daily press, that he may supply them with puffs of "lost manhood" restorers and panaceas for impotency at the rate of \$2 per annum, cash in advance, while for divertisement he wars on working printers and orphan boys and fairly chortles in his

joy over their prospective pauperism ; the latter “ puts his fortune to the touch,” or regales himself with gladiatorial sports such as commanded the patronage of the proudest sons of Imperial Rome. The “ Doctah ” is an ostentatious Christian with a vaulting political ambition concealed about his ample person ; while Dan, we are expected to believe, is a child of the devil. If Doc goes to Heaven and Dan to Hell, I pray the Recording Angel to make out my ticket to the latter place. Having lived in Houston two years, I do not particularly object to heat ; but I will not associate with hypocrites and humbugs here, and d—d if I do in the great hereafter. Col. Stuart has collected at El Paso all the cracker-jack pugilists of earth, and “ our heroic young Christian Governor ” and the soulful Dr. Seasholes—with his peculiar Canada excursions—to the contrary notwithstanding, will pull off a series of physical culture contests calculated to make even the blood of a eunuch dance through every vein like Carmencita rounding off a Virginia reel. Dan has contracted for pugilists like Dudley bought votes—in blocks of five. He has in stock pretty much everything, from a bantam to a heavy-weight world’s champion. He has taken his great moral show a long ways from the centers of civilization ; but it is worth a trip across the continent to become acquainted with the El Paso people. When I last saw the city it was wide open like a boot-jack, and the McGinty Club in the hey-dey of its glory. A man could actually take a glass of beer or “ spit yaller ” without being suspected of a sin against the Holy Ghost. I understand that Stuart has succeeded in matching Maher against the terrible “ Kangaroo,” Gentleman Jim having conveniently availed himself of the biblical exemption of newly married men from the perils of war—until their wives can view their exposure to danger with indifference. Corbett has announced his in-

tention, however, to be present at the mill and challenge the winner. He will doubtless do so; but his blatant defiance will never result in a fight,—not if he sees the other fellow first. Corbett has acquired a bad habit of filtering his lungpower through the crown of his chapeau. When requested to meet Fitz under a guarantee that it would be a "go," he "retired from the ring; but when the Australian was safely side-tracked he crawled out of his hole and withdrew his withdrawal. Corbett may be a great Gladiator, but he would have to go up against a buzzsaw to convince me that his liver is not a perfect blonde. I am no pugilistic expert—it is all I can do to keep tab on the "sporty" preachers who are continually breaking into the penitentiary; but I'll wager a gallon o' pure spring water that when Corbett enters the ring "on the level" with the winner of the Maher-Fitzsimmons contest, or does any more fighting except at long range with his mouth, pigs will fly and Mexican dogs wear feathers. He is a pugilistic has-been, a vocal back-number who does not yet realize that he is dead.

In the beginning "the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep." That is the condition of our economic world to-day. We are in the vortex of political chaos, aggravated by some forty million Babelian blatherskites, whose leathery lungs make confusion worse confounded. The Democratic ship found the pie-counter a Roncador Reef and went to pieces, while the G.O.P. hasn't the ghost of an idea where it is "at" or whither it is drifting. Only the Prohibition cranks, the female suffrage shriekers and a few whiskered children hovering on the Ultima Thule of Populism, are cock-sure of anything,—and they don't count. There's a very large hen on, but whether she will bring forth a brood of gos-

lings and add to the bewildering gabble, or a basket of vipers to still further poison the body politic is a riddle I cannot read. Congress can do nothing but add to the uproar, while the President feeds bonds by the hundred million to his Wall Street menagerie, or takes refuge from the rising tide of public discontent behind the frazzled coat-tails of James Monroe. The commerce and industries of this country are being drowned in the great sea of political gab. The Nation is dangerously near the demnition bow-wows, but is not yet past redemption. Let it give its jaw-bone a rest for just one day that its think-tank may do its duty. What is needed is more silent brain-work and less activity on the part of the big bazoo. Let the "able editors" refrain from re-threshing old economic straw, and the political reformers give us a rest for just four-and-twenty hours. Let Barney Gibbs turn the stop-cock on his eternal flow of small talk, Rufus Hardy apply the soft pedal and Waco's bob-tailed "Warwick" neglect to chase himself all over McLennan county, tearfully petitioning for a type-written "interview" anent the situation. This is an heroic prescription I know; but desperate diseases require radical remedies. If the American people are permitted to go out behind the barn and quietly think the matter over; if they can get but one day's surcease from the wild yodel of the professional gabsters, order will be evolved from chaos, the Kilkenny cat-fight transformed into a well-ordered campaign.

MANKIND'S MOCK-MODESTY.

NAKEDNESS OUR NATURAL STATE.

If a woman were to walk forth into the streets stark naked, what a sensation she would thereby create! The appearance of a second sun in the heavens would scarce cause such consternation; a circus parade or military pageant were not so potent to draw the world to its front windows! With what haste the police would hustle her out of sight, and what a powerful plea of insanity her attorney would have to put up to save her from prison!

The public's "modesty" would receive a shock from which it would be full nine days recovering. A curious thing, this modesty of the public, and well worth study. How did it come by it? Where and when did it learn that the mortal image of God is a thing to be ashamed of,—a veritable gorgon, upon which to gaze without certain preparatory rites of a thaumaturgic character, were to be turned, if not into stone, at least into foolish blockheads or grinning apes; that it must be religiously hidden; swathed in the skins of beasts, the entrails of worms, thatched over with bark or straw.

There is a tradition that after Adam and Eve ate of the Tree of Knowledge they knew more than the good God had intended, and at once became ashamed of their nakedness. That is what appears to be the matter with the public,—it knows too much; knows that it is a sin and a shame for man or woman to remain in that condition in which their Maker sent them into the world; that they must busy themselves improving his plan.

The modesty of which we make so much, is merely a fungus of stale custom; nothing more. For the sake of ornament, man began to clothe himself, and, as in so

many other instances, luxury became necessity. That man who has never known shoes needs none; nature provides him with adequate protection. Man is by nature a naked animal and may properly remain in that state if he sees fit, without doing violence to aught more sacred than foolish custom.

Let the anti-sumptuary legislation advocates think of this and proceed to pour out the vials of their wrath upon laws that compel us to wear clothes as "an unwarranted interference with personal liberty!" Surely the Decalogue prescribes man's duties, but does not so much as hint at his inability to discharge each and all of them in *puris naturalibus*!

When the clothes-wearing habit had become general, man was expected to appear in public in a covering of some sort, just as he is now expected to wear a hat on the street or a coat at the theater. Clothing still retains its primal as its chief characteristic, that of ornamentation, and it were well nigh as great an offense to society to appear in garments of obsolete cut as in none at all.

Curious freaks, this so-called "divine modesty"—generated by the tailor's goose—sometimes manifests. In Mexico a woman thinks herself irretrievably disgraced should she, by some accident, find herself at a great gathering in a "state of nature"; but does not hesitate to lay aside her last stitch of clothing and take a bath where the whole world may gaze at her, if it feel disposed. In Turkey a woman considers herself dishonored if a stranger sees her face, to prevent which she will, if need be, cover it with her only garment. Even our American women—some of them at least—will expose their bosoms in the ballroom and their limbs at the seashore. Young men and modest maidens will wander together through

galleries of nude art without shame; yet if one start a suspender button he is in agony, if the other's garter come unfastened she must hunt some retired nook and readjust it. In some of our cities the portrait in tights may not be displayed in public, yet a female rope-walker may perambulate back and forth across the principal street in a wardrobe that might be crammed into a collar-box.

No; I do not suggest that we lay aside all our clothing—return, without so much as educational preparation, to a “state of nature.” Such sudden and sweeping “reform” might prove embarrassing after so many ages of artificiality and mock modesty—especially in so erratic a climate; but it is certainly possible to purify public sentiment somewhat, and, perhaps, make the clothes-wearing custom the slave of mankind instead of its master.

But while that portion of the world which has contracted the clothes-wearing habit never expects to entirely relinquish it, not even in the balmy airs and select society of the celestial Paradise, if the angelic portrait-painters are to be trusted, “dress reform” is an ever burning question.

What man has not had somewhat to say anent the follies and foibles of feminine fashion; the vanity of woman, and so forth? It has become an article in our social creed that woman—the weaker vessel—needs our incessant supervision that she meet not with the fate of Narcissus, or ruin her constitution by a system of dress calculated to attract the gentleman on the Pale Horse, as well as the ordinary bicycle biped. In fact, the female constitution gives us almost as much anxiety as the federal; feminine follies far more worry than our own shortcomings.

Vanity, so we think, is leading woman to wickedly waste her life by a pernicious system of dress; yet wherever she proposes to pattern after ours, we go into such agonizing hysterics that, not wishing to be guilty of cruelty to animals, she refrains. Perhaps we realize that our system of dress is quite as absurd as that of woman, sacrifices comfort to vanity even more, and we do not care to have her discover this fact.

Is it possible that the order of nature which obtains among all other animals is reversed in man? that, while among all things else that inhabit the earth, sea or air the male has more than a moiety of the vanity and love of display, in the case of the human race the female got it all and her escort was lifted far above all such weaknesses and vanities? Behold the quiet turkey-hen and her ostentatious lord! the modest pea-hen and her vainglorious mate! Run over all the feathered tribe, all the things that go on two legs, and you will find that it is the male that puts on the style for the establishment; obtrudes himself into public notice and says plainly as actions can, "Behold what a thing of beauty am I!"

Stand with me upon this street-corner for a moment and let us observe masculinity as it moves by and see if it be devoid of vanity—if its apparel be such that it can, without suggesting the mote and beam parable, criticize the health-corsets and high-heeled shoes, bangs and bustles of femininity.

What is this? A man truly; at least God made it, and we must perforce let it pass for such. Let us see what it has upon its outside; we may thereby obtain some shadowy adumbration of what is within, for the character of men may be read in their clothes. First, closely cropped hair with a tuft in front like the handle of a gourd, which it evidently is. Next, a "stove-pipe" or silk hat. Did you

ever consider what a silk hat signifies? Not comfort, surely; not convenience, for nothing more awkward or troublesome could be devised. Vanity, pure and simple! That thing we call a head, because it is the upper terminus of a bipedal organism, imagines it looks well in such gear; perhaps some mischievous girl, who is studying natural history and makes a specialty of freaks, told it so, in which event, depend upon it, it would wear it were it more galling than a Nessus shirt. We may pass by the moustachios, bearing unmistakable evidence of curl-paper or the barber's irons; the stand-up collar, stiff as sheet-iron, an instrument of torture; the "Prince Albert," which he wears close-buttoned in warm weather and cold, probably to display his shape, possibly to prevent thoughtless or mischievous people sticking their fingers into him—saying naught of its padding, or the tightly laced corset which it sometimes covers; the pantaloons that snugly fit or idly flap according to the fiat of fashion; the small boots groaning with their plethora of big feet;—but what of his diamond pins and big seal rings? Does he wear these for comfort? Could he more plainly say to all the world, "I would be beautiful; hence I adorn myself,"—even were he a woman? What of the big cane which he carries? Is that the result of vanity also, or simply a survival of the gorilla, stick-carrying age,—an aggravated case of atavism?

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If bad goes before worse remains behind! Here comes a squat little man in "plug" hat and sack coat, a face like newly-risen moon, sailing down with wonderful breadth of beam and more dignity than a Lord Chief Justice! Observe him! He too is in love with his own shape; he too, like the turkey-cock, which he somewhat resembles, is saying to all the world, "Am I not worth scrutiny?" Verily

he is. If we could but preserve him in some manner and transmit him to remote posterity that subsequent age would scornfully reject the Simian Theory of human origin, and the theorem that man is the lineal descendant of the bull-frog would be solemnly taught in all 'varsities by learned professors.

And, after all, may it not be the true one? Man's progress is said to be due to his striving toward greatness, and is it not a manner of record that frogs also have their aspirations? Did not one try to make himself big as a bull? True, the effort resulted in disaster; but its fellows, warned thereby, may have set out for an easier goal; have put on "plug" hats and breeches and posed, with much dignity, as "able editors"—disturbing the whole world with their croaking.

Yet what is man that he should be vain? What excuse can this poor, forked radish with fantastically carved head—as Swift calls him—offer for arraying himself in purple and fine linen, plug hat and other outlandish and uncomfortable gear and, with barbaric ornaments and gorilla-stick, strutting abroad, smiling, smirking, posing, the vainest thing beneath high heaven—woman not excepted; a veritable rag-screen or clothes-horse, a freak to amaze the gods!

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"MINISTERIAL SPORTS."

FOR some years past pugilists and prostitutes have been making a desperate effort to "elevate the stage"; but those white-stoled apostles of reform have shamefully neglected the rostrum. Occasionally a bogus nun from some bagnio, an unfrocked priest "out for the stuff," or a broken-down politician jacks the lecture platform up a

notch or two; but it has received comparatively little attention from those who are known only because of their brutal sins against society. At last, however, the labor has been undertaken by a brace of reformers well equipped for the task, and we may soon expect to see the lyceum lifted bodily to that exalted level occupied by the "leg-show." From a small but lurid-complexioned hand-bill which came drifting through the mails, I learn that a "Grand Lecture" was to be worked off on the unprotected inhabitants of Hempstead some days ago "by Rev. E. H. Harman and Rev. W. Wimberly, the so-called Ministerial Sports who were charged with a Galveston Escapade." Also that the people were besought to "turn out" and cough up fifty cents each for the sweet privilege of listening to the "Grand Lecture" aforesaid, which these enterprising divines solemnly promise to make "interesting." It did not occur to me last September, when I called the attention of the Texas people to these meek and lowly men of God, that I was raising a tide which they would take at the flood and float on to fortune—that with a bark labeled "Ministerial Sports," and "Galveston Escapade" for oriflamme, they would proudly steer for the Fortunate Isles and carve their names with a paint brush on the very apex of the pillar of Fame. Rev. W. Wimberly was—and may be yet for aught I know—pastor of a Methodist church at Brenham, Texas, and Rev. E. H. Harman presiding elder of that district. When the Epworth League held its conference at Galveston last summer these godly men went down to assist in ladling out saving grace. It appears, however, that they found more congenial employment, for the local press was soon teeming with the "Escapade" which they now employ to conjure the dollar of our daddies out of the pockets of the people. They were accused of frequenting bawdy houses

and beating hack bills, absorbing more booze than they could comfortably carry and otherwise setting a pace which even the shoestring gambler and the goddess infidel found it difficult to follow. Upon their return to Brenham the board of stewards proceeded to call them to account, and was confronted by the most remarkable defense known to theological jurisprudence. They admitted having taken in the Galveston honk-a-tonks; but explained that they were looking for Dr. Wimberly's sister, whom the latter proved, by extracts from the daily press, was a notorious prostitute! Just what they wanted with her I do not remember. They may have yearned to reform her; or they may have desired to strike her for a "stake." Or these new Knights of the Round Table (the pattern chiefly used by Galveston publicans) may have gone on a "quest," as did Sir Galahad for the Holy Grail—with no idea of appropriating the property. Instead of going to the chief of police, ascertaining exactly where the erring woman could be found and having a quiet interview with her, they hired a night-hack and proceeded to play private detective by doing the various dives. The charge of boozing was transferred to the shoulders of two bold, bad brothers of Dr. Wimberly, who were likewise looking for their long-lost sister, and drowning their disappointment in drink. The story, improbable as it may appear, is possibly true in every particular; but if so, it serves to demonstrate that Revs. Harman and Wimberly should be tapped for the simples. A pair of the veriest "yaps" from Baylor University would have known better than to compromise themselves by making such an idiotic break. If the story is true, Harman should be unfrocked for being a fool, and Wimberly for conduct unbecoming a Christian and a gentleman in trying to shield himself behind a sister's shame. A professional pander would have manifested more

family pride; a gentleman would have declined to answer and accepted the consequences; a man worthy to minister in the temples of Almighty God would have suffered eternal hell to keep the secret safe in his imperial heart. No wonder that the black gonfalon of Lucifer still casts its baleful shadow upon the land, when such creatures as Harman and Wimberly wear epaulettes in the Army of the Lord!

I much fear that these Brenham preachers do not understand how to make the most of their golden opportunity,—to turn their new-got notoriety to the best account. Let them “learn of the wise and perpend.” There is no need for them to wear their lungs to a frazzle delivering “Grand Lectures.” Enough is as good as a feast. Let them hire a hall, sit on the platform and put a man at the door to relieve the eager public of its cash. People would travel half across a continent for the mere privilege of looking at such ministerial curiosities, and I can only wonder that they have not been already engaged by the museum managers. If they can but find the woman in the case and add her to the combination, it will be the greatest show on earth and Barnum & Bailey won’t be in it a little bit. A dollar admission were cheap as dirt, and the exhibit would have nothing to do but loll on plush-covered divans and look pleasant, while a funkey in spike-tail coat and white kid gloves pointed out each animal to the delighted audience and expatiated upon its habits and history. No hall or opera-house could accommodate the crowds that would fight for admittance and to pay big prices to inhale the odor of such an æsthetic bouquet and feast their enraptured eyes upon its loveliness. A ten-acre tent would be necessary, and even then standing room would go to a premium. And what a rake-off could be secured by peddling photos of these celebrities, and pamphlets containing an authentic account of that “Galveston

Escapade," which made them objects of popular interest! If Revs. Harman and Wimberly will but heed the Apostle's hints they will soon realize wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Then they can return to Galveston and settle that hack bill. Some will doubtless criticize these enterprising preachers for proclaiming their disgrace to fill their purse; but shall Satan be permitted to scoop in all the sugar plums? Mary forbid! Shall Lily Langtry, Mrs. James Brown Potter and others of that ilk, suspected of having given the Seventh Commandment the marble heart, rake in all the shekels, while these poor preachers, who have toiled so assiduously to acquire a small stock of salable notoriety, continue to polish bare floors with their calloused knees and struggle with the donation party and the dyspepsia? Not on your life. True, Theo. Tilton, the prince of the lecture platform, fled from public gaze when the shadow fell upon his home, and Parnell sank beneath the cry that he was a "sport" and given to "Escapades"; but these men were not ministers—they were only gentlemen.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

SENATOR DAVID BENNETT HILL has hoist himself with his own petard—whatever that may be. Like the maid in the old blue-back speller, he has tossed his head in high disdain, only to spill the milk within whose pearly foam glistened so many *chateaux en Espagne*. With one whiff of air from his lungs—that fateful bag in which the political Odysseus should have kept close confined the adverse winds—he has blown his presidential boom into the great void and sunk his frail bark fathoms deep in the Stygian wave. In an evil hour he forgot to remember that

the hand that wields the powder-rag is the hand that rocks the world, and brought down upon his bald head the anger of the ladies. It is difficult indeed to make a president of an old bachelor, even when his moustache drips with honey-dew and he professes to worship at the shrine of beauty; for the ladies look at him askance—suspect his patriotism and resent his neglect of duty to his God, his country and his kind. How then can one of those social suspects hope to obtain the presidency after throwing down the gauntlet to the power behind the throne? Clearly Senator Hill has committed political hari-kari—has deliberately impaled himself upon the feminine finger of scorn, and hangs suspended there, a warning to all the world. Senator Hill's offense consists in his recent suggestion that the female devotees of fashion be bundled out of Washington, bag and baggage, in order that Uncle Sam's servants may be relieved of exhaustive social duties and thereby enabled to earn their salaries. He intimated that men who dance and flirt with the fair Four Hundred until the roosters crow for morning, then go about their duties loaded to the nozzle with imported wines and *pate de foie gras*, find themselves in no condition to pass upon important affairs of state. He has adopted as his motto, "Business before pleasure." He would subordinate the social to the political function. He has somehow absorbed the absurd idea that we are not paying people to enact the role of Lord Chesterfield or Beau Brummel, and is inclined to attribute the lapses of our public servants to the ladies. "The woman tempted me, and I did eat." It's the old story. Poor Joseph! Wicked Mrs. Potiphar! Oh what an immaculate lot of he-seraphim were we had the Lord allowed that Adamic rib to rest secure *in situ* and continued to make men of mud and bring 'em up on the bottle. It is unquestionably true that too much time,

paid for by the public, is frittered away with charming females, with wining, dining and the trifling frivolities of fashion. Not a few wealthy men accept public service solely to get their families into the blue waters of the social swim. Senator Brice is said to have expended “\$50,000 entertaining” during one fashionable season in Washington. But there are worse things than frittering away a master’s time “doing the elegant.” Social debutantes and diplomatic dinners are by no means the only things that serve to distract from his duty the average congressman. Not all the women to be found in Washington are “in society,”—as Col. Breckinridge can certify. What will it profit the country to remove its susceptible congressmen and departmental heads for *les doux yeux* of the semi-official ballroom,

Where pap-suckers and parvenues meet
To chase the champagne punch with tangled feet,

and leave the remorseless prey of the Pollards—to substitute the closed-carriage for the banquet-board, the congressional scandal for the swell levee? Luther has intimated that the man who loves not wine, woman and song should be sent to the lunatic asylum rather than elected to congress; hence it only remains for us to decide what kind of beauty, booze and melody will do our Solons the least damage. Shall we leave them to the fashionable butterflies, blue label and Wagnerian melody; or shall we consign them to the female lobbyist, red licker and the *risque* songs of Yvette Guilbert? So far as his servants are concerned, Uncle Sam appears to be located between the devil and the dark blue sea. If he permits them to trot with the Four Hundred they become demoralized, while if he drives them to seek recreation elsewhere they become degraded and are made targets by the pietists and Park-

hursts. It is quite true that a congressman struggling with a case of *katzenjammer*, aggravated by visions of ballroom beauties with corsages cut perilously low, is scarce competent to decide the tariff problem or currency question, so as to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number; that a president who has to reduce his head with camphor and cracked ice before he can get his hat on by the aid of soapstone and shoehorn, is not a safe person to entrust with such edge tools as ultimatums. When a man wakes up with that won't-do-so-any-more-feeling, he is apt to imagine war a necessity. What then? Would Senator Hill transform the Federal officials into a stag-party—even segregate them from those female clerks whom they have placed under lasting obligations by securing for them positions where there is little to do and plenty to get? Would he remove the seat of government to some lone island of barren rock and put a guard of gorgons and hippogriffs about it to keep the girls away while our Lycurguses are considering the general welfare and coining political capital? Would he declare Schenck's manual and poker chips, sour mash and Mumm's contraband and drive congress, by means of unslaked thirst and that longing for female companionship manifested by all animate beings, to do something besides filibuster and work its jaw-bone—to complete public business with all possible expeditions that it might the sooner return to its social tomfooleries? If so, he can count upon the unswerving support of the ICONOCLAST. Such a plan would at least insure us a sober president.

THE APOSTLE IN PERDITION.

A DAY WITH THE DEVIL.

“I WISH I were in Hell!”

Of course the Apostle did not mean it—was only blowing off steam, as St. Paul was wont to do when the ladies laughed at his funny little bald head and semi-lunar legs. It is said that his wife left him because he couldn't stop a calf without building a picket fence between his knees, and so uncompromisingly homely that whenever he came near the family molasses barrel it fermented. Ethnic writers contend that it was this hymeneal contretemps that made him look askance at marriage—transformed him into an ill-natured misogynist and filled him with the pea-green envy of a eunuch. But I digress.

“I wish I were in Hell!”

The words were as heavy-laden with soulful yearning as those which Juliet spills over the balcony into the dewy garden, unconscious that her “mash” has evaded the family bulldog and is panting beneath her balcony like a mallard with a case of lead-poisoning. It was a sultry summer afternoon in the City of Saints, called Wayco by the common herd, but pronounced Wackoh by those who have sold their cotton. The licensed saloons were hermetically sealed by order of Emperors Constantine and Cranfill; but here and there could be seen a Good Samaritan seeking to save life—for a consideration—by steering the thirsty pilgrim against a black bottle of Prohibition booze. Everybody who could borrow a dollar had excused to other cities, possessing less sanctification but more common sense, and the solemn stillness was broken only by the drowsy hum of a few perspiring pulpiteers who were making a feeble effort to earn their salaries by dealing damnation round on those who presumed to differ.

from their doxies. Not a leaf stirred, lest it be indicted for Sabbath desecration. The grass had stopped growing and the tawny Brazos quit running at twelve o'clock Saturday night, and the town cow gone outside the corporation to chew her cud. The dogs refrained from scratching the fleas lest they cause their bipedal brethren to offend, and even the industrious jaw of Wherein Riggins was at rest. The Little Giant hazarded his reputation as a political acrobat by suffering his financial views to remain in *statu quo* for four-and-twenty hours, and physic administered on the Sabbath day refused to work. Everybody was full of ennui as a tariff editorial, slightly tempered by a faint hope of finding an excuse for committing a homicide. It was like being consigned alive to a second-hand sepulchre and sodded down with crocodile tears beneath a lying epitaph; hence the involuntary and almost profane exclamation of the monitor of the Texas ministers:

“I wish I were in Hell!”

He really meant Houston, famed in song and story as the abiding place of the frail but ravishingly fair Rebecca Merlindy Johnson, the Trilby of sunny Texas. He longed to wander with her, hand in hand down the banks of the babbling Bayou, and crown her with garlands of hexapetalous pigweed and blue forget-me-nots. He yearned to rescue her from the hypnotic spell of Svengali Hill and remove her from the lyric stage, where she now warbles the pathetic ballad of “Ben Bolt” as in a dream; and the more so because he has long suspected that she is none other than “Sweet Alice with hair so brown” disguised in a plug-hat and a pair of bloomers. Ah me! the indigestible sweetness of those

“Kisses by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others.”

Before the Apostle could amend his motion a party resembling Lewis Morrison's Mephistopheles drifted into the sanctum.

"I am Lucifer," he remarked confidentially, as he sat down on a corner of the exchange table and glanced eagerly through the columns of Dr. Hayden's *Holy Fake*.

"The Devil you are!"

"Exactly. You observed just now that you wanted to go to Hell. I have come to escort you."

The Apostle hesitated. He thought in paragraphs while his knees made an effort to circle round each other. Could Hell be worse than Sunday in a town dominated by sniveling hypocrites and blatant humbugs; a place that points with pride to Baylor University, where school-girls are debauched—actually glories in its crown of infamy? He reached for his hat.

"Is it very far?"

"No; Sam Jones is my civil engineer and has located a 'mouth of hell' just one mile from every American city for the accommodation of my guests. There is nothing like making a place easily accessible. You will pardon me for blindfolding you. Should you learn the exact location of the Waco entrance to my dominions you might sneak out some morning with Dr. Parks and Bill Edmonds and block it up. A bandage is unnecessary. Just imagine yourself a sectarian minister, and in two minutes you will be blind as a mole."

He made a few hypnotic passes with his hands and the Apostle began to yearn for yaller-legged poultry and female society. He wanted to discuss forms of baptism and take up a collection. He saw in fancy two roads: One narrow and steep as an Alpine path; the other broad with smooth down grade. The first led to Heaven and was traversed by a handful of tearful saints who attended to

everybody's business but their own ; the latter to Hell, and was crowded with peoples of all ages and sexes, kinds and conditions. Here grand old men who had made Reason a lamp to their feet and carried the whole human race in their hearts ; there unbaptized babes in their swaddling clothes—all plunging in endless procession over a steep precipice into a bottomless pit, from which arose, as incense to God's eternal throne, the fumes of sulphur and the cries of tortured innocents.

“Here we are,” remarked the Devil cheerfully as he broke the hypnotic spell and relieved his visitor of the theological delirium-tremens. “If you don't see what you want just notify the head clerk.”

“You are awfully kind. I say, a mint-julep wouldn't go bad at this stage of the game, d'you think? Or a bottle of wine, if you've got some you brought with you from the other place, might——”

“My dear sir, Hell is the only place where Prohibition actually prohibits. If you have not neglected your theology you will remember that liquor is the luxury of gods, not of devils. If you want to fill the beaker to the brim, or words to that effect, you must go to Valhalla or Olympus. It was Noah, the beloved of God, not I who laid the foundation of the present jag-cure joints. I sowed a few tares, but never engaged in vine culture. It was Christ who turned water into wine. I have been suspected of a good many bad habits, but there is not one word in Holy Writ to show that I was ever a boozer. Intoxicants have been employed in almost every worship known to the world except devil worship. Wine mellows the heart and promotes good fellowship. Bacchus is Cupid's armor-bearer and the twin brother of Joy. He is the perfect antithesis of yours truly. It took me three thousand years to perfect a plan for the abolition of that

good cheer brought into the world by Bacchus. Whenever I can persuade a people to lay a heavy tax upon intoxicants I have mine enemy on the hip. A saloonist will then buy ten gallons of *eau de vie* and sell a hundred of murder-breeding booze. Old Tommy Jefferson was shrewd enough to catch on to my game and, while president, blocked it; but wisdom died with him and America is mine. I have even improved on the original plan by adding Prohibition and filling the people with Peruna, Hostetter's Bitters and other rot-gut compounds when they want cold beer. I tell you, I'm in this fight to win, and I make every edge cut. When St. John called me the father of lies, the pride of my heart, the Prohibition falsehood had not been born."

We were in a vast and gloomy room, half lit by chandeliers, the lamps of which were human skulls. The walls were festooned with serpents and the ceiling frescoed with portraits of that mighty throng who have assumed the livery of the Lord in which the better to serve the Devil. Here and there fountains played, but instead of pure spring water they spouted boiling oil. A upas tree stood in a tub made of the ribs of those mailed marauders, Joshua and Alexander, Attila and Napoleon, while cacti and night-shade, thorns and thistles struggled up through cracks in a floor paved with the kneecaps of men who had bowed in fashionable churches to promote their pecuniary or political fortunes. In the center of the room stood a massive throne of black marble, at the foot of which a hyena crouched, devouring the heart of a hypocrite, while a monster vampire spread its leathery wings above for canopy. The air was chill and damp, and in the shadows owls hooted in response to the mournful plaint of a black cat and the discord of a young demon who was learning to play the trombone, while three-headed Cerberus howled

and tugged at his chain in a vain attempt to interview the visitor.

"This is the court of Hell," remarked Lucifer as he tied his prehensile tail up in a "dody" that it might not interfere with his movements. "I don't much mind the mediæval theologians and Bible artists putting a tail on me," he explained; "but d——d if I see why they should make a harpoon of it. You can't imagine the amount of trouble that barb gives me. It's forever catching in something, and has several times come near jerking the backbone out of me. Had it done so I should have shut up my subterranean shop and become a professional politician. Perhaps those pious people who tacked this spike-tail on expected me to use it as a scarf-pin. But for the fact that the little devils would call me Old Bob-tail whenever my back was turned, I'd saw the condemned thing off shorter'n a billy-goat's."

He ordered bikes for two and we proceeded on a tour of inspection. "I introduced the wheel here," he explained, "when that eminent physiologist, Dr. William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, discovered that it was calculated to produce nymphomania. I am a progressive Devil, and strive to keep abreast of scientific research; but I draw the line at bloomers. I don't care to have the landscape of Hell rendered more horrible. If I ever catch a female with feet like pies, 'scorching' up and down my domain in Parisian bikeing suit, I'll plait her legs."

We had wheeled into a cavern that seemed equal in area to a West Texas county and was quite densely populated. It was even gloomier than the throne-room and filled with a babel of discordant voices.

"We keep here," said Lucifer as he deftly scratched a match on the seat of his pants and lit a cigarette, "those people who were not fit for Heaven, yet scarce deserved

Hell. They were nuisances rather than criminals. Of course the orthodox expect me to torture them; but I don't feel that I can afford the sulphur to fricassee a lot of intellectual tomtits. All the Smart Alecs of six thousand years are assembled here; likewise the he-poets of passion and the men who knew all about the financial problems and persisted in afflicting the world with their wisdom; the girl who giggled and the barber with the catarrh who neglected to change his trade; the maid who chewed gum in the street-cars and the lovesick loons who tried to swallow each other in public. The latter probably suffer more than others in this corral, for they are doomed to drule and slobber over each other from everlasting to everlasting—to live, like Tantalus, in hopeless anticipation. You once suggested the building of a great Gabatorium, where all those afflicted with St. Vitus' dance of the jaw-bone could go and work off their surplus lung-power without disturbing sensible people. You see I anticipated you in that respect. All the chronic gabsters of earth find a permanent home in this hole and talk to each other through all eternity. A Boston man who was down here the other day inspecting our heating system, figured out that there had been enough lung-power wasted right here in the last hundred years to drive the earth sixteen times around the sun, and that the volume of sound if condensed into a minute's duration could be heard more than forty billion miles."

"But where is the—ah—the culinary department?"

"You mean the lake of brimstone, where the fire is never quenched and the worm dieth not? We haven't come to it yet. Our wormery is a department by itself. Excuse me for a moment. The joyful barking of Cerberus signals the approach of a delegation of my faithful servants, who come to report progress in the world of men.

It is my Waco contingent, which has ever been particularly enthusiastic in my service."

He dismounted and his lords-in-waiting arrayed him in his royal robes and placed upon his head the sovereign crown of Hell.

"This crown," he explained as he adjusted it to his horns, "was once the property of a European potentate who impoverished his people to bedeck his empty noddle with a barbaric bauble. Every ounce of gold therein represents a hungry peasant, and every gem a hecatomb of babes. With the treasures of all the earth at my command, I could easily make a more resplendent crown; but none so appropriate, so expressive of innate cussedness. And yet the man who wore this—and who is now stopping with me—was called a 'Christian monarch' and proudly wore the title, 'Defender of the Faith.' But here are my visitors. Mum's the word," and indulging in an extra-dry smile, Lucifer mounted his throne, pulled up his creased trousers so they wouldn't bag at the knees, and motioned the delegation to approach. It grieved the Apostle to note that several preachers were of the party. An old gray-bearded man, so spirituelle that he had to stand twice to cast a shadow, was dean of the delegation, and to him Satan addressed himself:

"My dear doctor, how goes the battle with Heaven's puissant powers?"

The man addressed made low obeisance and replied:

"Sire, we've got the world grabbed. Your suggestion that good precept be united with bad example has deprived the church of its power and brought the religion of Christ into contempt."

"Um! Fairly spoken. But during my recent tour of Texas I grew a little suspicious of you. I fear that your

heart is not in your work—that you are trying to serve two masters."

"Is it possible that I have played my part so well that I have deceived the very Prince of Darkness? What saith thy opponent? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' What are the fruits of my labor? Trusting maids debauched and libertines shielded from the law; mutton-heads commissioned as ministers and money accepted in Christ's name from men who are landlords of professional prostitutes! Oh thou of little faith, are ye not yet convinced of my reality? Then look upon my lieutenant and man Friday here—a black muzzled, goggle-eyed galoot whom I have foisted upon God's ministry to disgrace and discredit it!"

"Enough—I do believe! Forgive me, doctor; I have done you wrong." Then, catching sight of a portly animal in short pants and a penchant for slobbering over men whose legs he is preparing to pull, Lucifer exclaimed cheerfully: "How is it with thee, my old red holly-hock?"

The party addressed grinned like an alligator, displaying unsociable teeth that kept as far apart as possible, folded his hands on his protrusive front elevation like a woman bashfully concealing a happy secret, and said:

"Supernal Wisdom, in decreeing that a house divided against itself cannot stand, gave us the secret of success. We have divided and subdivided the House of God until the Democratic party itself is solidarity compared thereto. While cults and creeds, sects and sub-sects wage war upon each other the banner of Hell prevails. Sectarianism and Division are synonyms, and in this sign we shall conquer. We have not only divided the Army of Israel into hostile camps and set them at each others' throats, but induced them to wage war upon innocent amusements and thereby wasted strength that might otherwise be employed against

the hosts of Hell. Nay more: We are so abridging the natural rights of man, by means of sumptuary law, that open rebellion against all form and formulas intended to promote social growth will sooner or later ensue and Chaos come again."

" You're a bird!" exclaimed Lucifer enthusiastically as he embraced him. " Go forth, thou beloved of Hell, and whoop it up. Continue to teach that joy is a crime and that persecution is piety. Preach boycotts in the name of Christ. Insist that vicious intermeddling with the private affairs of others is the chief of Christian virtues, and brand all those who cannot see the plan of salvation through your two-bit telescope, as enemies of the God of Israel."

The Waeo delegation withdrew, singing,

"Baptist, Baptist I was born,
And a Baptist I will die."

while an Eastern contingent, led on by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, lined up before the throne of Lucifer. The party with the slot in his face which threatens to undermine his ears, had evidently heard the closing remarks of his lord and master, for without waiting to be recognized his jaws began to wag:

" If bringing religion into contempt and rendering the pulpit ridiculous be the *sine qua non* of success, I flatter myself that I have rendered your State some service. Not only have I conformed to your plan of campaign, but, by pocketing hundreds of thousands of dollars for worse than worthless sermons, I have sapped the resources of the enemy."

Satan called his bookkeeper, and after consulting with him a moment, said: " I find that you get one of the largest salaries ever paid for preaching the religion of One who

went barefoot and never owned an undershirt. I have frequently seen your portrait in the papers, but mistook you for one of those before-taking fellows in the patent medicine 'ads.' I suppose that I have the honor to address the Billy Kersands of the pulpit?" The doctor blushed and bowed, while his interlocutor continued, as he stared incredulously at the figures furnished by the book-keeper: "You may give me a sample of those sermons for which you are paid such fancy prices;" then added hastily: "But cut it short. The tortures of Hell are already up to the constitutional limit."

The reverend gentleman was about to begin when Lucifer interrupted him to ask: "Do you use all that mouth when preaching?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he cautioned the smaller imps to remain at a respectful distance and signaled the great divine to proceed, which he did:

"O the efflorescent loveliness of the fadeless flowers that lift their snowy petals in the Valley of Delight, and mingle their incense with the supernal melody of a hundred million billion trillion golden harps set with blazing sapphires and ringing in one eternal anthem through the pearly gates and flowing like waves of phosphorescence around and around and—ah-h-h-of-ah-ah-oh——" —

But at this juncture a legion of those who had followed Lucifer out of Heaven to mock at the pains of Hell, surrounded his throne and declared that unless this new agony was abated forthwith they would move out to New Mexico, start a Gehenna on their own hook and make cruel and unusual punishment unconstitutional. Turning to the Apostle, Lucifer said with a tinge of sadness in his tone: "I supposed hitherto that our tremendous immigration was due solely to my genius in corrupting the minds of men; but I now see that, unable to endure the ills they

have, the people fly to others they know not of." Turning to Rev. Sam Jones, who had drifted in unobserved, he asked: "Do you preach like that?"

"Nixy," replied the great evangelist airily, as he winked at Mammon and landed a pint of tobacco juice in a crack of the floor at a distance of sixteen paces, much to the alarm of a legion of naked little imps who were near being caught in the cataclysm; "that ain't my game at all. Old Tally couldn't make mule feed spilling his sweet incense on Georgia coons or peddling his artificial flowers in Texas. Those eastern duffers don't know how to bring religion into contempt a little bit. They've got what they call 'culchaw,' and a man handicapped with that complaint can't do a turn on the ministerial variety stage that'll catch the gallery. Betcher life when Sam Jones hits the pulpit he makes it smell to Heaven. When a skunk pays its respects to a suit of butternut jeans all you've got to do is t' bury your britches three days in sandy soil, then resurrect 'em and you're as sweet as a pansy blossom; but when I spill myself in a church once all the fumigating in creation can't make it give forth a sweet savor. Talk about sapping the strength of the enemy! Rodents! Likewise rats. I don't know the Presbyterian Confession of Faith from the Koran; but allee samee I skinned the holy yaps out of fifty thousand cold last year with my song-and-dance act and orphan asylum fake. I'm a peach, I am. Why I'm the fellow that made Bob Ingersoll sing small!"

"Made who?"

"Old Bob, Pagan Bob, Bob the infidel guy."

Lucifer looked at Mammon and the latter shook his head. "Never heard of him," said the Prince of Darkness, moodily. "Guess he must be some fellow who's waiting for the office to seek the man." Then advising Sam

where to locate a few more "Mouths of Hell," he ended the interview.

"Do you think that a square deal?" inquired the Apostle as they remounted their bikes.

"As to which?"

"Employing those preachers to-a-to-'cap' for you?"

"S'matter with you? Were I to fight the powers of Heaven openly I'd get knocked over the ropes the first round, with never a smell at the gate-money. The love of truth is inherent in man, and I must so disguise falsehood that it appears as fact. Man is naturally a religious animal, and it is my business to make him rebel against his better nature. He is gregarious, like the goose, and must have a leader; so I supply him with one who will guide him hither. So long as I can employ God's duly ordained ministers to accredit him with attributes which even I—Devil that I am—would indignantly disown, the millennium will exist only in your mind. If you want to worst an adversary, don't abuse him; strike him with a lash woven with the poisonous tongues of his professed friends. We'll leave our overcoats here and change our bikes for those with asbestos tires. We're going to take a spin through the torrid zone."

A pair of double iron doors swung back at our approach, admitting us to a large cavern, noisome with the shrieks of tortured souls. Every few yards there was a well of burning brimstone, sunk in a field of redhot sand. Each well contained a howling sinner and was presided over by an amorphous monster armed with a four-tined fork. It was a typical orthodox Hell.

"Anybody that you particularly care to see?" inquired the *genius loci* with his well-known sauvity.

"Call up Cain."

"Not here. You see that story got a trifle mixed in

sifting down through so many centuries before the art of writing. Even with the aid of official stenographers and printing presses, it is difficult to transmit the exact truth anent these religious controversies. Cain was an industrious tiller of the soil, upon whom devolved the support of the family. After loafing around in Paradise so long Adam didn't take kindly to the plow—was a trifle inclined to pose as a man who had seen better days, and you know those fellows are seldom worth a d——n. Excuse my French. Abel was born tired and concluded that he would be a preacher. He used to lay around in the shade, pretending to watch a flock of scabby sheep that were good for nothing but to nibble Cain's fruit trees and destroy his garden. Sometimes Cain would come home late from a tussle with the stump lot, his feet blistered and his back sunburned, and ask Abel to feed the mules and do the milking; but the latter always pleaded that he had to go to prayer-meeting. On Sundays Cain wanted to sneak out and go to the ball-games, but Abel would squeal on him to the old man, then lecture him on original sin and the necessity of experiencing a change of heart. When the crop was gathered Abel insisted that the only way to please the Lord was to make a bonfire of the best part of it. Cain intimated that Abel was a theological ass, and the latter retorted that his brother was a blasphemer whom it was his religious duty to put to death. A scrimmage ensued and Abel was counted out at the end of the first round. Finding that the church people were boycotting him, Cain married a young lady named Smith and the couple went West to grow up with the country. There they builded a city in which one of their posterity established manufactories without the aid of eastern capital."

“Well, call up Socrates.”

“Sorry to disappoint you; but he doesn’t *vote* in this ward.”

“But he was a pagan.”

“Can’t help that. Hell is a crematory for the world’s rubbish, not a jewel casket. You remember those religious fanatics who knew so much more about the gods than did the wisest man of the world? Well, I’ve got them here all right. They made Old Soc drink the hemlock cup because he wasn’t orthodox, so I tapped a well of vitriol for their special entertainment. The racket you hear over in the Southeast corner of the bull-pen is occasioned by their exuberant hilarity. Socrates was not exactly a saint, but he got his punishment while in the flesh. Like most wise men, he was an infernal fool on the subject of women, and he got a wife who made it so hot for him that Hell would have seemed like a cold storage ware-house by comparison. Philosophy is a great thing. It enables man to face war and pestilence with fortitude and endure suffering and death with calm serenity; but the *swish* of a petticoat knocks it into pi.”

“Well, trot out Servitus, that miserable heretic whom John Calvin burned in the name of the pitying Christ.”

“Ser—what? Why, man, that fellow’s flying through Elysian Fields and roosting high on trees groaning with apples of pure gold. When he moults a feather it is made into a pen with which to write celestial hymns. He’s got a crown of gold with a diamond as big as a hickory-nut on every point, and twangs a harp that would make Old Amphion’s instrument sound like a corn-stalk fiddle at a nigger’s dance. And that’s no lie. But Calvin’s here—I’ve got a corner on deliberate homicides. I had to enlarge my brimstone and reptile department after the religious wars of Europe and the crusades to the Holy Land.”

“But I thought murderers usually repented at the last

gasp and were given an escort of angels to the New Jerusalem."

"Oh, that's one of my choice inventions. Confidentially, I tell you that the life-long sinner who expects to float into the Celestial City on one flood of tears is going to snag his skiff. When a fellow serves yours truly until he sees Death come, pounding down the plank turnpike on his old crow-bait, I just have a well dug for him and notify the reception committee to report for duty."

"Say, how did you happen to be relieved of your harp and crown?" Lucifer smiled grimly. "Well, Milton says my fall was caused by pride. Perhaps. You know there are people so constituted that they would rather be, as you mortals put it, the head of a louse than the tail of a lion—would rather be master of a flock of mountain goats than the petted servant of the most powerful sovereign. Pride is a virtue, not a vice. A man without whole oodles of pride concealed about his person is only good for soap-grease. Pride is what transforms cowards into heroes and indolent animals into God-like men. It is what lends power to the arm of toil and drives the pale student up Parnassus' rugged steeps. Pride is the mother of progress. Milton had a case of intellectual cholera-morbus. His poem reminds me of the Talmagian mouth-full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"But what did cause your—your—?"

"My promotion from slave to sovereign? It was the exercise of my right of revolution—a right, which being conceded to men, is certainly not denied to seraphs. I got tired of the orthodox Heaven: tired of one eternal round of harping and hosannahing—of hopping around like a hen on a hot griddle and calling it happiness. I wanted to do something besides dance and warble—to employ my energies to some good purpose. I felt, like one of your

American rhymesters, that an able-bodied angel might be in

“A durned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.”

Finally I got to playing hookey on the heavenly choir. I threw my throne against the jasper walls of the New Jerusalem, put on an old slouch hat, went out into the woods and dug “sang” to work off my superfluous energy. About half the gang felt as I did, and so we got together and petitioned to be permanently excused from doing the mocking-bird act. The Celestial police were sent out and extended us an invitation to take a ride in the hurry-up wagon, and you know the rest. But we were speaking of my guests.”

“Surely you’ve got Tom Paine here?”

“Haven’t I told you that the pearls of the world are not cast into the rubbish heap? Tom was a devout man whose biblical views differed but little from those of Beecher, and whose works were of far more value to the world. Furthermore, a man is in no wise responsible for his beliefs or unbelief. The responsibility for your opinions rests upon the architect of your thinking apparatus. You can no more get a large idea into a small head than you can put Pike’s peak into a pint cup. You have sat in church and seen the white light of the sun assume various tints as it was strained through the many-colored-window glass? Just so the various intellects of mankind give different colors to all that passes through them; and they do this, not of free will, but of necessity. Tom is all right. He doesn’t flutter in the Seventh Heaven nor attend on the Throne, but has a cosy seat within the lower wall, where he may look down and watch the growth of the Great Republic whose name he was the first to

utter, and whose birth his fearless pen made imperative. Tom here? Why dammit man, he wouldn't be in Hell a week before he'd pull down the gates, put out the fires and have all the inhabitants housed in vine-clad cottages beneath the American flag. Don't sit up o' nights to bemoan the fate of any man who takes for his motto, 'Where liberty is *not*, there is my country.' A pinch of heterodoxy hurts no man whose heart bleeds for the woes of his brethren."

"Any children here?"

"Nary kid. Sign on the front door, in box-car letters: 'No Minors Admitted.' Christ said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' and the youngsters are camping on his trail like a kindergarten school hunting for Santa Claus. A hell with children in it were impossible. The very Presbyterians would help smother the flames, and the first peal of childish laughter would transform Perdition into a Paradise.

* * *

FACT AND FANCY.

WHILE in the cities of every "Christian" country children are coming up in ignorance and crime, we persist in attempting the conversion of the philosophical Hindu by means of young theological goslings who imagine that all of Divine Revelation can be found within the lids of one book; and yet these "pagans," whom we are neglecting our business to provide with Bibles, were teaching the immortality of the soul when the Hebrew prophets were putting people to the sword for accepting it—were familiar with every essential feature of the Christian faith a thousand years before the crucifixion of Christ!

Christ indulged in no political harangues ; never transformed a church into a partisan wigwam, never dictated to his parishioners how they should vote. He never posed as a professional prohibitionist, nor tried to reform the fallen women of Jerusalem by turning them over to the police, *à la* Parkhurst. Although gladiatorial shows were common in his country, and that without gloves, he didn't go raging up and down the earth like some of our Texas dominies, denouncing it " as an awful crime against civilization." There is no record of his having engineered a boycott against business men who dared dissent from his doctrine. I think he could have read a copy of the *ICONOCLAST* with far more patience than some of his successors. Human or divine, he was the grandest man that ever graced the mighty tide of time. His was a labor of love, not for lucre. There's where he had the advantage of more than a moiety of his professional servants.

When I see a little man strut forth in the face of Heaven like a turkey-cock on dress parade, forgotten æons behind him, blank time before him, his birth a mystery, his death a leap in the dark ; when I see him pose on the grave of forgotten races and puff himself up with pomposity like the frog in the fable ; when I see him sprinkled with the dust of forgotten dynasties and erecting new altars upon the site of forgotten fanes, yet staggering about under a load of dignity that would give a bull-elephant a bad case of sway-back, I don't much wonder that God becomes disgusted with his handiwork and sent the deluge to destroy it.

I am pleased to see the diurnal press quietly dropping its pretension to the role of public educator and assuming its proper province—that of a purveyor of news. Men do

not establish daily newspapers for the express purpose of reforming the world, but rather to print what a large number of people desire to read and are willing to pay for. A newspaper is simply a mirror in which the community sees itself, not as it should be, but as it actually is. It is not the mother but the daughter of public opinion. The printing press is a mighty phonograph that echoes back the joy and the sorrow, the glory and the shame of the generation it serves.

One great trouble with the American people is that they usually know exactly how to manage the business of their fellows. Our northern neighbors know exactly how to deal with the nigger, the old maid proffers her married sister advice anent the management of a husband, and any bachelor can give the father of a village pointers anent the rearing of boys. The man who would starve but for the industry of his wife feels competent to manage the finances of the country, and people who couldn't be trusted to drive ducks to water explain to the world's wisest how to get to Heaven.

Only the useful are successful. Father Damien was the grandest success of the century; Alexander of Macedon the most miserable failure known to human history—with the possible exception of Grover Cleveland. Alexander employed his genius to conquer the Orient and Cleveland his stupidity to ruin the Occident. The kingdom of the first went to pieces, and the party of the latter is now posing as the lost tribes of the political Isræl.

OLGA NETHERSOLE'S OSCULATION.

OLGA NETHERSOLE is an emotional actress who has achieved the hitherto unheard-of—has accomplished the impossible. She has actually succeeded in shocking New York. The American metropolis, which has long prided itself on its ability to go all the gaits, is compelled to admit that, as a pace-setter, Olga picks 'em up too fast and puts 'em down too far apart. Even the Four Hundred, whose female contingent is playing Madame Potiphar to the Joseph of Paderewski,—and which, in the acute phase of its physical culture fad, slobbered over Roby, the wrestling ape, and bribed a bathhouse porter to cut holes in a screen that it might feast its languishing eyes on Sandow's naked loveliness—has been made to redden beneath its rouge. New York could stand all the "Living Pictures," from Leda and her libidinous Swan, to Europa and the celestial Bull; it did not object to French farce nor see anything particularly off color in Yvette Guilbert's Solomonic songs; but Olga has made it admit that there may be too much even of a bad thing. And she accomplished this remarkable feat while clothed, if not exactly in her right mind; which recalls the proposition of De Maurier that nudity is synonymous with sexual purity and apparel provocative of passion. New York was beginning to suspect the creator of the hoof craze to be half right in declaring a naked woman such a fright "that Don Juan himself were fain to hide his eyes in sorrow and disenchantment and fly to other climes," and had withdrawn its patronage from the louder of the "Living Pictures," leaving the speaking canvas and pulsing marble to the wondering gaze of guileless Reubens and country preachers eagerly seeking moral elevation in this daring school of modern art. It was by the invention of a pecu-

liarly sensuous and suggestive kiss—a kind of lingering sweetness long drawn out—that Miss Nethersole shocked New York. Olga's patent appears to be a symposium of the dreamy abandon of the Abbott buss, the passionate swoop of the Tempest osculation and the "shudder and groan" that has made the lip-service of Ella Wheeler a sensuous nightmare to romantic chambermaids. "With her arms locked tightly around her leading man's neck," says a correspondent of that great family journal, the *Dallas News*, "the libidinous Olga groans and gurgles, twists and trembles, and says: 'More! More! Closer! Closer!' when the poor fellow is already stifled with kisses and nearly squeezed into a jelly. I do not wonder that even the American Gomorrah is shocked, disgusted, inclined to go down to the East River and disgorge its dinner. When a woman is so far gone that she "groans and gurgles, twists and trembles;" when she makes a frantic effort to swallow her sweetheart and then sit down on him, the audience should remember that "two's company and three's a crowd." "Actual adultery, committed like the sin of Absalom, in sight of all Israel, were purity by comparison with the degraded animalism attributed to this actress. It is a species of self-pollution practiced only by those suffering with moral syphilis. Miss Nethersole should be encased in cracked ice for a few days, and the male party who permits her to utilize him as an excuse for her lascivious day-dreams, should go forth and die. The kiss was originally but a mode of salutation among men, like the touching of noses or the shaking of hands. It was a token of respect or love, not an evocator of passion, the handmaid of lust. It was not until the days of Roman degeneracy that it was utilized to minister to the carnal pleasure of the physically incapable and morally unfit—that it was made the means of artificial prostitution by

those whose devotion was but dalliance and whose passion were pruriency. The kiss of Miss Nethersole is but a differentiation of those unnatural debaucheries for which Onan was damned and Sodom destroyed. She is doubtless a clever actress who is giving the decadents of New York a glimpse of themselves as others see them—holding the mirror up to those desiring damsels who would “eat their cake and have it too.” But her realism does not provide a valid excuse. That young women of professed respectability do grab their “mashes,” groan and gurgle, writhe and wriggle, demand added pressure and additional tutti-frutti, and call it beatific love instead of unbridled concupiscence, confers upon an actress no right to reproduce upon the stage such outbursts of degraded animalism. She might as well commit a homicide or produce an abortion. There are some things too vile to be portrayed by an actress before a mixed audience, however devoted she be to art.

* * *

BRITISH VS. BOERS.

THE British press insists that the American people are heartily in sympathy with England in the matter of the Anglo-Boer imbroglio. If so, they have been misled by megalophanous Anglomaniacs, the feature of whose education is that

“Old England’s always right.”

Uncle Sam really knows little about the troubles of the Transvaal, having early acquired the habit of attending pretty strictly to affairs affecting only the Western Hemisphere. When great English dailies allude to “the city of Illinois in the State of Chicago,” the “bahbaous

Hamewicans" could scarce be hexpected to know much about petty republics situated at the antipodes. Those Americans who are familiar with affairs in the Transvaal do not sit up o' nights to mourn because John Bull's stuffed lion has been again disemboweled. His cowardly attempt upon the autonomy of the South African Republic was equaled in infamy only by the futile effort of President Cleveland to make the Liberty-loving Hawaiians submit to the yoke of a yaller prostitute. Holland was once a powerful commercial rival of England; but when overrun by the French revolutionists, John Bull, ever ready to profit by the misfortunes of others, seized upon her colonial possessions. The extreme Southern portion of Africa had been settled by sturdy Hollanders, and, like the American colonists, they found the British yoke unbearable. Being too few in number to follow the American example, to take the royal beast of Britain by the beard and cuff it into good behavior—the Boers migrated to Natal, drove out the Zulus and erected another political roof-tree. The British pursued them and again seized upon their possessions. Determined not to abide beneath the flag that had become the ensign of robbery, the emblem of oppression, they plunged still farther into the wilderness, founded the Orange Free State and the Transvaal or South African Republic. In 1876 they became involved in a bloody war with various savage tribes, and England, true to her old instincts of despoilation, seized this opportunity to make the Transvaal a British province. The Boers appealed to the mother country for aid; but Holland had been ruined by the conscienceless duplicity and abnormal greed of her old rival—her navy, that once rode secure in the shadow of London Tower, had been reduced to the "Flying Dutchman," her busy marts of trade became "the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee." Despairing of aid from without, the

brave Boers shouldered their rifles, rallied round the flag of their little Republic and soon made a monkey of Britain's marauding beast. The lion poked his nose into the nest of hornets just once, then hastened to patch up a peace on practically the same terms that followed the little affair at Yorktown. It found the Boers almost as expert with powder and lead as those who "chiseled hell's bells" out of Packenham's veterans at New Orleans. Two years later the discovery of rich gold fields in the Transvaal again excited British cupidity. Having failed to get possession of the country by force, John Bull now resorted to fraud. Thousands of British adventurers were encouraged to migrate thither. Without making the slightest pretense of renouncing their allegiance to the Queen, they demanded the right of representation in the affairs of government. Quite naturally this was denied them. They next conspired to overthrow the Republic by revolution. A large armed force was to be raised in the British provinces for the invasion of the Transvaal, where it would be augmented by the uitlanders, or foreigners. Dr. Jameson led on the invaders in conformity with the conspiracy, but the Boers, though vastly outnumbered, adopted such vigorous measures that the English residents—who failed to draw the American gold miners into the revolt—were completely cowed and failed to give him the expected support. Jameson's column of freebooters was thus left at the mercy of the Boers, whose trusty rifles soon put a kibosh on the revolution. The savage African tribes had been tampered with by these conspirators against the Republic, and had promised to render the same assistance that the murderous red-skins did the British during our own revolution, but were over-awed by the disaster that befell their "Christian" allies and held their peace. Had Jameson not been signally defeated in the first fight, these black

beasts of the forest would have swooped down upon the unprotected homes of the Dutch farmers like fiends incarnate; burned their buildings, destroyed their crops, stolen their cattle and butchered their babes, just as did those copper-colored hounds of Hell hired by the British crown to help conquer its American colonies. May the curse of the living God rest through time and eternity upon a government guilty of such inhuman warfare! Had the conspiracy proven successful, England would have accepted the conquered territory as a matter of course, and knighted Dr. Jameson for valuable services; but the Boers having demonstrated their ability to defend themselves—and Little Billee cabled his congratulations,—she hastened to disavow all responsibility for the raid. Well, it is an axiom of ethnologists that those who will steal will lie, that those who will bully the weak will cower to the strong! The fact that the English in South Africa were systematically preparing to subvert the Boer Republic was known in every European capital six months ago. It was the talk of all the coffee-houses and club rooms of London. The very bootblacks of Cape Town were familiar with the fact. The Jameson expedition was fitted out under the very eye of English officials high in authority and participated in by representatives of the most aristocratic families of England. To say that Joseph Chamberlain knew nothing of this, that it had not been discussed by the British ministry and called to the attention of the Queen, were to write the whole aggregation down as a herd of asses. Of course, Dr. Jameson was not "commissioned" to reduce the Transvaal *vie et armis*, any more than was Warren Hastings to subjugate India, but the South African Company knew full well that if it could accomplish in the Dark Continent what the East India Company did in Asia, it would reap a like reward. So it sent its emissaries among the savages with

bribes, encouraged the uitlanders to revolt and sent a regiment of fine-haired adventurers to their assistance. And all this time Britannia was winking the other eye—never thought to call a halt until Jameson was in the territory of the Transvaal, with all the telegraph wires conveniently cut behind him! Then she made a pretext of trying to stop him—but the Boers had already attended to that. She was sorry—that Jameson didn't succeed! Instead of cabling President Krueger to hang the invaders, she became awfully anxious for their safety, while her new poet laureate tuned his penny jewsharp and twittered of the glory of this new Six Hundred! that so bravely rode into the calaboose of the Boers! And the London papers could not conceal their chagrin that the conspiracy miscarried—attributed its failure to “anti-English sentiment of the Americans in the Transvaal.” And now John Bull is trying to make Continental Europe believe that if a dangerous league against him is the result of his crimes in South Africa, he will have the sympathy and support of his “American Cousins!” Not much, Mary Ann!

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

HON. HARNETT GIBBS is keeping himself busy interpreting the *mene, mene, tekel uphrarsin* traced on the walls of the Democratic wigwam. The “Lamentations of Jeremiah” the Prophet are jig music by contrast with the political pessimism of Barney the Bellyacher.

Every time Hubbard City goes dry another saloon hangs out its sign. Prohibition appears to create what Congressman Crowley calls “tirst.”

America is "the land of religious liberty," but you must conform to the opinions of the majority anent the Christian Sabbath or go to the calaboose.

The Atheists deny the existence of God because he doesn't move in their set.

In the Anglo-American controversy anent the Venezuelan boundary, the A. P. Apes all insist that Uncle Sam is in the wrong and should back down, while the Irish Catholics declare that, right or wrong, they'll "stand by him until Hell is frozen a foot deep." The A. P. Apes are the ducks who should be disfranchised. There is not so much stalwart Americanism in the whole cowardly mob as can be found in Phil Sheridan's corpse.

The marriage of O. H. P. Belmont to Mrs. Alva S. Vanderbilt should prove a happy one. They knew exactly what they were getting.

If the gold-bug tail wags the Democratic dog in the coming campaign, Fido will lose his pants at the forks-of-the-creek.

Father Pat Brannan, in his Dallas lectures, alluded to Balaam's burro as a "jackass." The son Beor rode a jennet, Balak being the only talking Jackass concerned in that remarkable journey. He mistook Balaam for a prototype of President Cleveland and imagined that he could enforce the Monroe Doctrine with his mouth.

Joe Chamberlain declares that "Great Britain stands splendidly isolated." And so did Robinson Crusoe.

Josef Phewlitzer threw his heroic form between John Bull and Brer Jonathan and averted an effusion of blood. All honor to Phewlitzer! Great Britain should build him a monument grander than Rome erected to the goose whose idle gabble saved the Imperial City.

The ICONOCLAST is becoming the prime favorite with Texas' society ladies, and no boudoir is now considered complete without it. The "Apostle's" life-long ambition to manipulate the organ of the well-fed dames and damsels of upper-tendom is at last realized.

Theo. A. Havemeyer, head of the sugar trust, had enough boodle left after buying the Fifty-third Congress, to purchase a patent of nobility, which fact proves that our politicians are not experts at sizing up a man's pile.

The First Baptist Church of Waco recently declared that some of its members were trying to ride the blind baggage instead of paying fare to the Celestial City, and a fight ensued. The choir no longer sing,

“Salvation’s free for you and me;
I’m glad salvation’s free.”

Dublin, Texas, is one local option town where it is impossible to get a drink of whiskey for love or for gold. A revenue officer might call it whiskey; but a chemist would classify it as a combination of bed-bug poison and creosote.

There is a little paper published somewhere in Kentucky, called, if I mistake not, the *Blue-Jeans Blade*, the editor of which runs largely to whiskers and pink lemon-

ade. He has been having one cat-fit after another because of the imposing ceremonies with which Mgr. Saltolli was induced into the cardinalate, while the berretta gives him a pain in the umbilicus. As the ceremonies, while ornate, cost little and pleased thousands of people, and the *Blue-Jeans* man does not have to paint his rye-straw hat a flaming red, I fail to see where he has any kick coming. Perhaps, like a roan mule, he recalcitrates in a spirit o' pure cussedness.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough appear to be long on parents. The Duke can boast a father and mother, step-father and step-mother, and when "Willie K," remarries, as he is expected to do, Consuelo will be able to call him. It is said to take "three generations to make a gentleman!" but a duke or duchess may be evolved in one if enough people, unhandicapped by moral character, set deliberately about it.

The Prohibitionists would confine the world to cold water because their leaders lack sufficient moral stamina to stay sober.

The ICONOCLAST is in frequent receipt of anonymous epistles intended to be very insulting. Such things can not possibly offend, but are calculated to shake one's faith in humanity, to make him ashamed of his race. When a creature is so unutterably vile that he will fling insults which he fears to father, it were fulsome flattery to intimate that he is a cross between a mangy hyena and a flea-bitten female fice practicing illicit polyandry.

IT STRIVES TO PLEASE.

A GENTLEMAN residing at Terrell, writes me that he likes the ICONOCLAST, and that the various members of his family always peruse it with pleasure and occasionally with profit. He bids it God-speed in its war upon all things "that loveth or maketh a lie," but adds that some of his neighbors, who are also its well-wishers, protest that it contains too much "d—d vulgarity." Like the Queen of Lilliput, upon whose blazing castle Gulliver played nature's hose, they approve the end but condemn the means. My correspondent admits that neither he nor his good wife find anything offensive in my manipulation of our mother tongue; but suggests that if I would extend the sphere of usefulness of my religious monthly, I should avoid a strict construction of the French proverb, *honi soit qui mal y pense*, which is equivalent to saying that everything smells bad to a man with the catarrh—that I should make some concession to those masculine Miss Nancys whom vigorous English afflicts with a case of the fantods. The motto of the ICONOCLAST is "We Strive to Please." It will at once be purged of all "d—d vulgarity," and made as sweet and wholesome as a ewe lamb skipping o'er fields of asphodel, or a he-virgin waiting with palpitating pericardium beneath the mistletoe bough to be caught and kissed by the New Woman. For the further protection of Sir Galahads, each copy will be carefully fumigated ere it is committed with silent prayer to the strange vicissitudes of Uncle Sam's postal service. If it has offended in the past, it will prove a veritable *fleur-de-lis* in the future. Henceforth it will call a spade an excavator, a buck nigger an Ethiopian

gentleman, a pimp a *procureur*, and a damphool a euphuist. Having taken the purists of Terrell under its protection, it will spare their modest blushes and see that others do the same. The Apostle will take a day off and remove all the thorns from the path of life and spread a velvet carpet beneath their tender feet. He will rewrite the Bible and Byron, Homer and Shakespeare, Tom Moore's dizzy Anacreontics and Amélia Rives' Quick and the Dead. He will whitewash Trilby and sprinkle a little carbolic acid on Camille. The Decameron shall be burned by the hangman and the dust of Dumas *fil*s scattered on the winds of Heaven. The soft pedal will be applied to Solomon's Assignation Song, and the thrilling story of Lot and his daughters placed in the *index expurgatorius*. No longer shall Jupiter, hypnotized by borrowed charms, dally with his Juno amid perfumed clouds in amaranthine bowers, nor Mars be caught, *flagrante delicto*, with Vulcan's wife. Tithonus shall remove his hoary head from Aurora's sunny brisket and Don Juan be cut short in his wild career. The Queens of Heaven, and Love and Wisdom shall be clad in fig-leaf aprons, or at least in ball-room gowns when they stand forth on many-fountained Ida and proffer their bribes to the judge of beauty, and Juliet pull down the blinds before admitting the ill-starred Romeo to her boudoir. Tolstoi and Dean Swift shall be crucified for their "d—d vulgarity," and even the mighty Milton placed under the ban. Now that I am embarked on this reform crusade I will never turn back, for the sweet sake of the Terrell Josephs I will purify English literature or I will wreck the language. When the task is completed there may be nothing left of the great Republic of Letters but Sam Jones' sermons and the "lost manhood" literature of the religious papers; but, bless God, the bearded babes of Terrell will be safe from contamination. They must,

they shall be spared, even though I have to eliminate the word "jackass" from Webster's Unabridged.

* * *

THE GREENWALL GRAFT.

TEXAS is being systematically humbugged and hoodooed, razzled and robbed this season in matters dramatic. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that an attempt is being made by certain amusement managers to give it to the State where the bottle got the cork, for the best laid plans of mice and mountebanks *gang aft aglee*. It is some comfort to reflect that in a majority of cases the attempt of the aforesaid managers to foist fourth-rate attractions upon the people at first-class prices, has proven a boomerang that flattened the purses of the conspirators like a brindle pup trod upon by the pitiless trolley-car. Since the season opened Texas has given many a dramatic fake a sneaping frost, beneath which it drooped and died, and she is liable to send more of them to the financial bone-yard ere the roses bloom again. The management of the Greenwall circuit in particular—embracing all the prominent cities in the State except San Antonio—appears to cling tenaciously to the ancient adage that "anything is good enough for Texas." It has stuffed the season with frazzled dramas and broken-down barnstormers. All that is good is trite and all that is new is rot. The management appears to have ransacked the dime museums of the East and variety dives of the West for cheap combinations to foist upon the Texas people at fancy prices. Companies that could scarce secure an engagement in the two-bit theaters of the North, blossom forth into "extraordinary attractions" beneath the virile sun of Texas and the gutta-percha imagination of the Greenwalls. And they are

“extraordinary”—so much so that it is really remarkable that no one has yet had 'em pulled for obtaining money under false pretenses. For the privilege of enjoying these histrionic wonders we are required to pay a dollar, and when an attraction is presented that is suspected of being above the beer-joint average, prices are arbitrarily advanced 50 per cent. Disgusted by an overdose of chambermaids and scullions, hack-drivers and head-waiters ranting and grimacing in the footlights' glare, the people pay the extra mullet with a sigh of relief that at last they have reached an oasis in the desert, only to be confronted by a “one man show”—some small celebrity supported by a “tacky” aggregation of theatrical odds and ends, half of whom couldn't play “tag” without a prompter. There has been no dramatic attraction in Texas this season that was worth more than a dollar to see; and a vast majority of them would be dear at a dime. Just why the Texas people should be required to pay a dollar for entertainments that are played in other states for fifty cents, and \$1.50 for those that are glad to get six-bits at the door elsewhere, is a conundrum to which only the Greenwall management holds the key. Texas is entitled to the best and to be placed on a parity with her Northern neighbors in the matter of price. The only way to obtain these self-evident rights is to keep kicking and kicking hard until they come. That is what the ICONOCLAST is here for.

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PADEREWSKI'S PULL.

THE American women appear to have gone completely crazy over Paderewski the pianist. When he plays they throng the concert hall, go into hysterics and bombard him with bouquets, and when he indulges in a constitutional he

has to take his dog along to keep the girls away. His every mail is laden with fragrant "billy-doos," and there is imminent danger of his being drowned in a saccharine sea. What a glorious death to die! I would rather be Paderewski than be president! I am jealous of the carotty-haired hesiren, and so is every other man in America between the ages of eighteen and eighty-seven. I would like to fill his old music-box with sand and sawdust—to gather together all the bouquets laid at his hoofs and hurl 'em through his diaphragm with a Krupp cannon. If I could catch him in some secluded corner, unattended by a body-guard of worshipful nymphs and naiads, I'd shave his head—transform his exuberant Italian sunset into a billiard ball. I can't help feeling that way. It is not an outcropping of original sin, but the result of a conviction that this peripatetic ivory pounder is getting more than his share of those good things of life that are more precious than fine gold. Of course, those of us who have been left out in the cold to chew the rag while Paderewski is filling himself to the brim with ambrosia, can account for his success with the fair sex only on the hypothesis that the latter are, for the most part, irresponsible lunatics. That is the only balm for our fractured hearts, the only panacea for our pain, and even it does not quite heal the hurt. Our one comfort is to congregate in the dreary club-room and tell each other that *we* wouldn't have a lot of hair-brained women trapesing at *our* heels, and making us the laughing stock of mankind. Of course, *we* know that Paderewski is not pretty; that in personal pulchritude he isn't a marker to Uncle Joey Miller of the *Austin Statesman*, or Reb Robinson of the *Tyler Telegram*—that he'd stand no show in a beauty contest with Major Sam Warner of the Cotton Belt or Col. Mique Connelly of Memphis. Yet the ladies do not follow these Apollos about with worshipful

tears in their bright blue eyes and both hands clasped over palpitating hearts in a vain effort to hold 'em down. It is not for Paderewski's music that he is adored, for Blind Tom could hammer more melody out of a mahogany box with one hand, and there never was a rush of infatuated females to bury *him* beneath a wilderness of flowers. It is not his intellectuality that makes him the idol of the ladies, for even President Cleveland knows as much, and he couldn't get married until he threw in the first ladyship of the land,—much as a Bowery merchant does a set of red suspenders with a \$2 pair of pants. Paderewski's strength, like that of Samson, must lie in his hair. He is a perambulating hirsute chrysanthemum, and his worship is but a differentiation of the foolish craze for that fuzzy-wuzzy flower. There are two ways by which we may break the spell and prevent this new Pied Piper tolling the ladies off and losing them: We can subsidize some Delilah to run a lawn-mower over Paderewski and wreck his aurora borealis, or we can fight the devil with fire by donning strawberry wigs that have been combed with a harrow and brushed with a hurricane. In the meantime, damn Paderewski! We have our opinion of women who get stuck on a man with a name suggestive of a rat-tail file in a bottle of castor oil, and who dedicates music to "My Lady Admirers in America." That's what! Some of these days a brawny hotel porter will mistake "the divine Paderewski" for a window mop and drown him in a bucket of soap-suds. Then the ladies will turn to us for consolation; but we'll give 'em the marble heart. We'll hold our heads high and freeze 'em with our studied hauteur. We'll have no warmed-over affection—no worship marked "transferable." Let the ladies consider their latter end and propitiate us before it is everlasting too late.

JOHN BULL'S BLUFF.

WHEN President Cleveland first informed England that she would have to arbitrate the Venezuelan boundary dispute or run afoul of the steel gaffles of the Bird o' Freedom, the British press and politicians reared up on their hind legs, fanned themselves with their ears and exclaimed against this blawsted Hamerican himpudence, doncher knew. They were full of bluff and bluster, fairly spoiling for a fight. Having learned, however, that Uncle Sam could not be bullied by Falstaffian bombast, and that the English-worshipping Anglomaniacs were simply unconsidered pismires on the American body politic, our "British cousins" crawled off their fiery Bucephalus and are now spilling treacle by the pint over the gentleman in short-stop pants. The British lion is now "roaring you as softly as a sucking dove"—is assiduously hunting for the smallest hole that can possibly hide him. Like Charley Edward's jaybird, which bristled up to the hungry hen-hawk, it is perfectly willing to lose its tail to preserve its life. A month or so ago John Bull was boasting that he would do as he dad-burned pleased, regardless of the wishes of Brer Jonathan; now he declares we are "all one people," and that it were a "crime against civilization and the Anglo-Saxon race for England and America to come to blows." Bosh! This "one people, one language, one destiny" gag, that has been faked up to cover John Bull's backdown, "don't go." An excuse so poor were infinitely worse than none. Despite Josef Phewlitzer and the nice little Orange-man who presides with such marked ability over the destinies of the St. Louis *Mirror*, this is in nowise an English nation. In 1890 the total population was 62,831,900, of which only 9,121,867 were foreign born. Of these latter less than one-ninth opened their eyes in Merrie En-

gland. There were more Scandinavians than English here, twice as many Irish and three times as many Germans! The man who alludes to America as "a nation of transplanted Englishmen" is either ignorant as a defunct dodo or he's an Anglomaniacal demagogue. It is true that one skunk can perfume an entire community; but one Englishman cannot stamp his nationality on seventy Americans. Not at this stage of the game. The American colonies along the Atlantic coast were once subject to the British crown; but the fact that a kitten is born in an oven does not make it a loaf of bread. Texas was once a portion of Mexico; but if anybody thinks we are "Greasers" just let 'em use us to polish the blade of a bucksaw. We adopted the English language and have made the barbarous tongue respectable; but the Greek of J. Caesar did not make him the brother of Alcibiades. Europe, not England, is the mother of America. John Bull cannot crawl out of a band box on the plea of consanguinity. America is Celtic as well as Saxon, while intellectually she is "heir of all the ages." Ireland and Scotland are the countries that have put their imprint deepest upon the creeds and customs of this country—have done most to shape its modes of thought and determine the national temperament. The mighty influx of Germans is now making itself strong felt, while English influence has become merely a tradition treasured in the musty attics of Anglomaniacs. While other nationalities become enthusiastic American citizens, contributing to the greatness of their adopted country and modifying the national character, the English and Chinese remain aliens. They come here to "make a stake," which they expect to carry back to their native land—where the penny has greater purchasing power. The fact is, John Bull has been bluffed clear out of his boots. When permitted to plunder at pleasure he mourns, like Alex-

ander, that there are no more worlds to conquer; but when called down by a party of Uncle Sam's kidney, John concludes that the Boer Republic or Nicaragua is about his size.

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BAPTIST BELLIGERENCY.

THE Baptist Church is rapidly acquiring a rep. for "muscular Christianity." During the past month the daily press has recorded more than a dozen ugly rows between Baptist brethren, the result of church disagreements. In Oklahoma a riot occurred in a Baptist church, where a devout brother gave the preacher a terrible beating in the pulpit; but whether with brass knucks or a copy of the Bible as weapons of offense, deponent saith not. It is a trifle unfortunate that the Texas legislature, in called session assembled, made prize-fighting a penal offense, else those Baptist brethren who do not find it sweet to dwell together in unity, might settle their differences by Marquis of Queensbury rules and consecrate the rake-off to the conversion of the Hindu, or use it in educating a few more "Portuguese prostitutes" for missionary work in Brazil. A series of finish fights between the Burlesonian and Cranfillian factions, with the "Apostle" as umpire and Dan Stuart as general manager, would pack the big Auditorium at a hundred dollars a head.

* * *

A SPECIMEN APE.

THE A. P. A. Magazine of San Francisco is the most pretentious periodical put forth by that conclave of religious bigots and political intolerants which I christened at its birth the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. It is edited by a party named Price, who is also proprietor of a joint

called "The Paper Covered Book Store." From the San Francisco papers I learn that Price was recently pulled for selling obscene literature to school boys and little girls, and that, according to the police who raided his place, "the pictures and literature seized were unequaled for nastiness and general depravity." I am not much surprised. An editor who will indulge in the malicious slander and bestial abuse of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods, that has been a feature of the A. P. A. Magazine, is sunk sufficiently low in the scale of human degradation to do anything for the sake of a dollar. When an animal created in the image of Almighty God will pander to putrid appetites by venting his feculent rheum on the robes of women who have renounced the pleasures of the world and consecrated themselves to the Master's cause; who have assumed the sacred duty of nursing the afflicted and ministering to the dying, feeding the hungry and uplifting the fallen, we can scarce expect him to refrain from polluting the minds of children, if, by so doing, he can put a penny in his purse. When men like Price are the high priests of the A. P. A., what can we expect of the rank and file? Can the stream be purer than its source or the creature rise superior to its creator? With Price for example and Slattery for exemplar, the little "Apes" must indeed be a sweet scented aggregation of simians. There seems to be something peculiarly demoralizing about this secret politico-religious society. Or perhaps it were more correct to say that its objects being inherently evil, it only attracts those who are politically rotten and morally corrupt. We could scarce expect a loyal American to be connected with a society essentially un-American in character; the advocate of freedom of conscience to ally himself with one that would disfranchise worthy citizens because of a difference of opinion anent religious dogma; the pure in

heart to become active workers in an organization whose weapon of offense and defense is cowardly calumny. We could scarce expect people whose character is entitled to respect, to affiliate with editors who peddle obscene pictures, and renegade priests whose stock in trade is defamation of those pitying angels to whom the world turns in its day of darkness. There may be some honest people in the A. P. A.—the fools are confined to no religious cult of political creed; but I have yet to learn of one man possessing brains, good moral character and commercial credit becoming conspicuous in its councils. “Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.”

* * *

THE COMMISSION CRAZE.

THIS country is in the throes of a commission craze for which there appears to be no cure. Everything, from an international complication to a grip epidemic, must be made the subject of a *commission-inquirendo* before the people are satisfied. By the time the inquiry is ended and a report got ready for some convenient pigeon-hole, the cause that brought the commission into being is forgotten; new investigations are in progress—one commission galling the kibe of its predecessor so fast they follow. A bill having the sanction of the labor organizations is now before a committee of the House of Representatives. It demands the creation of “a commission composed of five men representing labor, five representing capital, and five representing the different branches of agriculture, for the purpose of making an investigation and reporting legislation that will improve the condition of the agricultural and mechanical industries for the benefit of both the employers and the employed.” Another bill, sanctioned by the Knights of Labor, proposes the creation of five commissions to de-

termine what legislation is needed to make the entire people healthy, wealthy and wise. I am heartily in favor of any movement calculated to ameliorate the hard condition of labor and add to the general prosperity; but creating commissions will no more add pie to the workingman's dinner-pail than a dry shampoo will cure corns. If any of the commissions created by Congress during the past decade have been worth a coffer-dam the fact has avoided general observation. They have been for the most part, junketing parties at public expense. They have determined nothing beyond their own utter inutility. They have been unable to unanimously agree that water is wet. Their reports have not been read by the people, nor their recommendations appreciably influenced acts of Congress. "Great bodies move slowly," and a federal commission is ponderosity personified, while the world of commerce is an electric kaleidoscope. The commissions proposed by the Knights of Labor could not make an intelligent examination of the matters proposed in less than five years; hence their reports would be about as valuable as the census of 1890, which is expected to be completed by the time the child born to-day becomes a grandsire. We send several hundred men to Congress, pay them fat salaries, provide them with expensive clerks and expect them to guard the general welfare. If they are not well informed regarding the conditions and needs of the country then we have made a mistake at the ballot-box. If a handful of men appointed by the President be wiser than the Federal Congress, then we had best send our high-priced public servants packing and install a "Commission" in the capitol. What is the use of keeping a front yard full of dogs and doing our own barking?

THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

AT the last gasp Queen Victoria came to the succor of the British Empire—saved it by a daring *coup d'etat*. She has appointed what the *Dallas News* calls, in its moments of elephantine playfulness, a “poet lariat.” The throne of Britain was permitted to go too long without the protection afforded by an official poet. And what was the result? The nations of the earth began to tie double-bow-knots in the tail of the royal beast. Since the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin to be England’s poet laureate the German Emperor has written to explain that he didn’t mean it, the Boers have become quiescent and Josef Phewlitzer apologized for the bloodthirsty scream emitted by freedom’s bird. “Grim-visaged war has smoothed her wrinkled front.” We are perfectly willing to contend with “the men, the ships and the money, too,” of Merrie England; but, “by jingo,” even American valor hath its metes and bounds—must surrender unconditionally when Mr. Alfred Austin begins to pour into its serried ranks his heroic harmony. The eagle comes off its perch—England can have all of Venezuela, with Brazil thrown in as lagniappe, if she likes. Poets are said to be born, not made; but the truism doesn’t apply to England. The Queen can make a poet as easily as Cleveland can make a mistake, and she can make it out of anything that happens to be handy. England can now laugh at her enemies. Even the heroes of Sedan and Gettysburg will not dare invade her while Mr. Alfred Austin stands on the steps of the throne, ready to be “played, an engine on the foe.” He is a poet, because the Queen hath declared him so; still I fear that the laurel crown of Tennyson will slip over his head and hang down on his shoulders like the regalia of a nigger lodge following a brass band home from a funeral. Since

the death of the author of "Locksley Hall" and the "Lotus Eaters" England has been a trifle shy on poets. Sir Edwin Arnold blazed forth with more than oriental splendor in his "Light of Asia," but the poetic muse tarries not with old men. Swinburne has something akin to the poetic flux, and Dobson has struck one or two notes as if by accident; but the rest are mere rhymsters, such as, in our own America, sing the glories of C. I. Fairbank's soap. Among the latter Alfred Austin was discovered and, for some occult reason, elevated to the dignity of poet laureate, commissioned to warble for the crown. In ye olden times, the British monarch kept a poet to sing his praises and a fool to make him merry. Now the office is merely a sinecure, the occupant thereof being remunerated by the privilege of putting "Verse-Maker to Her Majesty" on his visiting cards. He could probably have done as much without a royal permit, for sometime since a tailor, not to be outdone by the green-grocers, haberdashers, etc., put up the sign, "Breeches Maker to Her Majesty," and was permitted to live. The Queen will doubtless, in conformity with an old custom, send the new poet laureate a hogshead of canary wine once a year to enable him to steep his soul in harmony, and expect him to spill a little of his divine afflatus whenever one of her numerous progeny adds another olive branch to the coterie of royal beggars for the common people to support.

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TALMAGE'S WAR TALK.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE has opened his face and demanded a war of extermination against the unspeakable Turk. He wants to wade around in Moslem blood to his belly-band, and will never consent to sheathe the sword

until the palace of Abdul Hamid the Two Times is razed to the earth and the Ottoman Empire divided among the "Christian Powers." There is imminent danger that he will play Peter the Hermit, hoist the black flag and lead a new crusade against the awful Saracen. I thank God every day for having created Talmage. He is to my riper years what old Dan Rice's single-ring circus was to my youth. He is *facile princeps* of funny things. From an anthropological standpoint he is the greatest show on earth. He would administer a *coup de grace* to the Sick Man of the East because that semi-barbarous potentate does not compel each of his subjects to respect the religious opinions of the others. That were a feat in theological thaumaturgy to which even the Constitution of the United States has thus far proven unequal. Talmage would have Uncle Sam don his fighting clothes because those Armenians who worship the same way are proselytizing with gunpowder. He tells us how many Christians have been relegated to the cold and silent tomb or chased into the mountains of Hepsidam with their coat-tails full of Kurdish arrows; but has never a word to say about the Moslem casualties inflicted by the Armenian church militant. It doesn't appear to have occurred to him that one party to the controversy got a mouthful while the other was enjoying a square meal. He has discovered a Moslem prayer which implores Allah to destroy the infidels and polytheists, and give all their possessions as booty to the Moslems, and argues from this that every Mussulman must be a professional marauder and a murderer. He considers that prayer *prima facie* evidence that the Moslem should not be allowed to live. If he will open the Christian Bible at the 13th chapter of Deuteronomy he will there find the faithful instructed not to wait for a special dispensation of Providence to remove dissenters, but to at-

tend to that little formality themselves. So long as the old darkey prayed the good Lord to send him a "turkey" he went supperless to bed; but when he prayed the good Lord to send him after the glorious bird of Christmastide there were soon feathers in his backyard and a sweet savor in his kitchen. The Moslem wants the Deity to take vengeance on dissenters; the Christian believes the Lord has commissioned him as the instrument of divine wrath. The first prays for the "turkey," the latter goes after it. Talmage points the finger of scorn at the "fanatical Moslem" while boasting that the American Protestants are descendants of the Puritans. When we undertake to punish the Turks for their religious intolerance we should place upon our banners portraits of Cotton Mather and John Calvin. It would be eminently appropriate to carry the ashes of Servetus as a hoodoo, forge into swords the irons with which our Puritan ancestors bored the tongues of Quakers, and hang Abdul Hamid with the same rope used in the execution of the Salem witches! Talmage declares in one breath that the Turks will not allow the Christians to build churches, and in the next that America alone has sent 550 missionaries to that country, and that they have 35,000 children enrolled in their Sunday-schools. The fact of the matter is that Turkey is a semi-barbarous nation which is passing through the same unhappy ordeal that disgraced Western Europe some years ago, when Protestants and Catholics, Churchmen and Nonconformists were cutting each other's throats in the name of a pitying Christ, while all united in plundering and persecuting "God's Chosen People." The Armenian Moslems and their Christian neighbors are murderous religious fanatics, as were our own forefathers. Barbarians are ever theological bigots. How best to deal with Armenia is a difficult problem indeed, for experience has taught us that

even the sword will not keep God-intoxicated ignorami under control. The Moslem and Christian cannot peacefully inhabit the same territory under any government until both become civilized. Sending missionaries to countries like Armenia to divide the people into hostile churches is little short of a crime. All the blood that has been shed in that unhappy land because of religious dissensions is chargeable to this vicious intermeddling, and to such sermons as that worked off by the Brooklyn blatherskite. Such utterances inflame the hatred of the Mohammedans and encourage the Christians to treat the religion of their neighbors with contempt. Perhaps if we would muzzle such war-preachers and treat the Moslems with some respect, instead of forcing our mischief-making missionaries upon them at the sword's point, the bloody orgies in Armenia would cease. Christian Europe has been trying for half a century to bluff the Turk into religious toleration, and has only succeeded in goading him into greater atrocities. It might be a good plan for it to try the effect of example upon the followers of Allah. We can scarce expect the Moslem to have much respect for the Christian faith so long as its chief exponents build warships and keep colossal standing armies for the express purpose of butchering their own theological brethren. We can scarce expect him to entertain kindly feelings for a people whose preachers advise his utter extermination and the dismemberment of his Empire.

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SPEAKING OF TEXAS.

THE ICONOCLAST receives a great many letters from people in distant states making inquiries about Texas in general and Waco in particular. Several have asked if Waco is

incorporated, and others inquired if it is situated in an organized county. The impression appears to be general among our trans-Ohio cousins that the Geyser City is simply a trading station on the borders of civilization, where the "Apostle" has located for the conversion of the Indians—that the principal products of the state are cacti and general cussedness, cowboys and post-bellum colonels. The ICONOCLAST is not an immigration journal; still it doesn't mind pausing a moment in its missionary labors among the benighted ministers, to ladle out a little valuable information to those anxious inquirers who neglect to enclose stamp for reply. And I will preface my dissertation on Texas by stating that I care never a copper whether or no it acquires another inhabitant or an extra dollar of outside capital during the next ten centuries. Experience has clearly demonstrated, that while "development"—for which all patriotic citizens are expected to daily pray—is an excellent thing for the few, it puts no pie in the dinner-pail of the many. Forty years ago we had no millionaires in Texas, and we had no mendicants. The cayuse was the common method of annihilating space, while frijoles and cornbread, with a drink of red licker out of a stone-jug, was the usual diet. Now the rich man rides in a Pullman car while the poor man hoofs it down the soulless corporation's right-o'-way and turns out for freight trains; the former dines on *pate de foie gras* and washes it down with champagne served in cut glass, while the latter takes up in his belly-band a notch, absorbs a little pure spring water from a pint cup and becomes a Populist. Merchants and professional men have multiplied, but their incomes average less than under the old regime. Land has risen in value, but has benefited nobody except the owners, who have thereby acquired the power to exact rent. As the state has developed, the battle of

life for the toilers has become more bitter. Cheap land means high wages and a proud and spirited people; high priced land means low wages and the decline of the populace into industrial peonage. Looking at the matter from the stand-point of a workingman I am inclined to applaud Ox-Cart John's *ipse dixit* that railroads and immigration do not confer an unmixed blessing upon a community. Still, if people persist in coming to Texas, I shall not order out the Baylor cadets to repel the peaceful invasion. Notwithstanding General Sheridan's opinion, there are worse places than Texas. "Little Phil" was probably cooped up in a Prohibition precinct when he declared Hell to be preferable as a place of permanent residence. Texas is a place where every prospect pleases, and even man is not wholly vile,—despite the fact that about one-half the inhabitants have partisan politics on the brain, while the remainder are troubled with religious pains in the abdominal regions. There was a time in Texas when a man was barred from the social holy of holies unless he could prove that his grandfather voted for Old Hickory, and that the family had been taking its Democracy straight ever since; but we are gradually becoming more liberal. Our very governors have been known to take a cocktail at the expense of men who insisted that Hays was not a usurper. We are progressing slowly but surely, and I am credibly informed that there are several places in the State where a man may steer a small grocery store or butcher shop clear of bankruptcy and at the same time question the supernal wisdom of the Protestant priesthood—even worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience if he does so in private and forbears proselytizing. These, of course, are but fragrant oases in the mighty desert of hide-bound dogmatism, swept by the blighting theological boycott and the fierce simoon of re-

ligious bigotry; but the little leaven may—in a century or so—leaven the whole lump. I will say to those who have applied to the ICONOCLAST for information that they might do much worse than come to Texas. They can find here any kind of climate and soil they care to call for. Alpine claims to have had a snow-storm in July, and the musical hum of the mosquito ushers in the glad new year at Galveston, and rises, like a pæan of praise, at Brownsville on Washington's birthday. While the norther in the Panhandle is taking an inventory of every bone in the human body, the Bohemian Club at Houston will be dallying in the shade of magnolia trees and conning its catechism. The soil in some sections is best adapted to the production of mesquite beans and mule-eared rabbits, while in others it is so prolific that an old corset plowed under will develop into a New Woman, and a pair of discarded suspenders if properly planted and "hilled," will produce a candidate for Congress. Texas is not exactly a terrestrial Paradise; albeit that is not my fault. Both Dr. Cranfill and myself have done our level best to establish here a new and greater Garden of Eden. Still, the home-seeker who has nothing but a pair of spavined mules, a red wagon, a vigorous appetite and a fervent desire to hustle united to a penchant for attending strictly to his own business, might prowl around in this vale of tears, as we preachers call it, a long time before striking another place that offers him the same opportunity to roost under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest him or make him afraid. If he is looking for an urban location he will find Waco a progressive little city, situate on the tawny Brazos at the head of navigation. Its chief institutions are the ICONOCLAST, the Little Giant, Wherein Riggins and Baylor University. One can readily see that a city possessing such a combination of purity and genius is bound to pro-

gress. The visitor will find the churches and Reservation open on Sunday, but may experience some trouble in securing a bath. Cleanliness being akin to godliness, this trifling inconvenience may be overcome by using Pearline and getting baptized according to the Baylorian formula. The man who has money which is burning in his pockets will find here ample opportunity for its investment. If nothing else offers we'll run him for Congress and let him buy the nigger vote, steer him against one of Dr. Carroll's eloquent begging sermons. We may be far out on the fringe of civilization, but I trust we realize that the gentle stranger, who comes to us in his guileless faith, should be taken in.

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BEECHER AND THE BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN writing from Hot Springs, Ark., deposeth as follows:

A number of gentlemen were discussing the "Apostle's" religious views in the lobby of a hotel. One declared you an Atheist, another insisted you were a Catholic, while a third felt sure that you were a Baptist. Kindly take us into your confidence. Do you believe the Bible to be an inspired book? P.S. There is something up on the decision, the winner to forward you a cask of pure spring water if a Baptist, a basket of champagne if an Atheist and a demijohn of old Mountain Dew if a Catholic.

I am not surprised that such a discussion should occur in Hot Springs, the great theological ganglion of Arkansas. The very visitors who seek its thermal waters carry with them the "odor of sanctity." It is the Mecca of

those poor penitents of whom it was said that "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." For the benefit of my correspondent, and others unable to determine by taste the trade-mark of the spiritual pabulum ladled out by the ICONOCLAST, I will state that I cannot claim either the cask of pure spring water, the basket of blue label or the demijohn of old Mountain Dew. I say this with fond regret; but I cannot win on such a combination. I belong to no particular cult or creed; but I do know, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that this mighty universe is not without a Master. His origin and attributes are beyond my comprehension. I cannot understand the creature; how, then, shall I comprehend the Creator?

"Know thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

I know nothing of the Future; I spend no time speculating upon it—I am overwhelmed by the Past and at death-grips with the Present. At the grave God draws the line between the two eternities. Never has living man lifted the somber veil of Death and looked beyond. "Revealed Religion" was not born of Reason or nursed by Knowledge; it is the child of Love and Pain, and lives between the rosy breasts of Hope.

There is a Deity. I have felt his presence, I have heard his voice, I have been cradled in his imperial robe. All that is, or was, or can be, is but "the visible garment of God." I ask no written covenant with God, for he is my Father. I will trust Him without requiring priests or prophets to endorse His note. As I write my little son awakes, alarmed by some unusual noise, and comes groping through darkness to my door. He sees the light shining through the transom, returns to his trundle-bed and lies down to peaceful dreams. He knows that beyond that

gleam his father keeps watch and ward, and he asks no more. Through a thousand celestial transoms streams the light of God. Why should I fear the sleep of Death, the unknown terrors of that starless night, the waves of the river Styx? Why should I seek assurance from the lips of men that the wisdom, love and power of my heavenly Father will not fail?

I came very near being a Baptist, having been bred a Campbellite, but reneged when an attempt was made to baptize me in cracked ice on a winter's day. Perhaps I made a mistake. Some of my ancestors were Presbyterians. If given so good a chance Jack Frost might have killed the germs of original sin, which formed the distinctive feature of my patrimony.

My view of the Bible was set forth very succinctly by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his great lecture on "Evolution." Now that sectarian bitterness is again becoming rife, and heresy-hunting a popular sport with non-progressive preachers, it may be well to consider the judgment passed upon the Good Book by the ablest divine within the memory of living men. He said in part:

"The Bible is itself one of the most remarkable illustrations and examples of Evolution. There are some people who think that God sent down for a dozen or fifteen reporters and told them to come up because he wanted to tell them something, and so they sat down at a table and wrote what he had to say, and out came Genesis and Exodus; and then they went through Leviticus, and Deuteronomy, and Numbers, and God kept talking and they kept writing. He had it all fixed for them, and all they had to do was to write it down. That is what is called the verbal theory —the theory that the Bible was given word for word and sentence for sentence from the lips of God.

“I call in this age the verbal theory the devil’s broad way to infidelity. The man that holds that theory in this age of the world ought to be ashamed of himself, and he is not fit either to call himself a teacher, or to be even a teacher of babes.

“What is the anatomy of the Bible? I believe it to be simply the history of an inspiration of the human race. . . . I believe there is a universal and imminent constant influence flowing directly from the bosom of God and that is the inspiration of the human race. . . . The Bible is the history of the progress of this inspiration; and there was no inspiration of this prophet or of that prophet, or of this singer or of that singer, so that he should not make any mistakes, but it is the inspiration of the human race, of men raised up who gave a record for it. . . . To undertake to tell me that the book is directly inspired by God, so that everything that is said in it is a fact, is to indicate that you have not the first twilight dream or dawn of what the book really is. . . . They (religious ignorami) are afraid it (the theory of Evolution) will sweep away the foundation of their faith—an unworthy fear. A faith that trembles and totters every time that God speaks, is not a faith that should strain any body of men; but that old practice of firing a Bible at every new thing ought at least to come to an end. They fired it at the sun and astronomy, and it came back on their heads, and astronomy marched on. They fired it at geology, and geology triumphed, and men had to find new constructions for their Bible. They are firing it now at the Origin of Man, and they will take it back with new constructions again. For I hold that then was not the first time that God wrote on tablets of stone, that he wrote his thoughts on the vaster strata of stone that run around the globe and mark the great epochs of time.”

Heterodoxy? Perhaps; but jump onto Beecher first—he's the biggest.

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A MESSAGE TO MARY.

I HAVE received a dainty epistle from Temple, Tex., signed "Mary," and propounding the following important conundrum:

Should woman be given the ballot?

Cert.—if she asks for it. I insist that lovely woman be given everything she may happen to want, from a ducal coronet to a pug dog, from a bicycle to the ballot. I wouldn't deny her anything if I could, and couldn't if I would, because I'm not built that way. If my fair correspondent will 'fess up to one-and-twenty golden summers, I am conscious of no reason why she shouldn't don a pair of bloomers, a stiff hat and a starched shirt, participate in political powwows and yoop with her mouth open for "our party"—if the performance will afford her any real pleasure. If she wants to deposit in the urn of political destiny an embroidered ballot, printed with sympathetic ink on lavender silk, with a postscript at the bottom, and smelling of attar of roses and unadulterated democracy—then go around in a day or two and insist on changing it—I shall never file an objection. But, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the average woman would rather have one baby than forty ballots. The fact that she doesn't vote—"early and often"—is *prima facie* evidence that she doesn't want to; for

“ When a woman will she will,
You may depend on’t,
And when she won’t she won’t,
And there’s an end on’t.”

There has been a great deal of talk during the past three decades anent female enfranchisement; but I have yet to see one really representative American woman clamoring for the blessed privilege of saving the country via the thorny path of politics. After having interviewed, as a working journalist, most of the leading lights of the “reform” movement, I am inclined to suspect every woman who wants to vote of having failed in an earnest attempt to get married, or of having been so unfortunate as to miss her “affinity” and get tied to some other fellow. Generally speaking, it is the matrimonial failures, the hen-pecked husbands and women with voices like a cat-fight and faces that would frighten a trolley car who compose the female suffrage contingent. The exceptions only prove the rule. Instead of being a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the “strong-minded woman” is almost invariably a faded wall-flower. Man doesn’t know any too much himself; but he aspires to be the head of his own household. That is why he dodges women who want to take him to educate. He has no ambition to play the tender and clinging vine to some sturdy female oak. Theoretically, “taxation without representation” is all wrong, whether the object of the mulct wear breeches or bloomers; but that woman who cannot find a worthy husband or rear a valiant son to “represent” her in the forum and the field should acknowledge herself a failure. The right kind of a woman may be pressed and repressed, but never oppressed or suppressed by “tyrant man.” I have yet to see a maid in love, with a fair prospect of making a landing; I have yet

to see a beautiful woman, after whom men gazed as though they longed to steal her; I have yet to see a woman with a kindly, sympathetic face and a low, sweet voice that thrills the hearts of men with a fiercer joy than trumpet's blow for war, clamoring for female enfranchisement. The woman who looms up in a calico gown like a Grecian goddess on dress-parade; who can, with a glance of her eyes, set every man's soul on fire and bring him to her feet; who can transform an humble cottage into a happy home gilded with God's own glory; who can make a husband play the lover through a long lifetime, and rear a crop of boy babies fit to wear the crown of American sovereignty, never suspects that the world will go to hades awhooping if she doesn't hustle down to the polls and express her political preferences. She knows that every law that does her wrong is written upon the sand; that every government that fails to guard her as its chief glory is doomed to nameless death. Served by the world's wisdom and circled by its chivalry, she stands secure—an Empress by Right Divine. When a man is good for nothing else, he goes to preaching or starts a "reform" newspaper. When a woman either fails to catch a man or in a fit of desperation marries some whiskered Miss Nancy without sufficient moral courage to manage her, she concludes that the times are out of joint and that she has been raised up to put them right. The woman who is the crown jewel of a good home keeps off the hustings; but the one who commands neither love at home nor admiration abroad feels that she is being robbed of her "rights." Give a woman youth and beauty and she asks not—needs not—political power; but when, still a maid, her mirror tells her she could not pass for five-and-forty in the moonlight; when her bracelet slips over her elbows and a thumb-ring would make her a garter; when she becomes either a perambulating tub of unwholesome

lard or has to pad her diaphragm to cast a shadow, she is apt to be morbidly sensitive to

“The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay.”

declines to endure the ills she has, but flies to others she knows not of. Attend any female suffrage convention, and you will find more wrinkles than roses. It is a startling aggregation of brawny fists and big feet, or scrawny necks and bosoms either flat or formless—a nightmare for the artist, the despair of a poet. One can scarce blame such a crowd for pleading the right of self-protection. They certainly need it. In states where full or partial female suffrage now prevails, the home-woman ofttimes goes to the polls, as well as her “progressive” sister; but she does so simply because those she loves are pulling for the success of party, and have called upon her to offset the female vote of the opposition. The home-woman—the woman we love, and whose slightest wish is our law—cares never a copper who is president or poundmaster so long as the lord of her life is well content. The very fact that it has taken forty years to bring woman such a little way on the road to “emancipation” proves that politics is foreign to the law of her being. She doesn’t have to embark in bitter crusades to wring concessions from those who live only to serve her; to whom wealth and power are as bitter ashes and the mural wreath a crown of thorns unless illumined by her love. The true woman—the woman who is really a helpmeet unto man; the woman who is “first at the cradle and last at the grave”; the woman who meekly obeys us while ruling us with a golden rod; the woman who laughs at us but loves us; the woman who asks our forgiveness when we are the offender; the woman who doesn’t believe one-half we tell her, yet would make any sacrifice to serve

us, simply asks for what she wants, and if it is not prompt forthcoming makes a quiet sneak on our inside pockets while we sleep for circumstantial evidence that will force a verdict in her favor. It is usually the woman who is not welcome anywhere, who has no one to love her, whose very presence makes a man feel like reaching for a fence picket, who wants to be a torchlight procession.

* * *

THE FISTICPHOBIA FOLLY.

THE Fool-killer is dead. He took one look at the *fin de siècle* crop he was expected to harvest, softly murmured,

“ The burthen laid upon me
Is greater than I can bear ”

and gave up the ghost. With a two-edged scythe, operated by electricity, he could not scoop in even the preachers and politicians demanding his attention in this day of decadents and demagogues. Doubtless many of them are more knave than fool; but when a man deliberately signs a certificate of his own irremediable idiocy, I am inclined to let it go at that. The terms may be interchangeable, the doctors having decided that rascality is a disease.

I am no apologist for pugilism. If I thought a son of mine would enter the squared-circle to do battle for boodle and the distinction of being known as chief of brutes, I'd hang him with his own diapers. I'd rather see him a preacher than a pugilist. He might outgrow the one, but he could never live down the odium of the other. But—to drop from the classic to the vulgar—it “ makes me tired ” to see a lot of plotting politicians and half-baked preachers tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle, or

a skye-terrier with a clothespin anchored to his tail, simply because a couple of professional pugs want to pound each other with feather pillows for a fat purse. I cannot see, to save me, where their kick comes in. Suppose the pugilists do maim each other: Who will mourn? Not the ministers; for, to judge by their utterances, they would gladly see the whole gang under the grass. If they kill each other, who will weep? Not the politicians—they have troubles of their own. “But the public will be corrupted,” I am told. The public appears amply able to take care of itself—it has put more than a thousand preachers in the penitentiary. The modern politicians “guarding public morals” were like setting the wolf to watch the lamb—or placing Sextus Tarquinius in charge of a female seminary. There’s Culberson, for instance—“our heroic young Christian governor”—what? Imagine Son Charles guarding anything—except Dan Stuart or a stack of poker chips! Think of the erstwhile paramour of Widow Halpin—who saved more than a million out of a salary aggregating less than \$350,000—keeping watch and ward lest the pugilists “corrupt the country”! Think of a crap-shooting, chippy-chasing legislature—with its pockets full of complimentary passes—shielding Texas from pugilistic contamination; of a Congress addicted to closed carriages and French *bal masques*, rushing in hot haste to the rescue of the cacti and cayuses of New Mexico—guarding the morals of the greasers!

I am assured by the ministers that “only the *canaille* witness pugilistic controversies”—that “none but the roughs and rowdies gather at the ring side.” How can a prize fight, however brutal, “corrupt” cattle of that kind? How can you spoil a rotten egg, or debase those already debauched? If El Paso is willing to be made the rendezvous of all the roughs and rowdies, should not all the rest

of Christendom rejoice over the “good riddance of bad rubbish”?

Every day men beat each other to a pulp with brass-knuckles, bowie-knife their brethren or shoot respectable citizens. Every day we hang or electrocute or lynch somebody—and civilization goes marching on; yet we are expected to believe that if one skilled athlete keeps another on the floor for ten consecutive seconds, our Car of Progress will stick in the mud and the Christian world be relegated back to barbarism! To prevent this awful catastrophe Culberson called a special session of the legislature and massed the rangers on the Rio Grande. To prevent it Cleveland deprived himself of a duck hunt and remained reasonably sober an entire day. No wonder the chief magistrate of New Mexico sweat blood at this awful crisis, while the world resounded with the grandiloquence of the head greaser of a Mexican province known to the world only because of the brutality of its bullfights and its peculiar breed of fices. And Congress—praise Heaven!—rose equal to the emergency. After having tried—without the shadow of an excuse—to hurry this nation into a war that would have cost a million lives and filled the land with widows’ moans and orphans’ tears, it dropped the currency question, leaving the business interests of the world to wait, and spent days patching up a law, making it a penal offense for one pug to smack another with a wind-blown bladder in any of the territories of these United States!

But the Fool-killer is dead.

Public sentiment favored a war with England, with or without valid excuse; ergo, the politicians were for it. Public sentiment is supposed to be “agin” prize fights; ergo, the politicians oppose it. They are trying to ride the popular wave—that’s what they are here for; but the first

thing they know some of 'em will hit the beach with the bust of their panties with the solid impact of a ton of lead toying with a stone wall. "You can't sometimes most always tell" about this thing we call public sentiment. If Corbett and Fitzsimmons were to fight in Dallas to-day—without admission fee—Waco, the religious hub of the world, would be depopulated. Half the preachers of Texas would go early to secure front seats.

As evidence that the politicians and preachers don't care a coffer-dam about the public further than it can be "worked" for their personal profit, I would call attention to the fact that cock-fighting—the most brutal and debasing of all so-called sports—is still permitted in Texas, is liberally patronized by legislators who have made prize fighting a felony, and seldom calls forth a protest from the preachers. These "guardians of the public morals" are too cussed good to permit trained pugilists to box each other with soft gloves until one wears out his "wind"; yet in proximity to our schools and churches innocent birds are armed with steel gaffles and incited to butcher each other to make a hoodlum holiday, while half-grown boys elbow old "sports" for a better view of the pit and gamble their nickels on the result. "Interstate cocking mains" are reported at length by canting newspapers in the self-same issues with fierce denunciations of prize fighting—ofttimes in the same column with the reports of revival meetings or pretentious sermons. The man who swallows the cock-pit and gags on "physical culture contests" is a large piebald ass, with ears so long that he needs no tail to keep the gad-flies off his heels.

The idea of Mexico "beefing" about "the brutality of the prize ring," while torturing bulls and disemboweling hack-horses in the name of "sport"—going mad with joy when, by God's favor, Taurus gets a matador on his horns

or tramples him beneath his hoofs! Mexico turning up her yaller snout at games that have been immortalized by the harp of Homer; that served to mark time for Greece when in the hey-dey of that intellectual glory to which we bend the knee as to the immortal gods; that were the pride of Rome when the Imperial City "sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world!" Mexico is afraid that a brace of pugilists would put a crimp in her "civilization"! Mexico is simply an aggregation of those tribes of Indians who were too cowardly to fight and too lazy to run away. When one of them learns that the occasional use of a fine-tooth comb will save him the labor of scratching, he is considered civilized. Mexico, like Texas, is a great cock-fighting country—is addicted to the torture of beasts and birds in the name of "sport," but entirely too "civilized" to tolerate the squared circle!

For shame! When I have to see blood spilled in order to corral an appetite, I want it to be the blood of men who do battle of their own accord, not that of innocent beasts and birds that have no option but to work the will of their subter-brutish masters.

Scientific pugilism is no more brutal than many sports having the sanction of society. It is of precious little importance whether it be encouraged or repressed. In some way man will continue to exhibit his personal prowess, for now, as in the days of David, "The glory of the young man is in his strength." Did this blatant opposition to prize fighting bear the imprint of honest idiocy I could respect it; but it is too evidently policy playing seasoned with canting hypocrisy. Corbett and Fitzsimmons were to fight at Hot Springs; but Gov. Clark made a roar that rocked the state of Arkansaw to its foundation stone, and the project had to be abandoned. Yet in less than two months a fight far more brutal than the big "mill" was

likely to be, was pulled off at Hot Springs in a public hall, and "well attended." The explanation is easy. The eyes of the world were on the "big 'uns," while the "little 'uns" were almost entirely overlooked. By interfering with the first, Gov. Clark was able to attract public attention; meddling with the second would have awakened no enthusiasm among the professional godly, but would have "queered" him politically with Arkansaw's sporting element. Neither the sporty governor of Texas nor the immaculate ass who officiates as chief magistrate of New Mexico, ever thought of interfering with prize fighting until a match was made between two men of international reputation, and the politicians thereby accorded an opportunity to make a grand-stand demonstration. Prize fights can be pulled off to-day in perfect safety in either Arkansaw or Texas, and with never a "cheep" from the politicians and preachers, if the contestants be not sufficiently prominent in the world of pugilism to attract general attention. Cock fighting may be all right so long as the roosters do not acquire too much reputation. But should Great Britain produce a fifteen-pound cock that could whip a wildcat, and America one that could see the foreign bird and go him one better; and should it be proposed to bring them together in Dallas, Hot Springs or El Paso for a large purse; should steel gaffles be barred, their natural spurs sawed off and capped with medicated cotton, Dr. Seasholes would rear up on his hind legs and bray like a two-year-old. Ministerial associations would whereas and resolute; politicians would perorate and legislate; governors would call special sessions and mobilize the militia, and we'd have the same ridiculous to do about nothing that for six months past has made me well-nigh ashamed that I was born an American sovereign.

SHERMAN AND CLEVELAND.

FOR more than a third of a century John Sherman has been regarded by politicians of all parties as authority *par excellence* on matters monetary. His motives have often been called in question, but his ability never impugned. He is regarded by the "gold-bugs" as a god, by the "cheap money" men as a veritable Mephistopheles. He was the heavy villain of "the crime of '73," and brought about the resumption of specie payments in '79. He is largely responsible for the redemption of the greenback bonds in gold. He has never been suspected by Wall Street of being "tainted with financial heresy." Sherman and Cleveland belong to the same monetary school, occupying the respective positions of preceptor and pupil. They have ever worked for the attainment of the same end—the appreciation of the purchasing power of the dollar for the special behoof of the creditor class; but the latter has evidently not thoroughly mastered the lessons laid out for him with such care by "Sly Old John." Or, perhaps, it were more correct to say that the pupil has become ambitious, aspires to out-Herod Herod in the slaughter of the debtor innocents. Sherman has never forgotten that he has at stake the reputation of a financier. He has served his masters with a strong side-glance at self. Cleveland has all to gain and nothing to lose by becoming the humble servant of the great capitalists, and he has gone to lengths which Sherman solemnly warned him were suicidal. To please the bond-clippers he has run Uncle Sam's nose in the sand to the tune of \$262,000,000 on the shallow pretense of attempting what his master protested was impossible. The following excerpt from a speech delivered by Mr. Sherman in the U. S. Senate January 16, 1874, is at this time particularly significant, and well worth perusal by those good

people who insist that the exhaustion of the gold reserve for a single day would bring the nation down with a violent crash to "a fifty cent silver basis"; who have sharply criticised the assertion of the ICONOCLAST that a temporary suspension of specie payments would—but for the wild yodel of the Cleveland-Carlisle cuckoos and calamity clackers—produce scarce a ripple on the great monetary sea. The utterances of Mr. Sherman anent the maintenance of specie payments accord so closely with those of the ICONOCLAST that it would doubtless be difficult to convince him that I had not read his '74 speech until this good day. Whether I have plagiarized from Sherman, or *vice versa*, is of no consequence to the public. I reproduce his words to prove that, in the view of America's leading financier, the temporary suspension of specie payments—which would necessarily follow the exhaustion of the gold reserve—would not, *per se*, produce those evils predicted by Cleveland, and that increasing the bonded debt to prevent such a contingency is the rankest financial nonsense. Mr. Sherman said:

"I entirely object to conferring upon the secretary of the treasury the power of issuing \$100,000,000 or any less sum of bonds with a view of buying gold to hoard in the treasury to maintain resumption. I believe that it is impossible, in the very nature of things, to maintain the resumption of specie payments at all times and under all circumstances; and if anything has been established by modern experience, it is that all a nation that issues paper money can do is to maintain it at a special standard in ordinary times; but in times of panic, such as by periodical revulsions come over every country, specie payments cannot be maintained. They can scarcely be maintained in England, and are not now maintained in France, though

they are approached. Therefore, every plan for specie payments ought to have some provision for the temporary suspension of such payments, or to provide some means by which, in times of great panic and financial distress, there may be a temporary departure from specie payments."

Let the gold-bugs "learn of the wise and perpend." Had Peffer or Pap Reagan given utterance to such sentiments the gold-bugs would have hastened to brand him as "a ass"; what are they going to do with Sherman—the very god of their idolatry? If Waco's Bob-tailed Warwick can secure his consent to a column typewritten "interview," to be run next to pure patent medicine ads. in the *Dal.-Gal.*, I would like to see him take a fall out of Old John anent the imperative necessity of maintaining specie payments at any cost to the people. But, perhaps, he does not consider Old John a foeman worthy of his steel!

What did Cleveland do "in times of panic, when specie payments cannot be maintained," according to the *ipse dixit* of the Dalai Lama of the honest money cult? Did he provide a method for a "temporary departure from the specie standard," as suggested by an authority so eminent? Did he forestall alarm, as did Sherman, by calling attention to the fact that in France more than \$531,000,000 of paper was "practically maintained at par with gold" despite a suspension of specie payments? Did he bid the people allay their fears by turning to "the history of almost all the commercial nations of Europe?" Not exactly. Like the boy who hollered "Wolf! Wolf!" to alarm the neighbors, he began to prophesy that the bottom would fall out of our industrial cosmos if there was ever so slight a lull in specie payments, and to further frighten the people by the reckless issue of bonds to bolster up our tottering gold reserve! As though this were not sufficient

to scare commerce into convulsions, he assumed that the credit of the country was at so low an ebb that it was necessary to appeal to a syndicate of bankers to hasten to its rescue, and reward their patriotism by allowing them to purchase the bonds at their own price! Sherman insisted upon resumption of specie payments at a time of general prosperity, when the government was paying a heavy premium on its unmatured bonds and canceling them to reduce its treasury surplus; Cleveland insisted on maintaining them "*in times of panic*," when the former declared it folly to attempt it. Sherman was the father of resumption; yet in the most solemn manner he pointed out the fallacy—yea, the danger—of either purchasing gold or canceling the greenbacks to maintain it even in a time of exceptional prosperity. Cleveland would do both in a time of general depression bordering upon panic! Yet there are men—I call them men because they are featherless bipeds—who damn Sherman as a contractionist and tool of Wall Street, and deify Cleveland as the people's friend!

I defy any mortal son of Adam's misery to demonstrate that the gold reserve—for the maintenance of which the Cleveland administration has saddled \$262,000,000 of indebtedness upon this people—is of one whit more value than would be a boil on the rear elevation of Pickwick's Fat Boy. Not only is it worthless, but Wall Street knows as well as did John Sherman, that it is worse than worthless—an expensive nuisance. It is simply a tool in the hands of bankers who desire more bonds. Did the credit of our currency depend upon its maintenance, not one interest-bearing obligation would be necessary to keep it at the maximum—the capitalists would attend to its preservation as a measure of self-defense, instead of continually raiding it. The costly attempt of the Cleveland administration to maintain the useless gold reserve will be classed

by the future historian as on an intellectual parity with the sacrifices to Moloch, the burning of witches and the pounding of tin pans by the Celestials to prevent an eclipse of the sun. If I have not made this fact plain in previous issues of the *ICONOCLAST* to the dullest dunderheads, further effort would be but love's labor lost. It may not be amiss, however, to add that opposition to the gold reserve folly does not necessarily imply a leaning to either "greenbackism" or the full and unlimited coinage of silver. My contention is that, like Ben Franklin, we are paying too dear for our whistle; that, under existing currency conditions, the segregation of gold at enormous cost is calculated to produce that very lack of confidence which it is expected to cure. On another important point the great "honest money" advocate endorsed the views frequently promulgated by the *ICONOCLAST*, while squarely joining issue, not only with the radical protectionists of his own party, but with Cleveland, Carlisle and many other of his democratic disciples, who insist that we must maintain a gold currency to promptly meet our foreign obligations when "the balance of trade" chances to be against us. In the address from which I have already quoted, Mr. Sherman said:

" This fallacy of 'the balance of trade' ought not to enter into the calculations of prudent men. . . . It is not a question of a 'balance of trade,' but a question of prudence and judgment in the trade itself. Only a year ago I had a controversy with a senator about this 'balance of trade.' He insisted that when the 'balance of trade' was against any nation it was an evidence of decay. I said this was a fallacy. He replied that no country could be prosperous unless the 'balance of trade' was in its favor. I asked him if he thought Great Britain was a prosperous

country, and he said he thought it was a very prosperous country, and that the ‘balance of trade’ was always in favor of Great Britain. We made a friendly bet on the subject, and it turned out that the ‘balance of trade’ was against Great Britain to the tune of over \$300,000,000 per annum, and had been for twenty years. By the fallacious theory of the ‘balance of trade’ Great Britain was on the high road to ruin. Yet the whole of this balance of imports was in commodities sent to pay interest on English investments in foreign countries—profits of trade, and so forth. The profits of trade were all in favor of Great Britain, which imported raw articles and exported high-priced productions, while the ‘balance of trade’ only represented increased and increasing wealth, instead of ruin and poverty; so that all this talk about the ‘balance of trade’ is the sheerest nonsense.”

Yet it is nonsense which Cleveland and his cuckoos are continually indulging in. Mr. Sherman adds that “the ‘balance of trade’ (between nations) is precisely like the ‘balance of trade’ between the merchant and the farmer. If the farmer buys less than he sells, he is surely on a safe footing; if he buys more than he sells, the result will depend entirely upon what he buys, whether luxuries consumed in the using, or materials for actual productive improvement on his farm. If the latter, he is prosperous and happy, though the ‘balance of trade’ may be against him. It is not a question of ‘balance of trade,’ but a question of prudence and judgment in the trade itself.”

Do the “balance of trade” cranks begin to see a glimmer of daylight? Do they “cotton” to the fact that America has become a mighty manufacturing nation—which imports vast quantities of raw materials and exports high-priced manufactured articles? Are they capable of

understanding that it is sometimes possible for a man to grow rich prosecuting industrial enterprises on borrowed capital? Can they comprehend that a nation may borrow largely abroad and satisfy the interest charge with her products and at the same time increase in wealth? Can they work it through their hair that foreign capital invested here takes out of the country no more than its earnings after paying American wages and American taxes? Balance of trade the devil! If I buy more than I sell haven't I the surplus goods representing the coin paid? And if they are not worth to me as much or more than the wealth surrendered, do I not need a guardian?

* * *

THE SOCIAL SWIM.

TEXAS' UPPER-TENDOM.

WE society people have had a busy season—are really glad that Lent has rolled round, giving us an opportunity to slacken the pace, fumigate our souls with a season of penitence, refurnish our moral characters and dope for the dyspepsia. We have had pretty much everything from *bal masques à la Française*, where the fun was fast and furious,—with jimjam annex—to jalamaquadi parties and pink teas, where ennuied women meet to rip up the back the reputation of their absent *intimes* instead of taking a soul-satisfying fall out of the useful wash-tub; and now we're just tired enough to really enjoy the luxury of religion, to make a virtue of necessity—to mistake satiety for sanctification and a torpid liver for a good heart. We're through for a time with the world, the flesh and the devil, and now submit our jaded diaphragms to the doctors of medicine to be cured of physical ills, born of debauchery,

while the doctors of divinity wrestle with our spiritual infirmities. That's what they're here for.

The ICONOCLAST is the official organ of Texas' uppertendom, the Ward McAllister of this neck o' the woods, the social monitor for the land of the toothsome maverick. It prescribes just how low ballroom corsages shall be cut, and how high bloomers may be worn. It's the court of last resort in all social controversies, the seneschal of all swell "functions," the handbook of *les grandes dames* and débutantes, the pink of propriety from whose *ipse dixit le beau monde* makes no appeal. To be mentioned in the society reports of the ICONOCLAST were equivalent to being presented at court, for it takes cognizance only of the *creme de la creme*—the skimmings of the social milk-pan, so to speak. For the description of toilets and reports of "functions" we have the largest stock of superlatives and garbled French phrases to be found west of the New York *World*, are prepared to lick boots in fourteen languages, or can "whistle and chew meal," as occasion may require. Society items must reach this office, hermetically sealed, by the fifteenth of each month to insure insertion; otherwise they will be carefully deodorized, sold to the free-lunch saloons as limberger cheese and the proceeds passed to our contingent fund.

In accordance with the brass rules of this office, no charge will be made for referring to a featherless male biped as "talented" or "public-spirited," if he writes only on one side of the paper; but taffy does not grow on trees in Texas, and those who want it piled on in great gobbs will please call at the business office, or send a certified check with their carefully prepared self-laudations. To keep our slobber reserve at the maximum, and thereby maintain public confidence, it is necessary to pasture a whole herd of cayuses on white clover at considerable

expense, and we are not publishing this great society journal solely for our health. We keep standing on our "phat" galley, for the benefit of society ladies, such stock phrases as "charming," "fascinating" and "entertaining," and can work them in without extra cost, and save composition; but an order for one hundred copies of the paper at retail price must positively accompany the notice for every time a lady refers to herself therein as "ravishingly beautiful." We have no conscientious scruples against square-toed lying to please the ladies; but cannot afford to make immaculate asses of ourselves unless there's something in it. The charge for a "write-up" *in extenso* depends upon whether we use the domestic brand of gush or the imported article. Ordinary Texas gush—same brand used by the Dallas *News* in its Monday morning edition—may be had at this office for six-bits a barrel, including a kalsomine brush. Reference by ladies, in their social biographies, to their "lithe limbs" or "well-rounded bust," their "many ardent admirers" or "the sensuous passion lurking in their dreamy eyes," must hit the cash drawer for two-fifty extra or the expression will positively be blue-penciled. In order to assuage their mental anguish we have to pay our printers double price for that class of composition. Debutantes will be given one "send-off" gratis, when written by themselves; but descriptions of wedding lingerie will be charged for at the rate of a dollar a line—said descriptions to be in all cases ante-nuptial.

The month opened at Dallas with a progressive eucher party given by the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. J. Rooter DeSmith, president of the New Woman's Club, in honor of Miss S. B. Anthony Flypp, who had just returned from an extended visit to New York, where she was

successfully treated for *embonpoint*. Her many friends in Dallas and elsewhere will rejoice to learn that she has regained her former girlish figure and is even more charmingly audacious than ever. The New York society journals referred to her on her arrival in that city as "quite swell," and, judging from the police court reports, the gay young men of Giddy Gotham gave this fragrant Texas floweret considerable attention. Mrs. DeSmith is a charming hostess and a right royal entertainer, having been to the manner born. She comes of one of the very first American families, her great-grandfather having come over as a body-servant to Lord Baltimore. Her father, the late lamented Josephus Muggs, having accumulated a competency preparing overcoats for the toothsome sausage and making souse, gave his daughter the advantages of a Baylor University education, where she soon learned to elocute with her mouth open and play accompaniments on the organ to such thrilling hymns as

"Catherine, my Catherine, meet me at the corner;
Wait till your mother goes to bed,
Then at the window put out your head," etc.

and was the winner of three German-silver medals in as many intercollegiate gum-chewing contests. Mrs. DeSmith was a noted beauty forty years ago, and still preserves with unwearied care many of her youthful charms.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

She is still a prime favorite with the gay young fellows and almost any day may be seen driving with some of her many ardent admirers, while at opera or ball she is usually the central figure of some gay party, the cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers, while DeSmith, who is quite a domestic little body, keeps tab on the nursery or

experiments with some new cure-me-quick on his pet corns. Mrs. DeSmith has, by the expenditure of five hundred scudi with a clever Parisienne, effected a renaissance of the pink and white complexion so well remembered by our gran'sires; her wealth of auburn hair has grown so that she can sit upon it comfortably, while an efficient modiste supplies her with a statuesque figure that stacks up like Juno posing for the judgment of Paris. She has three lovely children, one of whom is thought to resemble her husband.

There were twenty tables, all filled with players, the prizes ranging in value from \$5 to \$100—just sufficient to make it interesting to a party of progressive female fashionables. Brandy and cigarettes were served by an expert mixologist to the ladies present, soda water and bon-bons to the young gentlemen. The *entente cordiale* was slightly marred during the evening by the charge of cheating preferred by Mrs. Whoop against Mrs. Scoop, the former alleging that the latter had held out the right bower and concealed it in her bloomers for the purpose of making a *coup d'état*. Mrs. Scoop—who is not used to brandy smashes, seldom taking anything stronger than Manhattan cocktails—retorted rather hotly that Mrs. Whoop was “another,” and added that she could prove by the young gentlemen present that had the police done their duty she would have been bagged long ago. The timid young things, fearing that these new women might come to blows, beat a precipitate retreat, and it looked for a moment as though the spirit of camaraderie would be goose-egged; but the hostess, with that delicate tact which makes her entertainments so uniformly successful, said firmly: “Remember, I beg of you, that there are young gentlemen present, and that no lady does violence in the presence of the weaker sex.” Thereupon Mrs. Scoop, who

is a veritable Chesterfield, albeit a trifle choleric, as great natures are apt to be, begged pardon of the young gentlemen, pinched their downy cheeks, shook hands with Mrs. Whoop, and lighting a cigarette with the graceful abandon of a Don Cesar d'Bazan, resumed the play. Mrs. Whoop won first prize, an elegant gold-mounted bicycle, and immediately proposed to "shake" her hostess, the bike against the latter's diamond brooch. Mrs. DeSmith being a dead game sport, the offer was promptly accepted and Mrs. Whoop dropped her roller on the first rattle. Miss Flypp caught second prize, a handsome baby-cab, at which Miss Snypp sniggered audibly. Miss Flypp, who was pacing the room with her hands in her pants' pockets, puffing a Turkish cigarette, turned, bent down, blew smoke into the rash young woman's eyes and, throwing her card on the table, left the room. It is hoped that Miss Snypp will apologize for the unfortunate snigger and thus avoid a hostile meeting; but her friends aver that, like Peter Maher, she will fight as soon as her eyes get well, and sooner if necessary to preserve her honor.

Mr. Gussie Spooner, of Austin, has farmed his silk hat out to a speckled hen and expects to have an elegant assortment of Easter eggs. Some consider this remarkable speculation of Gussie's but one of the many idiosyncrasies of genius, while others affect to fear that the intellectual effort required to lead the german, and trying to talk politics to the New Woman have sprained his mind. It is noted that he is subject to fits of melancholia, complicated by absent mindedness to such a degree that he twice appeared in the same pair of panties. The alarming report has reached us that he carries a perfumed squirt-gun, loaded to scatter, and his relatives fear that he contemplates blowing out his brains. The scandalous report that

Gussie was basely betrayed under promise of marriage by a female suffrage agitator obtains no credence among the chappies, who protest that he is pregnant with a poem. Gussie comes of a family that could not dishonor itself. Its women have ever been brave as Cæsar, its men pure as vestal virgins. If Gussie has been unfortunate it is safe to say that he was more sinned against than sinning.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Vere de Vere, of El Paso, have returned home after an extended "sponge" on Eastern relatives. They were accorded a perfect ovation by their creditors—another illustration of the proverb that absence makes the heart grow fonder. The Vere de Veres are of a very old family—so old, in fact, that it requires frequent fumigation—and are related by poetic license to Lord Tennyson's "Lady" of that name. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory attempted no such lug. Mrs. Vere de Vere gave a progressive poker party to celebrate her return, and the next day the number of gentlemen who had "bet their pile on Maher" had appreciably increased.

A very pretty wedding occurred in San Antonio swell society Saturday evening, when Miss Stella, the charming and accomplished daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Gewhizz, made her lariat fast to Don Juan Pocotempe, of Menyana, Mexico, seventeenth in descent from Señor Jose Pocotempe, who came over with Cortez in the capacity of cook. The Don—known to his intimates as "Pokey"—is very *distingue* and rich as boarding-house butter, owning an immense mesquite ranch in his own countree, where he raises a very large crop of votes that find a ready market in western Texas at from fifty cents to \$2 apiece, according to the importance of the pending election and the briskness

of the bidding. Many languishing señoritas have tried their strings on "Pokey," but it remained for the irresistible American maid to round him up and break him to harness. The fair young bride was modestly attired in a wreath of orange blossoms and a broad smile that displayed to perfection the rolled-gold filling in her store teeth. Her breath, which was perfumed with imported garlic, filled the great room with delicious fragrance as she pranced down the center aisle and went against the altar with the *éspírit* of a tenderfoot tackling a brace game. Accompanying her in a stately lope was her maid of honor, Señorita Josefine Tortilla, whose seal-brown beauty was happily accentuated by a diaphanous robe of pure white organdie, smuggled across the Rio Grande in her ample bustle. She wore her blue-black hair sled-runner fashion on either temple, and a quart of assorted diamonds, rented for the occasion of Uncle Eph. There was a rippling sea of bravos as the vast audience caught sight of the lovely single-footer and her statuesque running mate. The excitement was intensified by the appearance at this moment of the bridegroom's party, and one enthusiastic patron of Mexico's national sport waved his sombrero and cried, "Here come the bulls!" "Stella a star," murmured the poetical young man who had been detailed to give the affair a two-column pay write-up for the *Daily Excuse*. "Star be blanked!" retorted a sad-faced youth who was playing Little Billee to "Pokey's" Svengali; "she's a runaway comet." And truly the comparison seemed not inapt as the coal-oil chandelier cast a mellow glow upon the rich Venetian red of the bride's top dressing.

Don Juan laid his cigarette on the window-sill and advanced to the altar with that languorous grace characteristic of the old cavaleros, while the band played that ravishing epithalamium by England's new poet laureate:

“My true love she is beautiful, my true love she is fair;
She has eyes like sloes, a turn-up nose and a head of
carrotty hair.”

An informal lunch consisting of hot tamales, pecan candy and pulque was served at the residence of the bride's parents after the ceremony, and the happy couple left for their home in Mexico as soon as able to travel. Don Juan is to be congratulated on being mated with a Texas belle of such rare beauty, wealth and social eminence. She's the very pick of the herd. Colonel Gewhizz, her supposed ancestor on her father's side, is a self-made man. He went to West Texas in the 'Forties and opened a successful chuck-a-luck game and mescal joint. Having accumulated a cayuse and a pair of Mexican spurs, he embarked in the cattle business on a scale so extensive that his neighbors concluded him deserving of social honors and gave him an impromptu necktie party; but he excused himself by stating that the doctor had advised him to go East for his health, and to start just as quick as he could saddle a mule. Mrs. Gewhizz accompanied him at the suggestion of his anxious neighbors. She was at the time a blanket squaw, and had followed Taylor's returning army to Texas for the purpose of growing up with the country. Having become immensely wealthy in some occult manner, and as a natural sequence, prime favorites in swell society, Colonel Gewhizz and his faithful copper-colored companion concluded a few months ago to get married. It was a very quiet affair, it being considered entirely too sacred a matter to permit of a public ceremony.

It is now positively announced that Buddie Billfinger, of Waco, will return from his European tour in May, and bring with him such a collection of canes, neckties and

twousers as was never yet seen in this ultra-fashionable center. As Buddie is a connoisseur in such matters, his return is awaited by the chappies with an intense eagerness that amounts almost to agony. Buddie has been the hero of some thrilling adventures during his sojourn abroad. One day he actually met His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who was taking a constitutional. The Prince stopped short and remarked, just like an ordinary everyday man: "I say, my good fellow, gimme a match, will you? Me blawsted pipe's gone out." But it happened, by the greatest good fortune, that Buddie had a match—a real fresh one that had not been used. He produced the coveted lucifer with trembling fingers, the Prince slightly elevated one leg, drew it briskly down his trousers, lit his pipe, said, "Thanks awfully" and continued his jaunt. Buddie had actually been thanked by His Royal Highness! He had sufficient presence of mind to pick up the half burned match and carry it in a white silk handkerchief to his hotel, where he fell in a dead faint. He has had the precious souvenir mounted in virgin gold and will exhibit it before the Colonial Club.

The society people of Galveston have devised a new Lenten diversion called the Alphabetical Club. They meet quite informally at the residence of a member, who invites them in. When they have recovered from this exertion the hostess pins upon each member of the party a dainty silver medal, having on its reverse side the arms of the club—a jackass regardant, circled by the inscription in dog-Latin, "A wiser than Balaam is here." On the obverse side of each medal is a letter of the alphabet. At a signal from the hostess the club, which is composed of twenty-six members, repeats the alphabet forward and backward, each naming in its regular order the letter he or she may happen,

to wear. Those failing to answer promptly, or answering out of the proper rotation, are fined one penny for each offense until there's enough coppers in the "kitty" to purchase paregoric for all present. The game is then declared ended and the members listen to amateur music and otherwise refresh themselves until eleven o'clock, at which hour the president of the club unbraids his ears and executes a prolonged bray as the signal to disperse. It is great sport, but an awful strain on the average social intellect. Several cases of complete mental collapse have occurred, and the police are seriously considering the propriety of interfering. Mental culture is well enough in its way; but our social savants are becoming reckless enthusiasts on the subject.

We were in error last month in stating that the elegant Miss Georgiana DePlunks, of Palestine, who is visiting her aunt, the charming Mrs. DeHunks, of Fort Worth, had returned home. We were misled by Col. Friend, of the Artesia. That's what we get by cribbing our society news and making it over, instead of having a special correspondent at the scene of the slaughter. Her many admiring friends will rejoice to learn that Miss DePlunks is still "in our midst." In fact, she couldn't be removed with a stomach-pump just at present, having a dead-to-rights mash on the Rev. Spoopendyke Whiner, this being the first time she has kenoed since sitting into the matrimonial game sixteen years ago. Mrs. DeHunks, who feared that Georgiana was coming upon her for support, set the trap which is expected to transfer the Palestine chromo to a parsonage. The engagement has not been formally announced, but is daily expected by the *quid nuncs*, as Miss DePlunks has had her face enameled, purchased an entire new set of pads and is borrowing duds right and left to

dike out in, while Spoopy hangs around the DeHunks mansion with the pathetic look in his eyes of a starving brindle pup, and has preached three times on "The Power of Love." Miss DePlunks, like "Poor Old Joe," is not so young as she used to was, but is still full of ginger and capable of driving an obedient husband a very rapid gait.

The event of the month in the higher social circles of Houston was an elegant shindig, given by Mrs. Hamfat Crupper at her elegant new residence in honor of Miss Arabella Hearthungry Bloodgood, of Little Rock, who is spending the season in sometimes sunny Texas, hoping that our balmy climate will bring back the bloom of youth and enable her to catch a sucker capable of loving her for herself alone. The entire *élite* of the Bayou City received invitations, and came on the dead gallop when it was learned that the ball would be supplemented with a banquet calculated to make old Vitellius and Lucullus kick the lids off their marble sarcophagi. The charming hostess—who goes in for athletics, and is a mighty scorcher despite her two hundred odd pounds avoirdupois—received her guests in the ivory and gold room, which has a rich carpet of bottle-green moquette with yellow flowers, and Japanese silk portieres in parti-color, producing an effect which on clear nights can easily be heard on Provident Heights. Mrs. Crupper's beauty is of that voluptuous type known to the euphuists as Junoesque, but called by the vulgar herd Oleomargaramic. Her ample figure was attired in a glove-fitting plum-colored bikeing suit of Belfast corduroy, trimmed with sable fur, with bellyband of untanned leather, fastened with a massive buckle, made in an adjacent blacksmith shop. She wore golf stockings and scarlet garters embroidered with seed pearls, and tan colored shoes with square toes. A diamond scarf-pin in the form of a

crupper loomed up like the headlight of a trolley car, while her left thumb supported a massive ring of beaten gold as large as a cupidore. Miss Bloodgood's type of beauty is particularly picturesque. This is a paid notice, and we are making a conscientious effort to earn our money, but are handicapped by the lady's photo, which prevents imagination running riot. But—God be with us! here goes. A trifle over six feet tall, weight eighty-seven pounds with her shoes on, her lissome, willowy figure looms up like a gubernatorial lightning-rod at a "Sound Money" pow-wow. Her soulful, speaking eyes, which are of a fashionable soapstone gray and cut bias, seem to "look quite through the shows of things," and give you the impression that, while keeping tab on you, she is watching for the police. Meeting her under an arc light gives one a peculiar sensation, half of pleasure, half of pain, that can only be likened to catching your landlord's eye at the grand opera, then suddenly recollecting that you are six months in arrears. Her nose is perfect Roman of the Coliseum school of art, while her neck rises from modest, drooping shoulders and describes a graceful semi-circle, suggestive of a spotted swan riding the translucent wave, or a shanghai rooster trying to look like a jug. Miss Bloodgood was resplendent in a rich gown of lilac silk, the corsage cut *à la chemise*, and displaying carefully barbered arms possessing all that grace and charm so much admired in the living skeleton.

The decorations of the salon were simply out of sight, having been designed by an artist from Hitchcock, who was given *carte blanche*, and told to spread himself. The cotillion was led by the ever-popular Lieut. Senser Scutchings, of the Queen's Navee, now in this country on leave of absence. Lieut. Scutchings has seen service in the salons of the nobility, and is dead onto all the *technique* of the cotillion—is preëminently the carpet knight for your

whiskers. His partner was Miss Rebecca Merlinde Johnson, of the *Post*, whose multifarious charms of mind and person are familiar to all readers of the ICONOCLAST. Miss Johnson had discarded her bloomers for the nonce, and wore a white satin gown with *risque* corsage, caught at her dimpled shoulders with solid silver safety-pins. She also wore a coronet of pearls, suggestive of purity, which were presented on her eighteenth birthday by the habitues of John Lang's oyster parlors, each pearl bearing the tooth marks of a separate admirer. Space forbids the description in detail of the many elegant toilets, but "it goes without saying," as the *St. Louis Republic* would remark, that the entire shooting-match was diked out in its best bib and tucker.

The feature of the evening was a skirt-dance by the guest of honor, Miss Bloodgood, who can elevate a No. 6 shoe to an altitude of seven feet without the aid of a derrick, and with the same easy *abandon* that a roan mule kicks the knots out of his stable door. The performance, which was worthy a Parisian danseuse, was repeatedly encored. In bowing her acknowledgements, Miss Bloodgood had the misfortune to spill herself out of her corsage, upon which a fair debutante from Temple, with the naïvete of a little child, observed *sotto voce*, that "a bust of that kind should be carried in a bucket."

An elegant supper of 127 courses was served at 2 o'clock G.M., the sounding of the gong being the signal for a grand rush that testified the utmost confidence in the genius of Mrs. Crupper's new *chef*. The colored *garçons*, who had been imported from the Brazos bottoms for the occasion, wore yellow silk suits and red hollyhock boutonnieres, powdered wigs and dress swords. In serving the *bouillon*, one of them chanced to get his steel tangled with his legs, after the manner of a Texas volunteer, and trip-

ping, emptied the bowl down the back of a fat dowager from Brenham who was out *en grande tenus*. Mrs. Crupper managed to preserve her *suaviter in modo* by explaining that the soup cost a dollar a pint, while Mr. Crupper attended to the *fortiter in re* by bumping the offending *garçon's* head with a pickle dish. "Henke's Best" was served with each course, and by three o'clock the sound of revelry was so thick you could cut it with a knife. The favors were giant stick candy rolled in tin-foil, which the gentlemen, in a spirit of rollicksome *camaraderie*, insisted upon putting down the backs of the ladies' corsages, crying "Sweets to the sweet," while the orchestra, concealed in a bower of potted plants, played

"We won't go home till morning."

The affair was universally voted the most *recherche* of the season, although but three cases of *mania a potu* are reported among the casualties. Everything was *au fait*, from start to finish. Full accounts of the "function" were printed at regular space rates in more than forty papers, thus assuring Mrs. Crupper's social supremacy. Mr. and Mrs. Crupper have been the architects of their own social fortune. Twenty years ago the former opened a little harness shop in Houston and soon achieved an enviable fame as a cutter of mule collars. Genius is quickly recognized. In a few years he became widely known as an equine mantua-maker, and began loaning money at 12 per cent. and foreclosing mortgages. Mrs. Crupper, then Miss Whisk, was head chambermaid in a dollar-a-day hotel. She was of an economical turn, filed all her "tips" away in her sock, and when wedded to Mr. Crupper by a justice of the highest social wave—are "the swellest what there is."

SECOND EPISTLE OF THE "APOSTLE."

To My Brethren of the Sectarian Press, Greeting:

It rejoiceth my heart to note that most of ye have heeded my advice and purged your columns of unclean advertisements. Since the rebuke administered to you some months ago—more in sorrow than in anger—I have seen but few advertisements of syphilitic nostrums, lost manhood restorers and abortion recipes in the sectarian press of the South, and I give thanks to God that I have been the humble means of bringing my brethren at least within the purlieus of common decency, even if they have not yet reached the white-walled citadel of morality. Some of you have not thanked me for pulling you from the devil's flesh-pots, but will doubtless do so when ye learn that it pays better to serve the Lord in spirit and in truth than to render him lip-service while taking the shekels of the emissaries of Hell for proclaiming to young women that they may sin in safety if provided with "Pennyroyal pills," to young men that Hell's Half-Acre has no terrors for those who keep "Big G" constantly on hand. Playing cathartic to the religious press is no delectable task; but the true reformer goes not about attired in white vest and big chrysanthemum boutonniere; he dons a pair of buckskin mits, puts a clothespin on his nose and grabs a shovel, à la Hercules cleansing the Augean Stables. Some of ye have made unkind and even unChristian remarks anent my missionary labors; but nothing can disturb the sacred joy with which I contemplate the expurgated *Baptist Standard* and Dr. Hayden's Holy Fake since they took their iconoclastic medicine. Now if I can but persuade you, my brethren, to devote a little more energy to championing the cause of Christ and less to the reproduction of pitiful

puffs of yourselves, I will feel that I have not lived and labored in vain. To paraphrase "Brick" Pomeroy:

A little taffy now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

Still it gives me a chronic heartache in the region of the abdomen to see papers professedly devoted to the cause of the meek and lowly Man of Galilee, reproducing with wild acclaim every foolish compliment paid them by half-wit subscribers or hand-press "exchanges." If pride goeth before a fall, sectarian editors should either stick to the plowed ground or sandwich themselves between a brace of featherbeds. Think of a self-respecting lawyer putting on his sign every compliment he may receive! Why, the very gamins would "guy" him. And should not a religious editor exhibit as much modesty, as much manly self-respect as the average attorney-at-law? I prithee, brethren, avoid this bad habit, which provokes the ungodly to indulge in ribald remarks. Of course we can expect nothing better of the Bungville *Bugle*, the Houston *Post* and other Smart Alec publications engineered by aspiring amateurs. They get a puff so seldom that when a small gob of taffy does come their way they can scarce be blamed for rolling it as a sweet morsel under their tongues and making frantic bids for more by slobbering over everything in sight. Intellectual, as well as physical infants, have an inordinate appetite for sweetmeats, but grown people relish a different diet. We who serve the Lord—for so much per annum cash in advance—should set the worldlings a good example. That's what we're here for. Christ did more for mankind every year of his ministry than all of us put together. He healed the sick, made the blind to see and raised the dead; but if he ever attracted the attention of the populace by an exuberant cackle over a compliment paid him, no record

of that pitiful touch of vanity, of human weakness, has come down to us. There's an old French axiom to the effect that "Good wine needs no bush." And a good periodical needs no guide to point out its excellence—it speaks for itself. It may be well enough for servants, quack doctors and snide publications to frame their "certificates of good character" and put them on exhibition; but what must we think of that Christian editor who climbs to the housetop and toots his horn to attract the attention of the multitude—who cries aloud with the unction of a pickaninny calling attention to his first pair o' bedticking breeches, "Behold what Tom, Dick and Harry say of my editorial on Humility; look ye what the Billville *Broad-ax* and the Jimtown *Jabberwak* think of the *Weekly Sanctificationist*." Brethren, ye make me all aweary with your brass-band variety o' goodness. Please apply the soft pedal to yourselves and let the Lord find out what valuable servants he's got without quite so much typographical aid.

Yours in Christ,

THE "APOSTLE."

* * *

IS CIVILIZATION A SHAM?

Is civilization a curse? Government a fraud? Religion a lie?

Tell me, thou smiling optimist, boasting thyself "heir of all the Ages, and foremost in the files of Time," where are those multifarious blessings so loudly proclaimed, so sacredly promised in their name? Is it true that in nations most civilized, "best governed," most thoroughly "christianized" the people are happiest, find most of sweetness of life, least of corroding care and that heartache and hope deferred which shrivels the soul like a green leaf swept by fierce Harmattan winds?

Contrast the Europe of to-day with the Europe of Hengist and Horsa; Alfred, King of Wessex, or Charlemagne, the pride of the Franks. Place all its voluptuous courts and tinsel crowns; its philosophies and philosophisms, parliaments and polemics; its cringing paupers and industrial peons; its wisdom as of the immortal gods and ignorance as of the dull, dumb beasts; its wasteful wealth and woeful want; its magnificence and misery side by side with that earlier Europe, when few were rich, but none feared hunger's maddening pangs; when every man rallied to a chief of his own choosing; when the straightened forehead of the fool feared show itself in the council chamber and only the leonine led the lion-hearted in the forum or the field.

Here in America we boast—with or without reason—that we have the best government ever established by man—have made the most rapid progress ever witnessed by the world; but are the American people happier, better, truer, braver than before that first hoarse scream of the eagle, as it fell like a many-forked thunderbolt from the troubled sky, bedewing a thousand miles of coast with the blood of brethren? Do the people of this Western World find life sweeter, better worth the living in the last quarter of the nineteenth century than they did in the first quarter of the eighteenth? No! in God's great name, no! Our boasted progress is but a mighty agitation of that great ocean of humanity which sends the lighter particles to the top as froth and foam, there to catch the prismatic colors of the sun, while the great mass surges sullen beneath, the only hope of each particular particle that it too may become foam and float to the sunny surface of that dark, troubled sea.

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Progress! Our boasted progress is turning God's great world into a machine; making men but mannikins, who dance, not of their own volition, but because the showman pulls the strings; who work and play, fetch and carry, cut fantastic capers before high Heaven—even think, speak or blow each other into eternity according to laws which they did not make, cannot alter.

Time was when a man's conscience was his guide, his good sword his court of last resort. Perhaps he was then a "barbarian"; but he was at least a responsible entity, the architect of his own fortunes, the molder of his own destiny. He relied upon his own judgment, his strong arm and his dauntless heart, for he was in very truth a freeman. Now, after so many centuries of progress, so-called, his individuality is blended in the Society, his responsibility is lost in the State, and for freedom there is bestowed upon him by solemn enactment the inalienable right to do whatsoever a stupid or vicious majority prescribes—or be hanged! We have now reached that point in our "onward march of Progress" where an "American Sovereign" can own a dog, brew a bucket of beer, shout hallelujah, lose his money on a horse race, purchase a pound of putty, correct his child, get a shirt laundered, till his field, get married or buried only by and with the consent of a majority of his fellow "Sovereigns!"

Verily it is truth the poet sings, that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers!" Also that the "individual withers, and the World is more and more,"—is becoming a vast iron-machine in which the soul is stunted, the heart shriveled, and that God-like entity, man, is made but part and parcel of a great engine that is rolling with headlong speed—whither?

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“Equality of man” is now the great World’s shibboleth, its dream by night, its prayer by day. Equality of man! Why not equality of all animal, of all vegetable life? Why not make the pismire and the elephant coequal, bring the plain-grass and the Norway pine to the same level, subject to the same laws of expansion, forced to feed on the same nourishment, to struggle onward and upward in the same climate? Equality of man,—and men are born so unequal! Here a pitiful Uriah Heep or rather “able editor,” ever washing his thin hands with invisible soap in imaginary water; there a Richard Cœur d’Lion fronting the world like a Colossus that may break but never bend. Here an arrant hypocrite whose unctuous smile makes the widow lean; there the bluff gentleman whose ear’s so sharp attuned to pity’s doleful cry that he well nigh starves whilst others fatten on his bounty! Here the fool, there the philosopher;—and we must have equality of man; must make these pygmies and giants all fit the procrustean bed; must stretch here by aid of “public education,” must lop off there by means of repressive laws, fostering or retarding the soul of man until this human world is like a great field of stunted, thick-sown wheat, all swayed one way by every passing breeze.

What has our latter-day civilization of which we so loudly boast, our ballot-boxes, constitutions, even our scientific research and improved machinery for the production of wealth, done for the human race? True, it has put a few more rainbows in the froth and foam floating so gaily on the surface of humanity’s great ocean; but how deep into that dark sea has our electric light pierced, and how many cold, dead hearts has it caused to beat with true and healthy life?

. . .

Pessimism! How easy the cry—and how empty! Is not everyone a pessimist who disapproves *our* plan of saving the world? Was not Gulliver a pessimist in the eyes of the Legado professors? Was not Patrick Henry a pessimist according to Tory ideas when, with prophetic inspiration, he declared war with the mother country inevitable? John Knox likewise when he cast the foolish trumpetry of the priesthood from him, calling it a “pentid bredd”? Mohamet when he declared the idols of Araby but impotent fly-traps? Look abroad, thou smiling optimist, and say where are our great men of this Nineteenth century—the product of our boasted super-civilization. Instead of a Blind Bard of Chios singing a Wondrous Tale of Troy, we have James Whitcomb Rileys; instead of Sapphos we have some halting muses of the Della Crusca School, maundering about imagining themselves “poets of passion;” instead of Demosthenes and Pericles, we have Talmages, dramatically uttering hopeless inanities, machine-made attorneys roaring like bulls of Bashan, while jurors nod and even the “able editor” betakes him back to his shears and paste-pots in disgust; instead of Alexanders of Macedon and Leonidas the leonine we have Shermans marching to the sea, Emperor Wilhelms parading themselves as “war-lords.” We have not since “civilization” took its wondrous leap forward produced a Socrates or a Shakespeare, a Goethe or a Spinoza, a Confucius or a Christ. Here and there a pine forces its head a little way above the weltering, stifling tangle of underbrush; but such a little way that to the historian ten centuries hence looking back over the broad expanse, all will seem a dead, cold, level waste; as tiresome to the eye, as unprofitable to the soul as looking across a parched pampas,—not even the relief of rugged barbaric rocks such as were wont to spring up in the savage north in those old days of which the Sagas sing.

Our present Progress—so-called, is crushing all beauty and sweetness out of life, making a Society—even of the vast Universe—but a machine in which there is neither poetry nor wonder, but only power. Nereid and Naiad no longer ride the crested wave or haunt the cool-gushing spring; Pan's musical reeds sing no more in the dark forests, while enchanted Dryads dance.

“The Spirits of the Hills, with all their dewy hair blown back like flame,” have faded like a forgotten dream before our blazing Nineteenth century car; the rosy-fingered Houris no longer unlock the purple gateways of the Day for Tithonus' radiant bride; Selene no longer drives Diana's argent chariot beneath the gleaming stars, all happy homes of gods! Gone are the Earth Spirit and the gods of air and ocean; gone are the silent Fates and avenging Furies; sunk in the gloomy Styx is Charon's shadowy bark,—even the very Autocrat of the Universe is being slowly but surely dragged from his throne by the sacrilegious hands of modern Science.

And what do we get in return? A dead machine, a *mechanique celeste*, self-created, self-operative, to the surface of which millions of mites—the offspring of erratic and inexplicable “forces”—are tenaciously clinging; chained together by certain painfully evolved constitutions, “moral notices” generated by Necessity, “progressing”—whither? To equality; to that unhappy state where the fool will be as potent in public affairs as the philosopher,—granting that the latter does not perish from the planet as poets have done; where gold instead of God will be king; where all individual responsibility will be shifted to the broad shoulders of Society, and man, instead of a free moral agent, determining for himself what he should do and doing it, will become an irresponsible child in moral, intellectual and social leading strings,—

his whole duty plainly prescribed by vote of majorities or fiat of the King! If it take nine tailors to make a man, how many humble slaves of foolish law and stale custom requires it to make up one god-like soul?

Were not barbarism, even savagery,—with independence, freedom—better than the condition into which our super-civilization is forcing the mass of mankind? Is not the lot of the Bedouin ranging the desert; of the dusky Indian, living by the chase and breathing God's pure air, enviable when contrasted with that of millions of toilers in so-called civilized lands, slaves in the tread-mill of our great "industrial system?" What is our "material progress," "triumphs of Science," increase of wealth, etc. to the tens of millions of care-worn creatures who do not share therein, but grind, grind, early and late, from youth to old age, until the soul sinks and the body faints with fatigue—and all for the crudest creature comforts? What to them is the discovery that the world goes round the sun instead of the sun around the world, so long as they know they are going to pauper's graves? What to millions struggling for a crust, badgered and baited by Gehenna-bailiffs, stung by the scorpions of Need and Greed, lashed to frenzy by the fire-whips of ever-present Want, are the subtleties of German metaphysics! What the triumphs of mechanics when every labor-saving device but makes the individual of less and less importance in the great world's economy, circumscribes his sphere of action, makes him more and more dependent upon that Society of which he forms so unimportant a part,—less a man and more a machine!

A POLITICAL HIPPODROME.

THE Texas Democracy is just now doing the divided skirt-dance and indulging in violent saltatorial exercise for the delectation of the gallery gods. As an entertainment it is unique and interesting, but not particularly instructive. If it succeeds, however, in sickening the Texas people of partisan politics and tends to a renascence of patriotism, it will have served a good purpose. I base my hope that it will do so on an abiding faith in nature's conservation of energy—on the belief that not even the useless kick of a cayuse or an inane bray from Waco's Warwick is force altogether wasted. The dog may return to his vomit and the fool to his folly, but I am loath to believe the Texas people incapable of learning by experience, or that their stomachs are sufficiently vulturine to relish the unsavory banquet spread by their would-be political bosses.

O Democracy, how much damnsense is perpetrated in thy name!

To stand outside the party wigwam, one would suppose the fiercest family row in progress known to the history of Tin-can Court—that dishcloths and yaller crockery, hot soapsuds and sad-irons were hurtling through the shrinking atmosphere like leaden bullets at the Bridge of Lodi; but it is only the counsel for two sets of candidates gnashing of their teeth and flapping their ears, the pounding of tom-toms to inspire the mudsills, the fizz and sputter of political cannon cracking. And the people look on and yawn, the rank and file of the Democracy scarce understand what the beastly row is all about,—and don't give-a-dam.

The racket raised by these professional rag-chewers reminds me of my recent experience in a Houston hotel. I had been up until the wee sma', etc. with Brother Rankin,

planning the world's redemption and giving him a few pointers for those political harangues which he has substituted for the Sermon on the Mount, and was sleeping as though pneumatic tired, when suddenly awakened by

A terrible rattle and rumble and roar,
As tho' hell had broke loose once more,
And Sheridan down in Texas.

I thought at first that Uncle William Cameron had caught his Arizona nephew, or that Fitzsimmons' lion was devouring the cypress man on Main street. It was only Jim Lawlor's big dogs baying the royal beast, and Capt. Alsdorf Faulkner, who inadvertently strayed into the arena, protesting that he was no Roman gladiator.

The ostensible cause of all this clamor is the financial question; but it is in reality the official "phat." The udders are not sufficiently numerous to accommodate all the hungry pigs; hence there is much squealing and scrougeing; those before kicking up behnd, those behind rearing up before—the "ins" determined to remain in, the "outs" noisily impatient for a turn at the public teat. The one must have an excuse for holding on, the other a pretext for pulling the public udder out of the Culberson crowd and inserting it in itself. Such is the situation.

I opine that the contestants for public pap will find it impossible to "fool all the people all the time"—that while they are wrangling anent who shall mouth and mumble the public teat, the Populist calf will get in its gentle graft and fill itself so full of the lacteal fluid that it will resemble a Galveston mosquito that has slept with a fat man. The Texas Democracy reminds me of the Reuben who left his mule standing in the middle of the road while he adjourned to an adjacent field to have a fit. A careful farmer, after watching the fellow's convulsions a few minutes, concluded that he'd have no further use for the mule and proceeded

to appropriate it. When the Texas Democracy comes out of its convulsions its mule will be missing.

It makes not the slightest difference whether the party holds one convention or a dozen—whether it sends a delegation to Chicago instructed for mono-metalism, bimetallism or trimetalism, gold, silver, greenbacks or wildcat currency. The world would probably go on just as well—and with much less noise—if it sent no delegation at all. The party will put forth for president the man who stands the best show of making a winning, regardless of his views anent anything in the heavens or the earth, or the waters under the earth. That is “practical politics.” The chief end and aim of national conventions is the public fleshpots, political principle being a secondary consideration that may be altogether dispensed with in a pinch. The business of such a convocation is not to consider what the country needs, but rather what a particular joblot of professional pap-suckers want, and the easiest way to obtain it. It considers the “availability” of candidates rather than their fitness, and devotes its best energies to the construction of a platform that will appeal to the sentiment of the largest possible number of suckers. If the Democratic nominee is elected—which is not at all likely—he will be governed by “conditions” rather than “theories”—will pursue his own “policy” without much regard to platform pledges. Latter-day presidents have been prone to regard platform “planks” much as Sara Bernhardt does the Decalogue. Being asked if there should be an Eleventh Commandment, she promptly replied that there were ten too many already. Congressmen will do as they have ever done—reflect the prejudices and predilections of their constituents rather than enforce the edict of the national party; hence all this hullabaloo anent committing the Texas Democracy to some particular system of federal

finance is the sheerest folly—scarce rises to the economic level of a nigger debate anent forms of baptism or foreordination. Were the American people not infinitely better than the gangs in charge of the various partisan machines, we would soon see the end of the Republic.

“Democratic policy!” “Platform pledges”—rodents! Jno. J. Ingalls blurted out the unpalatable truth when he declared “honesty in politics an iridescent dream.” What’s a platform for but to get in on? If the Texas contingent in congress is on the Chicago platform of ’92, where doth the lord of the cuckoos appear? And if his three hundred pound avoirdupois be planted squarely on the median line, what kind of political heretics are a majority of our Democratic governors? Yet Dudley imagines the fate of worlds depends on his ability to patch up a free silver delegation, while Hardy is sweating blood lest the soaptails succeed in their hellish design upon our monetary system! There is much running to and fro—on free railway passes—caucusing and consultation, whereasing and resoluting—the people meanwhile reading the ICONOCLAST and planting hogs, blessedly unconscious that they are passing through a monetary maelstrom, a crisis in human history.

If I might presume to give a little disinterested advice to Dudley, Hardy, et al., it would be to this effect: *Don’t transform your undershirts into inverted parachutes.* This old world wagged along in its poor weak way for oh, so many years without the guidance of your supernal wisdom. Even the Texas Democracy withstood much storm and stress ere you had shed your diapers. Prithee, apply the soft pedal and—“let us have peace.”

If I might advise the Texas Democracy, I would say, in the language of Herr Pretzel, “Don’t get excited.” Keep cool. This is none of your funeral anyhow, but

merely a quarrel among the sutlers and other camp-followers anent the prospective spoil. "God reigns and the American nation still lives"—will continue to do so if Hardy and Dudley don't talk it to death. Whether Cassio kill Roderigo, Roderigo kill Cassio or they do kill each other, *mox nix ouse*. It is of infinitely more importance that we get a sure-enough man in the gubernatorial mansion, and a modicum of brains located in our legislative bodies, than that we send to the national convention a cooked-up delegation with some particular monetary trademark blown in the bust of its store britches. Let us sweep before our own door before ostentatiously carrying our broom abroad; let us demonstrate that we have sufficient financial gumption to keep Texas warrants at par without bankrupting the taxpayer, before attempting to teach monetary wisdom to the world.

* * *

JOHN BULL'S CHEAP BLUSTER.

MICHAEL DAVITT, in a recent communication to the London *Times*, gave John Bull the following good advice, coupled with a prophecy:

"Stop your silly swaggering before America and Germany. Nobody is deceived by all this theatrical displays of ships in the English Channel and of valor on the stage of the London music halls. All that kind of performance has been witnessed before. England acted a similar part when the United States demanded a court of arbitration for the satisfaction of justice in the Alabama claims, and history tells how ingloriously, but wisely, you backed down and willingly consented to put up your ironclads and your music-hall heroism and pay \$15,000,000 rather than risk a war with the American Republic. You will repeat the

same prudent action again and submit to President Cleveland's conditions—settlement by arbitration."

And almost immediately Salisbury declared himself an ardent advocate of the Monroe Doctrine. The Queen's speech breathed peace on earth and good will to men, Chamberlain worked off his blood-is-thicker-than-water bosh, and all the Tory organs, whose voices, like that of Norval, had been for war, began to slobber on Uncle Sam. Davitt may be neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet; but he evidently has John Bull sized up to a cent. The professional bully of the world has been served during the past few months with humble pie on three plates, and he has licked it as though he liked it. He undertook to bulldoze little Venezuela, and when Uncle Sam went out of his way to meddle in the matter, the lion roared at the eagle until the welkin rang and the echoes reverberated among the distant Rockies. Finding that the Bird o' Freedom couldn't be frightened by a beast it had twice sent to cover with his eyeballs swinging in the breeze, he ceased prancing on his hind legs with mane erect and tail churning the circumambient ether, and began to whine like a half-grown brindle pup cornered by an angry wildcat. "Those impudent Americans who are spoiling for a trouncing, with good prospect of getting accommodated," became "our trans-Atlantic brethren, upon whom to wage war were a colossal crime!" The raw talk about Canada "invading the States," and "British ironclads dictating terms of peace off New York and Boston," suddenly ceased—John Bull's "defiance unto death" became an amorous ditty, wafted on perfumed airs through Miss Columbia's lattice.

Instead of "mounting barbed steeds, to fright the souls of fearful adversaries," John Bull prefers to "caper nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute." England did not find "the ties of consanguinity"

an insuperable bar to a cruel and bloody war upon her American colonies—with the Indians as her allies; but now, that our numbers have increased from three to seventy millions, and our wealth and prowess become the wonder of the world, she discovers that we are “her children”—“feels for us a mother’s affection”!

“The little cat played on a silver flute,
And the big cat sat and listened;
The little cat’s strains gave the big cat pains,
And a tear on his eyelid glistened.”

After England had, for two centuries, systematically robbed the industrious Dutch of South Africa, the German “war lord” intimated that the damnable despoilation had to cease—and it did. John Bull made a grandstand play anent the Armenian massacres and sent ships of war to “stop the slaughter”—and pick up a few provinces if the Ottoman Empire went to pieces; but Abdul Hamid—knowing that, by unfurling the sacred banner of the Prophet, he could call ten million armed fanatics to his aid—paid no attention to the bluff. The murderous Kurd continued to get in his graft, and finally Lord Salisbury protested to the Christian world that “Great Britain really was powerless, in spite of all her resources, to do more than had been done”—which was simply to remain at a respectable distance and chew the rag. She could only “use her moral influence” to stop the massacres—which were equivalent to firing a string of Y.M.C.A. resolutions at a Kansas cyclone. Joe Chamberlain thought, however, that Great Britain would not be so “powerless” to stop the atrocities in the Orient if America would come to her aid, and invited Columbia to join the mother country in “a good cause.” England is ever ready to wage war on petty nations regardless of whether their peoples be John Bull’s

brethren, or some other fellow's kith and kin. She never lets slip an opportunity to turn her guns loose on defenseless savage tribes who object to giving her their gold; but when, single-handed and alone, has she tackled a first-class power? Take from her the Scottish and Irish troops, and she would not dare assail the single state of Texas. There is no more fight in John Bull than in a jack-rabbit. He is a professional flunker, the national Falstaff.

* * *

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PREDICTION.

WEBSTER declared it "the part of political wisdom to found government on property; and to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government."

With all his wisdom, Webster did not—could not—foresee that wealth might be concentrated in the hands of the few despite the wisest laws respecting its "transmission and alienation." The following quotation is from his famous speech, delivered in 1820, the second anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Improved machinery had not then crushed out the independent artisan; labor had not yet become the helpless bond-slave of capital—the Creator still stood upright in the presence of his creature. Class legislation was practically unknown, and all men were equal before the law. Vast railway corporations did not then exist to control legislation, and Wall Street had not learned the art of selling by a short and buying by a long yard by the simple expedient of juggling the measure of value. Quite naturally, Webster cast his eye along the vistas of European history, seeking to gather from the mistakes of the past lessons for the future. Quite naturally,

he imagined that the abolition of the baneful law of primogeniture and the equal division of inheritances among heirs would assure something like an equality of wealth proportionate to commercial talent. While he did not see the rocks in the path of the new Republic, he realized full well that a nation could not long endure if its inhabitants were divided into two great classes, the very rich and the very poor. This additional extract from the speech already quoted, will be read by thoughtful men of to-day with peculiar interest:

“ The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable, if the tendency of the laws were to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands, and render the great mass of the people dependent and penniless. In such a case the popular power would be likely to break in upon the rights of property, or else the influence of property to limit and control the exercise of popular power. Universal suffrage, for example, could not long exist in a community where there was great inequality of property. The holders of estates would be obliged, in such case, in some way to restrain the right of suffrage, or else such right of suffrage would, before long, divide the property. In the nature of things, those who have not property, and see their neighbors possess much more than they think them to need, cannot be favorable to laws made for the protection of property. When this class becomes numerous it grows clamorous. It looks on property as its prey and plunder, and is naturally ready, at all times, for violence and revolution.”

Had Mr. Webster waited three-quarters of a century to make that speech he would have had the pleasure of seeing himself denounced in the thick-and-thin Cleveland organ as an “anarchist.” The very conditions which he solemnly declared could not long exist in conjunction with universal

suffrage, prevail to-day, and that to an extent such as he could scarce have dreamed of; while the bloody labor riots, the wholesale destruction of property by the proletaire, the frequent attempts upon the lives of millionaires, the spirit of repudiation rife among debtors, and the general unrest—not to say desperation—that is taking possession of the people, proclaim how accurately the Colossus of the North reasoned from cause to effect. If it be true that revolutions never go backward, the child is now born that will see a more equitable division of wealth or witness a monarch enthroned in the chair of Washington. We, who toil with hand or brain, and hoard our scant wage against the proverbial rainy day, are standing in the twilight; but whether of glorious morn or Cimmerian night, who shall presume to say? We know only that

“The old order changeth; yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways.”

We know that here we cannot linger long; that we cannot serve two masters—that we cannot, will not remain both political sovereigns and industrial slaves. We know that we must rule the wealth we have created at the forge and in the field, or be ruled by it with a rod of iron. We stand hesitating between the daylight and the dark. Men and brethren, which shall it be?

* * *

Times must be dreadfully close in Fort Worth. The ICONOCLAST is informed that several Shylocks have been doing a brisk business loaning money at 10 per cent. a month. It is further said that a prominent banker of Pantherville has been staking one of these bloodsuckers, loaning him money at 5 per cent. a month, which was reloaned at 10, and that when he demanded a settlement with his pal the latter actually had the audacity to plead

the usury act and pocket all the swag. Yet we're expected to believe that "there's honor among thieves"!

If the state election were held to-day, Dan Stuart could be made governor of Texas by fifty thousand majority. Cause why? He's "on the level"—he's every inch a man. Because the people know that, whatever may be his faults, he's no trimmer, policy-player or hypocrite. Because they know that Dan Stuart never betrayed a trust—and that's more than can be said for "our heroic young Christian governor."

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WILLY WALLY TO WED.

THE dispatches announce that William Waldorf Astor and Lady Randolph Churchill are to wed. It is an eminently proper arrangement. Willy Wally is a three-ply, gold-plated chump, while Jennie is—well, she's aunt to the Jook of Marlborough. That's the polite way of putting it. Many years ago old Johann Jakob Astor drifted hither from Deutschland, an honest, wooden-shoed plebeian who was not averse to holding a gentleman's horse for a few stray coppers. He embarked in the skin business and proved himself a skinner from Skinville. He managed to get possession of considerable land on Manhattan island when it was worth about two coon skins or a pint o' Jamaica rum per acre, and the growth of New York enhanced its value until his posterity realized the old Hindu proverb anent "white parasols and elephants mad with pride." Willy Wally, the blue-blooded descendant of Johann Jakob the skin artist, found America too blawsted vulgah for a gentleman of his kidney, and moved to "Lunnon" where he might breathe a more refined atmos-

phere. Lady Churchill was Jennie Jerome of New York. Her daddy had so many scads that Jennie couldn't find an American sovereign quite good enough to share her boudoir, so bought a British subject of the Marlborough breed, and at once proceeded to cut a swath in "Lunnon" society as wide as a McCormick reaper. One day Lord Randolph caught her in the company of Prince Collars-and-Cuffs, and they were not holding a sacred song service nor engaged in silent prayer. Instead of creating a hiatus in the royal family, the "injured husband," like J. Coleman Drayton, preferred to go bury his sorrow. He took a trip around the world, and after hitting every opium joint en route, gave up the ghost. He is supposed to have died of a broken heart, but I much doubt whether any of the spawn of old John Churchill and Sarah Jennings were gifted with such an organism. But Lord Randolph was the best of the breed. If he didn't kill his wife's paramour, he was at least one titled cuckold not proud of his horns. Willy Wally has wealth, but he smells of the butchershop and the hidehouse. He wants a coat-of-arms; but it would never do to adopt therefor a calf's head regardant, a raccoon couchant and a bottle of rum rampant. Lady Churchill has a title that will gild the wooden shoes of old Johann Jakob and transform the effluvia of his hidehouse into odors of Araby the Blest. They are both self-expatriated Americans, ashamed of their country. And it may be remarked, *en passant*, that their country is heartily ashamed of them. It is a case of true reciprocity, of that fair exchange which is no robbery. Willy Wally wants a wife; or thinks he does, which amounts to the same thing, and does not object to accepting one who has hung on princes' favors. Collars-and-Cuff's having died of a disease frequently mentioned in the advertising columns of religious weeklies, Lady Churchill

must make other arrangements. By all means let 'em marry. They can then invite Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton, nee Astor, to take up her abode with them. She would make a fine running-mate for the erstwhile Jennie Jerome.

* * *

THE CUBAN STRUGGLE.

I do not know what kind of political moon-calf or economic monstrosity the ides of next November will foist upon the nation; but sincerely trust that the animal will possess sufficient sense to see the folly of permitting Cuba, the key to the Mexican Gulf, remaining longer under a foreign flag. Uncle Sam might as wisely turn the combination of his strong box over to aliens. The law of self-preservation is paramount even to the international code. While Spain holds Cuba as a province she has the right to transfer it to Great Britain or any other first-class power, hence it is imperative that we confiscate if we cannot purchase it at a fair price. Spain has already forfeited all right to the island by unbounded rapacity and unbridled oppression. Columbia poses as the patron of liberty, the champion of the world's oppressed; yet, while she is forcing herself into a petty boundary dispute two thousand miles distant, and bulldozing the unspeakable Turk because of Armenian atrocities, she suffers a semi-savage European nation to plunder and oppress a brave and spirited people at her very door. Albeit they are our friends and neighbors, she does not so much as recognize their right to wield the sword in their own defense. She patrols her ports lest American citizens should do for Cuba what Lafayette, DeKalb and a thousand other brave souls did for us in our darkest hour—draw around her infant flag the fiery circle of Freedom! Yet, Columbia is

the patron of human liberty—when not busy planting hogs!

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

FOR governor, George Clark. Platform, "All things to all men and nothing to nobody."

The French Republic is in the throes of another "crisis." Even Barney Gibbs has his troubles.

The A. P. Apes appear to have climbed a telegraph pole by mistake, instead of the political cocoanut palm.

Senator Tillman appears to have completely paralyzed those flunkeys who take for their motto, "The king can do no wrong."

James J. Corbett has adopted Dr. Riddle's plan of long-range fighting. It is much the safest, but not very productive of glory.

Governor Ahumada of Chihuahua can give Governor Culberson of Texas pointers in the gentle art of making grandstand plays.

It is difficult to determine whether Cleveland or Corbett can make the rawest war-talk. Yet when called upon to fight they both sent substitutes.

It is noticeable that Cleveland's "popular loan" didn't drop many plums beyond the sacred precincts of Wall Street. But the big bond clippers had to pay a better

price than when the president permitted them to fix it—
as the reward of patriotism.

Benjamin Harrison declares that he will not be a presidential candidate. An old man wedded to a young woman is apt to have troubles enough without puttering around in politics.

Rev. Sam Jones says that Bob Ingersoll fears to meet him in joint debate. Doubtless. A self-respecting pointer pup would dodge what Dan Malven calls "the pole-cat of the pulpit."

The wraith of the "dead and buried free silver fallacy" appears to be revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon, and causing Chairman Hardy's hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

If this reading out of the party continues, there'll be nobody left inside the Democratic citadel, but Gov. Culberson and the ICONOCLAST. And Charlie cannot play even a reasonably interesting game of poker.

With the assistance of Gen. Mabry and the rangers, Governor Culberson was able to get back from El Paso without shedding his diamond stud. The rangers come a trifle high, but we must have 'em.

Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson, of the governor's staff, did not accompany her chief to the El Paso battlefield. They have no side-saddles on the frontier, and Rebecca is far too modest to straddle a bucking cayuse.

The googoo press is inexpressibly shocked by Quay's presidential aspirations. He is not more corrupt than Deacon Wanamaker and Brother Harrison, who profited by his chicanery. And he has infinitely more brains.

The *Gal-Dal* has Geo. Clark by the collar and is trying to pull him out of the party, while the "sound money" committee is holding him back by the coat-tails. Easy gents; don't spill the sawdust out of our political doll.

The Dallas preachers will lend their valuable endorsement to the semi-centennial project, if guaranteed the exclusive privilege of "working the crowd" on Sunday.

The Chicago *Tribune* congratulates the Woman's Club of that city upon the admission of a colored woman to full membership. Having thus conceded intellectual and social equality to the odoriferous coon, the *Tribune* editor cannot consistently object to wedding a coal-black wench and rearing a brood of half-breeds.

After all the mugwumps and Anglo-maniacs had turned up their little proboscides at President Cleveland's position in the Venezuelan matter, the Queen steps to the front, supported by Salisbury and Chamberlain, and announces that our Grover was eminently correct. Slow curtain, sneaking music and watery moonlight.

If Nansen has discovered the North Pole it simply demonstrates that "some things can be done as well as others." That is the world's reward for feeding its fools to the polar bears for the past forty years. Now that we have the pole, we cannot utilize it to prop a clothesline

nor rent advertising space thereon for four dollars a year to patent medicine proprietors or gents' furnishers.

There will be no war with England. The Anglo-maniacs can continue to turn up their "twousahs when it is raining in Lunnon" without being apprehended by excited patriots and shot as spies. Our dream of glory has gone glimmering. Instead of coaxing immortality out of the cannon's bung with a corkscrew, we will shuck our regimentals with a sigh and plunge once more into the lowly cotton-patch.

A Gainesville preacher named Hill, who is gadding about delivering alleged humorous lectures, recently declined to attend the funeral of a child that had died of scarlet fever, but poked "consolation" to the bereaved parents through the front fence. Of course he believes that there's a better land beyond the grave; but he is taking precious good care not to go to it so long as he can help it.

The ICONOCLAST always gives credit where credit is due. The Cleveland administration may have bankrupted the treasury, increased our bonded indebtedness and played the devil with business; but, praise God! it has saved the nation several dollars by sitting down on the free-seed fake, helped Venezuela out of the hole, and prevented Alkali Pete of New Mexico being contaminated by Dan Stuart's feather-pillow pugilists.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll says that liberty is his religion. That sounds well; but it is arrant nonsense just the same. Liberty is negative while religion is positive; the first is passive, the latter is active. He might as well say that permission to plant constitutes a valuable crop, that free-

dom to marry is equivalent to a female boss and fifteen bairns. Col. Ingersoll is a great man, but would be greater could he trade some of his empty eloquence for fruitful ideas.

One day the Bostonese assembled in Faneuil Hall and threatened to come down here and lick Texas until she resembled a skinned maverick unless we accorded better treatment to the "colored brother," and the next Boston's leading hotel flatly refused accommodations to a colored bishop. Evidently Boston's plea for nigger equality is not intended for home consumption. The Hub should absorb more beef and fewer beans. She offends the atmosphere.

Gladstone has declined an offer of a dollar a word to "write an article on any subject" for the *Metropolitan Magazine*. Grand Old Man! At last the aristocracy of brains has administered a withering rebuke to the impudence of boodle. The magazines have long been "tuft-hunting" rather than seeking literary talent. They have bought "celebrities" in blocks-of-five, paying big prices for anything that bore their names, even though written by their valets. Gladstone was too great a man to lend himself to the pitiful trick of the magazine trade—to suffer himself to be utilized as an "ad." The *Metropolitan* might secure an article from Blind Tom on "The Origin of the Human Intellect," or from Jack the Ripper on "The Ethics of Civilization"; but Mr. Gladstone is not for sale—not even at a dollar a word, with privilege of selecting his own subject.

AMELIE'S NEW MARRIAGE.

IT is currently reported that Amelie Rives Chanler, the she-male exponent of "passion" has remarried. The news is not surprising. A woman who writes the sensuous rot in which Amelie revels could not long exist without the daily companionship of some biped in breeches. Amelie is to be pitied rather than reproached. Her writings convict her of chronic nymphomania. Instead of being damned, a woman thus afflicted should be sent to a doctor. Mr. Chanler is a hard-headed business man and courteous gentleman, who supposed that he was simply getting married, when he was really entering into a government contract. Circumstances over which he had no control seem to have compelled him to cancel it. Unlike the Roman sentinel of Herculaneum, he was unwilling to brave the resistless tide of molten lava and perish at his post. A man with a properly constructed head demands something more in a wife than mere animalism. Anacreontics are well enough for dessert, but a poor excuse for a steady diet. He wants love that is not lechery and companionship that is not all concupiscence. He demands a worship that is not all drule and social intercourse that is not nine parts slobber. To Mr. Chanler life was real, life was earnest; to Amelie it was one long sensuous dream; and so they separated. Amelie's second mash is "Prince" Troubetzkoi, whom she seems to have met shortly before applying for a divorce from her matter-of-fact husband, who insisted upon snatching a few brief moments from "love's burnings and raptures" to attend to business. I have not the pleasure of the "Prince's" acquaintance—he doesn't move in my set; but I am pleased to learn that he is "more than six

feet tall, of powerful physique, and in the prime of life." He is evidently the very man for the amorous Amelie. The bridegroom appears to be a Russ or Polander, who is something of a dabster in art and dilettante in letters. Having been reared on train-oil and tallow candles, he should have a strong stomach, and make America's great female decadent an acceptable husband. Amelie's favorite subject is love; but she has demonstrated by her own life that she knows absolutely nothing about it. She is simply the exponent of the grossest animalism. A woman who has two husbands in a twelvemonth is a stranger to that sentiment which makes a war-horse linger at the dead soldier's side and the faithful dog starve himself upon his master's grave. The woman who will pass from the bed of one lord to that of another within the year, is privileged to sing of Passion; but when she prattles of Love she casts a shadow upon the sun.

* * *

A TEXAS SINGER.

A GREAT many curious things come drifting in to the ICONOCLAST through the mails. Sometimes it is a letter of a dozen closely written pages, apropos of nothing; sometimes a dollar bill or a dun, and occasionally "a little bunch of roses" tied with a blue ribbon. When a man is not prepared to send his subscription, he forwards his moral support. Among the recent arrivals is a musical composition by Thos. Bowers, Jr., of Houston, entitled "Nobody Wants to Play With Me." On the front elevation is a picture of a female whose name I disremember. She was probably intended for a beauty, but God's hand slipped. If she is the party fling the complaint I must commend the taste of the public. I wouldn't play with her on compulsion—not unless the moon was behind a

cloud. Mr. Bowers is a Texas journalist who has been dallying with the muses while the rest of us were wielding the Archimedean lever and preaching unadulterated Democracy. I don't know why Tom sent his music to me. Perhaps he thought I would try to play it on the accordeon and get killed; yet I always treated him right. It may be good music for aught I know. I am not much of an expert on hymnology. I used to keep time with an ax on hickory logs to the rhythmic pulsing of

“Yankee doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy.”

I kept it up, but it was a sheer case of have to. And I wasn't much of a dandy, either. I once manipulated a bass drum in an amateur band that was eventually suppressed by the police; still I do not set myself up as a connoisseur in secular melody. I frankly confess that what I don't know about music would make a very large book. Mr. Bowers may be the he-Sappho of his time, the sweet singer of the century for aught I know to the contrary. The fact that the popular soubrettes are making a great hit with his songs is strong circumstantial evidence in his favor. Somebody who realizes how close a popular singer gets to the pericardiac envelope of the public, has said, “Let me write a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws.” I wish Mr. Bowers success. May he prove a second Orpheus or Amphion, and turn the world topsy-turvy with his melodious tra-la-la-loo.

* * *

ROGER LAWSON'S BOMBSHELL.

HON. ROGER LAWSON FULTON, for many years mayor of Galveston, and occasionally “mentioned” for the governorship, keeps close tab on the Texas politicians—“one

of whom he is which." Just at present he is down by the sad sea waves in close communion with a can of dynamite and a carload of scrap-iron, building an adult bombshell which he proposes to insert under the coat-tails of various "sound money" men. He is avowedly writing a "Campaign Handbook" for use of the soap-tails, or free silverites, and promises to make it "the hot stuff." I have been favored with advance sheets, sent by mail under special seal, in an asbestos pouch, labeled "This Side Up With Care." The book, when completed, is calculated to make its own paper covers curl and set divers and sundry shirt-tails on fire. In the opening chapter Capt. Fulton pulls the "deadly parallel" on Waco's Warwick and the *Gal-Dal News*, proving that the former was a fiatist not five years ago, the latter a rantankerous free silverite, employing the identical arguments that Mrs. Lease, Peffer, Pap Reagan and Cyclone Davis do to-day. In 1891 Geo. Clark—in whose bonnet the gubernatorial bee was then buzzing—demanded "cheap money," and was willing that the government issue "three billion dollars" of irredeemable treasury notes, while the *Gal-Dal*, commenting on this remarkable utterance, practically endorsed it and recommended it as mutual ground upon which the Populists and Democrats could meet to combat the insolence of the Eastern money power! All this is matter of record. The only thing that surprises me is that Capt. Fulton should suppose it a revelation to the Texas people—that he should imagine they care a continental how often the *Gal-Dal* changes its "point of view," or what kind of financial capers the "Little Joint" cuts before high Heaven. Every effect must have an efficient cause. The *Gal-Dal* was uproariously for "the money of the constitution" until Cleveland took Col. Belo fishing and permitted him to spit on the royal bait. From that day it has had but

one article in its confession of faith, and that reads "Grover is always right." Clark went even further than Hogg in his bid for Populist votes, and failing to get them is now playing Coriolanus and camping before the gates of the political Rome. He has taken for his motto, *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, which, construed into the Texas vernacular, simply means that he'll be accepted as a little tin Jesus, or he'll shoot out the lights. Capt. Fulton should not bear down too hard on the little man. I used to put the gaffles into him occasionally in a good-natured way, but got ashamed of myself. It was just like striking a blind girl—he couldn't do anything but cry. The eulogist of John Wilkes Booth has told us that "consistency is the virtue of fools." I find no fault with Mr. Clark for changing his financial views—for aspiring to be valuable simply as a political weathervane; but it does seem to me that having publicly proclaimed Hogg "a better Democrat" than himself, he should not try to read James Stephen out of the party. Having recommended fiatism as a bridge by which the Populists might get into the Democratic party, it pains me to see the *Gal-Dal* chiding the "sound money" men for not bolting because the state executive committee favors the free coinage of silver.

* * *

A LONG FELT WANT.

THE sending of Editor Dunlop of the Chicago *Dispatch* to the penitentiary was a crime against the inmates of Joliet. It was unconstitutional, in that it subjects them to cruel and unusual punishment. They are criminals, it is true; but they should not be confined with a pole-cat, and compelled to breathe contagion. They were sent to prison for reformatory as well as punitive purposes, and how can

they become better men while thrown in contact with such an avatar of moral rottenness? The *Dispatch* was simply an incarnate fetor, a printed stench born in the diseased brain of Dunlop. It was even worse than the "personal" column of the *Houston Post* before the **ICONOCLAST** compelled its reformation, worse than the unclean imaginings of Rev. S. L. Morris. It was the phallic symbol of the ten-cent dive. It was the envious snail which rested not until it left its slime upon the snowy marble. It was the Judas Iscariot of journalism, the hyena that prowled by night, affrighting the innocent and feasting with hellish joy on human hearts. There should be a moral pest-house provided for such creatures as Dunlop of the *Dispatch* and Price of the *A. P. A. Magazine*. The first made vice appear like white-stoled virtue and prostitution respectable compared with his own intellectual putrescence; the last was caught peddling obscene pictures to little girls. Such cattle should be segregated, that they corrupt not common criminals—should be herded by themselves like rotting lepers, or killed off as human lice. If the government will not provide a separate prison for criminals guilty of such unnatural sins against society, I will do so at my own expense, if it will give Price and Dunlop life sentences and incarcerate them in the same cell.

* * *

THE PASSING OF PINKIE.

I UNDERSTAND that Epictetus Paregoric Hill—known to his intimates as Pinkie, because he looks somewhat like a Chinese lantern—has "sold" the *Houston Post* to Miss Rebecca Merlindy Johnson and a couple of young pages who have been carrying her train for some years past. Pinkie has passed out of the hustle of daily journalism,

leaving a hiatus as large as Symme's Hole. We shall probably never see his like again, for the good God seldom bequeaths two such geniuses to one generation. Pinkie was an unconscious humorist, scarce equaled by Mesdames Partington and Malaprop. When he seized a stylus and began to untangle international complications, or dispose of knotty problems of federal finance, an hilarious joy o'erspread the work-weary face of modern journalism. And now, alas! he has put pencil, pad and paste-pot far from him, hath hid his effulgent light beneath a bushel, and the great world is wrapped in gloom. The polar star of the politicians hath been blotted from the heavens; the guide, philosopher and friend of such inchoate statesmen as Gladstone and Bismarck hath retired from the council chamber to some inaccessible cave, and congress stands helpless and hopeless, listening in vain for the voice of the oracle. The sun continues to rise and set, the tides to follow fair Phoebe's car around the rolling earth, but in a purely perfunctory manner, as though they realized there was something wrong—that the masterhand had been removed from the helm. Life seems scarce worth the living since Pinkie's journalistic genius hath ceased to shine upon the land. He served no newspaper apprenticeship, but sprang full-grown and armed capapie into the journalistic arena—like Minerva issuing from the brow of Jove. The *Post* was looking for an "angel" and Providence sent Pinkie with a well filled purse. It is probably lighter now, but he is wealthier in wisdom. He has learned that a man must know divers and sundry things besides corporation law before he is competent to pilot a daily paper adown this bank and shoal of time without a "bust." He has learned that it requires something more than a big bank account and an inexhaustible stock of impudence to build up a successful newspaper. For how much Houston's

hungry bohemian horde pulled Pinkie's leg before he tired of putting up his boodle on the hypothesis that he was a journalistic pace-setter—was making and unmaking princes and potentates, laying down the law for principalities and powers—I know not; but he eventually sickened and "sold out." It was unkind of him to unload on Rebecca Merlindy, who had been his faithful female Achates for so many years. I suspect, however, that Pinkie gave her the *Post* to get rid of it. Being a trifle bench-legged, she could not run fast enough to avoid the blighting beneficence. I wish the new firm well. It contains every element of success if it will but practice economy. I would suggest that the three partners rent a room above the office and board themselves. Rebecca is an excellent cook, and when not cutting bias "telegrams" from Eastern papers could poach the "eggs laid by Farmer So-and-so on our editorial table." In towns like Houston, green corn, pumpkins, wedding cake and other gastronomic delicacies frequently find their way into the sanctum. Mr. Palmer could saw up the plate-matter and turn the press, while Mr. Watson, who is an expert bicyclist, could mount his machine and deliver the paper to all customers before breakfast each morning. That's the way the founders of the ICONOCLAST and the New York *Herald* had to manage when they first essayed business for themselves. Of course economy is not the shortest road to wealth, but it's the surest. But I will regret Pinkie. I will miss his cute little compositions that were wont to adorn the editorial page. I have seen nothing in American literature which I enjoyed so much as the "pieces" Pinkie used to write all by himself. They were to my mature years what "Sally in Our Alley" was to my youth. But Pinkie has passed from the tripod; our brilliant Italian sunset has faded to ashen gray; in an evil hour the great journalistic

aurora borealis has telescoped itself, and the world is desolate indeed.

* * *

A COSTLY KISS.

A PETIT jury has just rendered a verdict against a Missouri jay in the sum of \$5,000 for "kissing a woman against her will." Here's a pretty kettle of fish! When asked to osculate, a woman invariably declines. She resists pressure and says "Please don't"—even threatens to scream. How is a fellow to know whether she means it, or is merely making a grandstand play? Not every man is a mind-reader. A fellow hates to overlook a bet, and be voted a variegated chump by a pretty woman who has had her mouth puckered for him an entire week; yet if he swoops down upon the sweetness like a drunken bumble-bee rifling a red hollyhock, his pleasure is marred by visions of damage suits and public ridicule. That must give us pause and leave half the kiss crop of the country to go ungathered. Five thousand dollars for one kiss,—when the miserable usurer had oodles of 'em in stock, which she was wasting on other women and colicky kids! It doesn't look right. Five thousand—and we don't know whether he placed it where it would do the most good, lost it among her bangs, as is the custom of big brothers, or slid it down the back of her neck, *a la* the heroes of the stage. It is not even stated whether he snatched it on the fly, like a man reaching for a railroad lunch, or took half an hour to let the sweetness soak in. I have not read the evidence submitted to the court, and know not upon what the plaintiff based her plea for damages—whether it was the kiss *per se* or the manner in which the goods were delivered that constituted the *casus belli*. I rather suspect,

however, that the defendant wore a moustache through which he had been straining lager beer and mock-turtle soup; that he grabbed the plaintiff like a boy at a country fair seizing the greased shoat, mussed her hair, deranged her ribbons and crumpled her dress, only to leave on her larboard cheek a red spot smelling of plug tobacco, brilliantine and booze. Under such circumstances a woman should be awarded a million dollars damages and instructed to collect it with a shotgun. The Missouri verdict is a dangerous precedent, no doubt; still, the man who knows exactly how to kiss a pretty woman will seldom get into court. Due preparation should be made for the sacred rite by carefully calsoining the teeth, sand-papering the chin and disinfecting the breath. "Then catch your hare." Lead her out into the dewy garden about 11 P.M. and watch until the moon slides behind a cloud. Then slip one arm about her taper waist and draw her gently but firmly to your manly brisket. Of course she will murmur "Don't"; but never mind. Tilt her chin at an angle of forty-five degrees—not suddenly, as though you were trying to crack her neck, but adroitly, imperceptibly. Don't be in a hurry. Give her time to wonder what's going to happen next. Be sure the bulldog is tied and the old man comfortably settled for the night. A fellow's nerves must be in good condition to really enjoy a kiss. Now's your time. Don't peck at the persimmon like a shanghai chicken picking up corn, but settle down upon her lips like a carrier pigeon coming home to roost. Don't be in a hurry. She wants to call you a "naughty man" and threaten to "tell ma"; but don't give her a chance. She'll forget it if you only keep her mouth otherwise engaged until the moon peeps out from behind the cloud. Of course she'll tell you that you are the first man that ever kissed her,—but you ain't. She'll protest that she's real angry, but

she'll not sue you for damages. She'll be too busy looking for another cloud to even think about the courts.

* * *

PREACHERS AND FREE PASSES.

I HAVE before me a letter from a Baptist preacher, vociferously protesting against "the corrupt practice of issuing railway passes to office-holders and politicians." It doesn't appear to be exactly the proper thing; but as all the ministers are given a half-rate on most railroads, while farmers are required to pay full fare, I fail to see that they have any particular kick coming. Placing a lighter tax upon luxuries than upon necessities does not accord with my Democracy. As it costs as much to move a saint as to carry a sinner, I can explain the peculiar discrimination in behalf of the preachers only on the hypothesis that passenger agents class them as intellectual infants. Not all Baptist preachers, however, object to the issuance of passes to politicians. Brother Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, for one, considers it quite the proper thing. Once upon a time, while traveling on the I. & G. N. with a trip pass snugly ensconced in his breast pocket, he met with an accident. A piece of cuticle almost as large as an adult fly speck was torn from his royal shin. He was not so badly "disabled" that he failed to draw his salary quite regularly as secretary of a concern that systematically robs the toy savings banks of babes to provide the pagans of far lands with spiritual pabulum; but he made such a "roar" to the management of the road whose honored guest he happened to be when his shin got hurt, that he was given a thousand dollars to repair the supposed "damage." Of course the passenger agents put him on their "black-list" as a man utterly unworthy the cour-

ties of their respective companies, and for a time Jehovah Boanerges had to pay full fare or hoof it down the right o' way of the various Texas roads. Having applied to the Katy management for transportation and been curtly refused, having been told by the passenger agent of the H. & T. C. to "try Shanks' mares"; having been informed by the officials of the International & Great Northern that he would not be permitted to ride one rod on that road without coughing up the cash, he appealed to Jno. D. Rockefeller to come to the rescue of his brother Baptist. Old John is a heavy holder of railway stocks and bonds—is preëminently a man with a "pull." Jehovah Boanerges wrote that he (Cranfill) was such an important personage that he had actually been nominated by the Prohibs for vice-president. The Standard Oil magnate well knows how important it is for him to stand in with politicians, so set to work to square the abdominal doctor and actually succeeded in securing a pass for him to St. Louis. So it appears that the Baptist preachers are not a unit in opposition to "the corrupt practice of issuing railway passes to politicians." I positively decline to meddle in the matter. The reverend gentlemen must settle the controversy without my assistance.

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FINGAL'S DOG.

SOME scurvy fellow, writing in a Manchester (Eng.) paper, is having whole oodles of fun with the "Apostle's" patronymic. He says that "Bran is chiefly valuable for food for milch cows." Of course. Put into almost anything it will produce milk. He further declares that "it is small wonder this provincial scribbler snarls at the British nobility, as the only Bran mentioned in history was Fingal's

'dog.' Well, it was a smart dog, and that is more than can be said for many of the purps named in honor of England's prince. I am not to blame for the fact that my family name was popular among the Highland clans 1,700 years ago as those of various political parvenus in England to-day. If the British may testify his loyalty by naming his jackass Albert Edward and his jennet Victoria, why shouldn't Prince Fin Mac Cumbel call his favorite dog Bran—to indicate its superiority of common curs? The *Mar e Bran is e a braithair*, of Ensign Maccombich, did not, as my critic supposes, compare the young Englishman in his first tartans to a dog, but to the handsome and intrepid Chief of the powerful Clan *Slicohd nan Ivor*. In attempting to air his erudition at the expense of a "provincial scribbler," the great Henglish journalist accomplishes no more than does the scurviest bobtail billygoat when beating a retreat down an inclined plane. Such a bloody ignoramus would not be employed at tuppence a week to pick up dropped type in the office of the *ICONOCLAST*. Were my British critic half so wise as he would have the world believe, he would not refer to the legendary prince of Morven as "Fingal." He would likewise know that *Bran* in Celtic is equivalent to *Brennus* in Gallic; that it does not mean dog, but Chief or King, and that for a thousand years it was a name to conjure with in Imperial Rome. So much for "Fingal's dog"—of the British kennel. I am not opposed to nobility *per se*; but I have precious little use for the foul agglomeration of titled hobos and fortune hunters, syphilitic prostitutes and shameless cuckolds that constitute the haristocracy of Hold Hengland.

DR. RIDDLE STILL UNRAVELING.

DR. RIDDLE, of Waxahachie, recently preached a sermon from the sensational text: "Why Bob Ingersoll is Permitted to Live." As a sacred headline architect Dr. Riddle is almost equal to Sin-Killer Griffin, whose oratorical *chef d'œuvre* is entitled, "The Child Sneezed Seven Times"; but can scarce be compared to Stump Ashby, who, before exchanging the pulpit for politics, was wont to take for his text, "We're in a Hell of a Fix." But Dr. Riddle is young yet. If he doesn't waste too much of his brain-power scribbling for the Waxahachie *Daily Squirt*, and concentrates all his wonderful vigor on one vocation, the race for the immortal bays will clearly lie between him and the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter. Sancho Panza's joy at finding his beloved Dapple were as naught to mine on discovering the Rev. Jeremiah Bustamente Riddle. I needed him in my business. That I should find him seems nothing short of a special dispensation of Providence. It was just like winning seven consecutive times at faro, or getting money from home. "Why Bob Ingersoll is Permitted to Live." I am sorry I didn't hear that sermon. Why didn't Dr. Riddle wire me, that I might hie me in hot haste to Waxahachie and sit beneath the droppings of his sanctuary? "Pagan Bob" was touring Texas at the time, and I should have persuaded him to attend. The great agnostic would have enjoyed such a feast of reason and flow of soul as Dr. Riddle is capable of when he girds up his sacred surcingle and forces his lung-power through his face. "Bob" has been trying for more than forty years to find out not only why he is here, but whence he came and whither he goes. And Dr. Riddle could have told him all about it—could have made it translucent as Ellis County mud! Information pours out of Dr. Riddle like water out of a

pump—all that seems necessary is suction. If he will send me that sermon I will print it—with annotations—in the next issue of the ICONOCLAST, and thus preserve the priceless morceau to posterity. I will even pay space rates for the blessed privilege of spreading such an intellectual treat before a million Americans. It is barely possible that Dr. Riddle did not write that important sermon down and practice it before an amorous looking-glass. I fear that he even forgot to "get his pictur taken" in the act of making the effort of his life for the delectation of a few ossified dodos. He may have "just made it up out of his head" while Deacon Twogood snored softly in the amen-corner and Priscilla Oldmaid took a mental inventory of her neighbor's new bonnet, or put up a silent prayer that the Lord in his infinite mercy would send her a man. Dr. Riddle could do it dead easy, for he hath a great head. That's why he does all his fighting by mail and telegraph—threatens to cowhide editors, then crawls behind his Christ. "Why Bob Ingersoll is Permitted to Live." Ye gods! To think that Dr. Riddle knows, and "Bob" doesn't. Verily Mrs. Hemans wrote wiser than she knew when she declared that,

"Beast and bird have seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not."

Dr. Riddle is a bird; that's where he has the advantage of "Bob."

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RECTOR PAGE'S PROTEST.

REV. FRANK PAGE is rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Waco, Texas, and is a most worthy man. While his name does not adorn the subscription list of the ICONO-

CLAST, he is evidently a close reader of its religious reflections, for he is slowly, but surely developing into an idol breaker—is already talking like a man who does not fear the truth. I am informed by one of his parishioners that he recently preached a sermon that gave swell sassietty the cold shivers—that he intimated pretty broadly that some of the members of his flock were too much addicted to the pleasant pastime of chewing each other in back parlors at a time when respectable people should be abed, and that, as a natural sequence of this midnight swapping of slobber, several very nawsy scandals had reached his saintly ears and weighed heavy upon his heart. He further intimated—so runs the tale—that members of his congregation of both sexes, are in the habit of looking upon the wine when it is red and rolling home from social functions at unseemly hours, drunker than Billybedamned, and mixed up in closed carriages and night hacks worse than Byron's horses and riders “in one red burial blent.” I trust that matters are not nearly so bad as Rector Page appears to suppose. It would grieve me much to think that any of the ladies who sit beneath the droppings of the Episcopal sanctuary are so indiscreet as to tarry with their male company in darkened parlors until long past the witching hour when graveyards are supposed to yawn and ghostesses butt their heads against postesses. I should dislike to think that any of them are devotees of Bacchus, or mistake St. Paul's injunction to take a little wine for the stomach's sake for license to get on a hilarious jag and indulge in the giddy skirt dance for the delectation of driveling dudes. I trust that all the Episcopal brethren succeed in keeping their brains above their bellybands when champagne corks are popping, and that all the sisters are models of propriety; still, Brother Page's sermon, as reported to me, suggests that there may be some rather shaky people even in the

Protestant Episcopal Church. In England and various portions of America it is preëminently the fashionable church—and upper-tendom is corrupt to the very core. Gambling, drunkenness and other forms of debauchery are all too common in the “highest social circles” of every modern city; and the worst feature of it all is that a general knowledge of these facts is not incompatible with social leadership. If a man have money he may be as unprincipled as Caliban; if a woman possess wealth she may be foul as Sycorax and still be warmly welcomed into the inmost circles of the most “select society.” Charity may cover a multitude of sins; but the almighty dollar gilds even moral guano with supernal glory. Men as guiltless of moral character as Uriah Heep; women who would disgrace a Whitechapel dive or add fresh horrors to “Hell’s Half-Acre” may not infrequently be found floating on the highest social wave. Every member of the community knows them to be morally rotten; yet all doors fly wide at their approach—their advent is hailed as a distinguished honor in every home. High and low, rich and poor, the Titans of intellect and the groveling ignorami bow and scrape to the gilded thieves and private prostitutes who should be given time to leave town. No wonder that penniless dudes are eager to acquire a spike-tail coat and enter “swell society.” A moneyless man is an unwelcome visitor in the “Reservation,” but in “our higher social circles” salvation’s free. If Brother Page has been investigating the “hupper suckles” of almost any American city I am not much surprised that his nose, like that of Trinculo, should be in a state of indignation; still it is a novelty worthy of remark that a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church—which depends so largely for its revenue upon the ultra-fashionables—should presume to call attention to the fact that drunkenness was prohibited

by the Hebrew lawgivers and fornication regarded by the Apostles as more than a venial fault. It is possible that the evil of which Brother Page complains is but an outcropping of atavism that will quickly pass; for it must be remembered that the Protestant Episcopal Church was founded by a Blue Beard and fostered by a bawd. Having been incontinently kicked out of the Catholic Church, Henry VIII became the Dalia Lama of a schism, with Bishop Cranmer as Chief Talapoin. The religious "establishment" set up by the most corrupt of princes, was ably supported by Queen Elizabeth, supposed to have been with the possible exception of Semiramis and Catherine of Russia—the most lecherous old heifer that ever went unhung. But the foulest stream will purify itself by flowing far; the children of the *canaille* sometimes rise to civic eminence; the great blush rose, deep rooted in a pile of compost, transforms its unsavory nourishment into pleasing color and sweet perfume. I cannot but think that a church which discarded the bachelor Pope and took the muchly married King Henry for its head—builded upon him as a second St. Peter—has already risen somewhat superior to its origin.

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THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

THE United States of America is the wealthiest nation in the world. Columbia can "buy and sell" any of her contemporaries. Her wealth exceeds by more than a thousand million dollars that of Great Britain and Spain combined. She can buy and pay for Russia, Italy, Spain and Belgium at one and the same time, and still have enough money left to build a navy such as never sailed the sea, to arm and equip seven million fighting men. Yet John Bull

has threatened to spank Br'er Jonathan, and even Italy talked of calling him to account with a few old iron tubs! Here are the figures, approved by the leading financial journals of Europe, giving the tangible wealth of the leading nations of the world in the year 1890: United States, more than 61 billion dollars; Great Britain, 47 billions; France, 43 billions; Germany, 32 billions; Russia, $25\frac{1}{2}$ billions; Italy, 15 billions, and Spain, 13 billions. Reduced to \$20 gold pieces, the wealth of the United States would belt the world fifty times, with enough left over to buy the city of London and blow that modern Sodom into the sea. The wealth of the United States has wonderfully increased during the past half dozen years, while that of England has practically remained in *statu quo*, hence the difference is much greater than the foregoing figures indicate. Wealth has ever constituted "the sinews of war." It does so to-day more than ever before. The day of personal prowess on the battlefield is practically a thing of the past; it is now a question of who can pay for the best ships and the most effective guns. America can do this; ergo, America is the world's master. John Bull has the most powerful navy and could, for a few months, harry our coast; but Uncle Sam could block up the entrance to one of his numerous bays, build a fleet greater than his enemy could possibly pay for, then send it forth to take the British Isles in part payment for the damage done. But it is urged that this nation is deep in debt. Granted; but its contemporaries are even more artistically tarred with the same stick. In 1890 the public debt of the United States amounted to \$14.63 per capita—and Americans exceed all other peoples in wealth-creating and debt-paying capacity. The per capita debt of Great Britain and Ireland was \$87.79; of France, \$116.35; of Austro-Hungary, \$70.34; of Prussia, \$37.03; of Russia, \$30.79.

The provinces of Great Britain are even worse burdened with debt than is the mother country, the per capita ranging from \$333.46 in Queensland to \$49.51 in Canada. Neither Great Britain nor her provinces can or will ever get out of debt—all their creditors hope for is the interest. Uncle Sam can easily discharge all his obligations in five years—less than \$3 per year per capita. But it is said that a great deal of American property is owned abroad. True; but what the devil do we care who owns it while the taxes levied thereon go into our coffers—so long as we can confiscate it, if need be, and employ it to drill large rectangular holes through its proprietors? The property is here—more than seventy-five billions of it in this year of grace—and every penny of it is subject to American law—can be employed to the last farthing in defense of our flag. That is a fact which our Anglo-maniacal friends (?) too often forget. Another thing: the British journals are rejoicing that “America’s war talk cost her a billion dollars by depreciation in her stocks and bonds.” From the eagerness to take the last federal loan, and the price at which it was placed, it does not appear that we have suffered very seriously. Bonds and stocks are not wealth—they are only evidences of indebtedness. If it be true, as claimed, that our bonds and stocks are chiefly owned in England, and that their value has been shaved a billion dollars by the war scare, I cannot see where John Bull’s laugh comes in. We are a billion dollars ahead and he is a billion dollars behind, according to my arithmetic. We have the property and he holds the depreciated bonds. If we can reduce our foreign indebtedness a billion dollars by twisting the lion’s tail, suppose we continue to tie double bow-knots in it until we do not owe our trans-Atlantic cousin a dollar. It appears that we can make more money baiting Britain’s royal beast than by planting

hogs. John Bull is giving an imitation of a man who goes on a hilarious jag because his house burned down when he had no insurance.

* * *

PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE.

A HACKNEYED subject?

Sure!

Everybody, from Dr. Adam Smith to Rebecca Merlindy Johnson has taken a fall out of it; and still the Gordian knot defies the fingers of the foolish—awaits the sword of an Alexander.

I have dodged the question, simply because everybody else was talking about it, and each and all appeared to understand it so perfectly—and differently—that there was really nothing more to be said. At last, however, I have been dragged into controversy by the coat-tails, when I would much rather discuss unkissed kisses and unsung songs. A gentleman writes from Ballinger to the effect that a dispute has arisen there regarding my position on this supposedly important question, and asks that I spill a little kerosene upon the troubled waters by stating what I may think that I think about it.

I think that this whole controversy is simply an aggravated case of *Much Ado About Nothing*. It reminds me of the quarrel between Calvin and Servetus as to whether Christ is “the eternal Son of God” or “the son of the Eternal God.” It is another case of *Homoiousianism* vs. *Homoousianism*. It has often been a great political issue but never an economic question of paramount importance. The press and politicians have wrangled over it and drenched their celluloid collars with perspiration, as though it were some new and greater *Œdipusean* riddle which the

nation must rede if it would avoid commercial death and industrial damnation.

If every "tariff wall" in this world should collapse—like those of Jericho before the horn-blowing and bellowing of the Democratic Israel—they would not long be missed. If every foot of *terra firma*, with the exception of these United States, were sunk a thousand fathoms into the sea, thereby depriving us forever of foreign trade and trans-Atlantic competition, it would not check our onward march. Our bull would still gender, our cow still calve, the sheep and goats continue to crop the rich herbage on a thousand hills. God would still give to us the night and the morning, the seed-time and the harvest. The emerald plains of the mighty North would grow golden in the autumn glow, and the cotton fields of the mystic South burst into pearly foam beneath the sensuous kiss of the summer sun, while mine and factory and forest continued as of yore to pour their priceless treasures into the nation's purse.

This is the foremost nation of the world—the first in wealth, energy, intelligence and productive capacity per capita. The nation that long *undersells* by so much as 1 per cent. in any industry adapted to our soil and the genius of our people must *underlive* us from 10 to 50 per cent. I am not afraid to back the brawn and brain of my countrymen against the "pauper labor" of other lands. I am a mechanic, and proud of the fact that there are three trades in my fingers. I have been a contractor, and employed men from almost every clime upon which shines the sun, and I do know that in wealth-creating ability the American mechanic hasn't a peer upon the earth. Others are copyists and plodders and time-servers, whose chief ambition is to wear out the day. They seldom hope to rise above that station to which they were born.

The American never quits learning. He mocks at precedent and seeks new labor-saving plans. He aspires to make every edge cut—to utilize to the utmost every atom of force. While his feet are in the trenches, his head is among the stars. Ambition's fires beat in every drop of his blood. Wealth and honor constitute his shining goal. Hope never leaves his heart until he is ready for the pauper's grave. He is a storm-center of resistless energy, because not content while in all the earth there stands aught above him. The common laborer of America has no equal among his fellows. He will do as much in a day as will four Mexicans or three Chinamen, almost as much as two men from the slow-going countries of Continental Europe. Uncle Sam's tin-bucket brigade does not fear the "pauper labor" of far lands. Give us piece work, an even break, and we'll grow fat on beef while our competitors starve on bouillon; we'll eat pie while they are feastning on wind-pudding. The American workman wants no protection from the coolies of China, the peons of Mexico, the lazzaroni of Italy, or the anæmic wretches who crowd the garrets of London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna. The lion does not fear the louse. The American workman wants protection only from the godless greed of domestic wealth. He wants to be assured possession of all that his labor produces.

It is not my present purpose to enter into an exhaustive discussion of the problem of Protection vs. Free Trade. It is old straw that has been industriously rethreshed for more than a century, without benefiting anybody so far as I can find. It is distinctively a "local question." Everybody wants to buy in a cheap and sell in a dear market; hence the man whose products are capable of protection wants a "tariff wall," while those whose products are articles of export, are for free trade from start to finish. Calhoun was a protectionist when there was a pros-

pect that South Carolina would profit by the policy, while Webster opposed it as inimical to New England's carrying trade. The first eventually denounced it as a damnable economic heresy, while the latter became its loyal friend—another evidence that circumstances altered cases half a century ago just as they do to-day.

Looking at the question from an impartial standpoint—and much preferring the position of sovereign to that of public servant—I cannot see that the protective policy has the slightest tendency to benefit American labor or enhance our national wealth. If it raises wages the increased remuneration attracts labor from other lands, which tends to preserve the equilibrium. If it causes us to manufacture at home articles that, under free trade, we might purchase more cheaply abroad, it diverts into wasteful channels the wealth-producing capital and energy of the country. Trade, it must ever be borne in mind, is but an exchange of commodities, and it depends upon environment and industrial education whether a man can produce more wealth making silks or serges, raising pineapples or pumpkins. Being a cooper, were it not an absurd waste of wealth for me to spend a month weaving for myself a cheap carpet when I can earn a good one with my adze in a week? By weaving the carpet I "keep the money at home"—and that is the essence of protection; but I keep a much larger amount away. The same law that applies to individuals applies to nations. The more commodities we import the wealthier we become, for we exchange that which cost us little to produce for that which would have cost us much. The more commodities we import the more employment there is for domestic labor, for all imports must be paid for in exports. If we pay for products in cotton or corn, we must dig it out of the earth; if in machinery it must be carved from the forest and fashioned

in the factory; if in the precious metals they must be washed from the placer or riven from the rock. Wages have been exceptionally high in this country, not because of protection, but in its despite. They have been high because of cheap and fertile lands, permitting labor to produce abundantly and retain the greater portion of the product, which in other countries is appropriated by capital.

Protection has neither added to the aggregate of our wealth nor impoverished the common people. While the tendency of the tariff is evil, it is probably no more so than other forms of taxation. Upon labor—the only creator of wealth—must fall the burthens of government. In many respects a moderate import duty is the best method yet devised for raising the necessary revenue. While it is more costly than direct taxation, it is borne with greater patience by the people. Theoretically the direct tax is all right, but the experience of centuries has amply demonstrated that practically it is all wrong. It is impossible to altogether separate the protective theory from the condition of a customs tax, for a non-protective tariff will not put a dollar in the public purse. Until a better system of taxation can be devised, I am emphatically for "a tariff for revenue"—which must, perforce, be incidentally protective—laid according to value upon every foreign product that enters our ports.

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LADONIA'S AMAZONIAN GUARD.

POPE declares that "the worst of madmen is a saint run mad"; but Pope never saw a female Prohibitionist with her war-paint on, blood in her eye, cow-hide in her lily-white hand—chasing John Barleycorn around a stump,

hitting him a lick at every jump. The mania of a saint run mad were as nothing to the fury of a female who devotes her physical energies to the cause of temperance "reform." There appears to be something in Prohibition that excites a kind of moral *mania a potu*. As a craze producer it lays over the gold-cure and rivals the Georgia evangelist. The effects of Prohibition on its devotees are worthy the profoundest study by neurologists and insanity experts. It seems to be a kind of black magic or mental thaumaturgies that transposes the sexes—converts men into long-haired, hysterical Miss Nancys, women into dangerous cranks. Manhood degenerates beneath its blight into a chronic itch for petty meddling, the modest virtues of womanhood are supplanted by a feverish craving for mob violence. There are exceptions, 'tis true; but they only prove rule. There are male Prohibs who are not canting Pharisees, and female fanatics—just as there are three-legged calves and red-headed "coons." A recent occurrence at Ladonia, Texas, aptly illustrates the evil inherent in the Prohibition idiocy—the awful effects of that anti-Christian and un-American folly. A dispatch to the Fort Worth *Mail-Telegram* says:

For about ten days a number of women at Ladonia, Fannin county, have been carrying on a crusade against the liquor traffic at that place. They began by visiting cold storage houses and other places where whiskey and beer was supposed to be sold, and conducting prayer meetings. On Tuesday they called on Dr. J. M. Hancock, who had recently moved here from Bonham, and requested him to attend church regularly. He replied that he would consult his own feelings about it, and they then tried to get him to agree to attend prayer meetings for ten consecutive nights, but he would not promise, and

later in the week they gave him a peremptory order to leave town. This evening he packed his grip and went to the depot to take the train. While in the waiting room fifteen women marched in armed with cowhides and proceeded to apply the lashes to him with all their might. His face, hands and neck were terribly lacerated, and the blood poured from the gashes in streams, and after whipping him the women went to their homes and a great crowd gathered around and intense excitement prevailed. Dr. Hancock insisted on leaving, but his friends interposed and would not let him go, declaring they would kill the first man or woman who attempted to lay violent hands on him again. He did not leave. Ladonia is a local option town, and the doctor's offense consisted of writing prescriptions for whiskey. The women who did the whipping are prominent church workers. It is feared that the affair will lead to serious trouble. The act is condemned by a majority of the best people.

A dispatch to the *Dallas News* declares that the party was "composed of twenty highly respected ladies"; that they gave the doctor 500 lashes because he was suspected of having written whiskey prescriptions for those afflicted only with abnormal alcoholic appetites, and that he immediately left town. Had not publicans, sinners and others not powerful in prayer, gone to his rescue, these "prominent church workers" might have wound up the seance by hanging the doctor or beating his brains out with a crowbar! But why this discrimination between the man of medicine and the proprietors of "places where whiskey and beer are supposed to be sold?" Was it because he would not go to church regularly, or attend prayer-meeting ten nights at a stretch? Were the former favorites with the "ladies," while the latter had no one

to love him? Or was the doctor a little man, and the beer-jerkers big fellows—liable to lay obstreperous visitors across the bar and beat their patent health-bustles off with a bung-starter? Does this interesting band of female reformers pray only for those they can't lick, and put the bud to the balance? Prayers and tearful pleadings one day, cowhides the next, all in the name of Christ—who could make his own wine and was independent of both Prohibitionists and medicinal prescriptions! The crowd that did up the doctor was composed of "ladies" undoubtedly. Bulwer says that every woman is a lady, still there are many incapable of giving such remarkable outward evidence of an inward grace. They may have been "highly respected"; but if so it was an honor they evidently did not deserve. If the doctor had violated the law, there were courts provided for his punishment. If he had committed a heinous crime, really deserving of heroic treatment, we may safely conclude that the men of the community would have attended to his case. It seems that he was only suspected of a venial fault, yet an indignity was visited upon him that will curse him as long as he lives. Should he go to the antipodes and by his talents and industry, win wealth and honors, sooner or later some kind Christian soul would whisper it about that he was licked and run out of Ladonia by the "ladies," and men would shun him as though he had committed some cowardly crime. Those Ladonia "ladies" would have dealt much kindlier by the doctor and done far more honor to themselves had they taken a club and killed him. I suppose that he quietly took the medicine measured out to him by those good Christian ladies who prayed so fervently for the other fellows; there was really nothing else for him to do, for a gentleman is not expected to raise a hand in his own defense when brutally assaulted by the "softer

sex"—those dear creatures "created but little lower than the angels." If attacked by all the old "cats" that ever howled their obscene curses through "Hell's Halfacre"—and that's the kind who are most expert with the cowhide—he must "grin and bear it," however undeserved his disgrace. The ICONOCLAST has ever been a devout worshipper at the shrine of the gentler sex. The person of a true woman is sacred as the body of Christ. To strike such a one were to commit the chief of crimes; but when "ladies," however "highly respected," deliberately unsex themselves, and, without grievous provocation, set upon a man like a gang of brutal sand-baggers, he should be privileged to treat them as though they wore pants instead of petticoats. Had Dr. Hancock waltzed into those "highly respected ladies" and trimmed them up to the queen's taste with their own cowhides, his breach of the laws of chivalry would have been generally condoned. It would have afforded a salutary lesson to alleged ladies elsewhere, who seek notoriety by brandishing a whip about some unresisting man's head. I can sympathize with a woman who puts a knife into her paramour in a fit of jealous passion, or shoots the liver out of some scurvy dog who has defamed her; but when a mob of females go chasing around with bull-whips in the name of morality, they deserve an heroic dose of their own medicine. Those twenty Ladonia "ladies" have disgraced Dr. Hancock in the eyes of the unreasoning rabble—who tie a man's hands, then damn him for suffering an indignity; but to do so they put themselves on a parity with the African king's amazons, and branded their husbands as moral bankrupts and intellectual miscarriages. I would rather be Dr. Hancock and suffer all the penalties of his disgrace, than husband to a female who had thus publicly proclaimed me incapable of keeping my seldom brains above my belly-band

—that it devolved upon her, as head of the household, to remove temptation from my path by fair means or by foul. The husbands, brothers and sons of those twenty “ladies” must indeed be proud of the brawny Amazonian Guard that is standing so valiantly between them and the destructive “rum demon!” How sweet and soul-satisfying must be their sense of safety! While we do daily battle with the world, the flesh and the devil, they sit secure beneath their vine and fig tree with none to molest them or make them afraid—the Ladies’ Cowhide Legion hath driven the cholera-morbus prescription and snake-bite antidote far from the sacred roost of the featherless goslings! With what lofty disdain they must curl their lips as they contemplate the doctor, wandering, an outcast on the earth, the brand of the cowhide on his brow—driven forth in disgrace by the dauntless Jezebels for not knowing whether their dear hubbies were lying or not when they claimed to really need red licker. And what a picnic the “cold storage” and “soft-cider” men must be having since the drug-store competition is cut off—and the ladies “never teched ‘em!” It is a noteworthy fact that the class of “ladies” who lead crusades on saloons, smash bottles and spill beer; who pray for liquor dealers and cowhide doctors, are usually the very ones who become hysterical over noted criminals and fill the cells of condemned murderers with cut flowers. Texas has been “damned to everlasting fame” by the outbreak of the Ladonia females. It will do the State more harm than anything that has hitherto happened. It will kill the town of Ladonia—make its very name a by-word and a reproach among the nations. Everybody will think of Ladonia as an excellent place to stay away from; and so it is, if the cowhiders are a fair sample of its female inhabitants. It is not only an irreparable injury to the

good name of the State, but a blot on womanhood throughout the world. After learning that such excesses are possible by "highly respected ladies," it is difficult indeed to regain the old idea of womanhood so dear to the masculine heart. We have been accustomed to think of woman as "with us, but not of us"; and the revelation that she too is but a gilded savage comes in the nature of a shock. Those chiefly concerned may not thank me overmuch for this plain sermon; but it is honestly intended for their good. Apparent cruelty is sometimes the greatest kindness. Our best friends are those who frankly tell us of our faults. "Faith, Hope and Charity" is the Pauline credo—"and the greatest of these is Charity." This may be news to the "prominent church workers" of Ladonia, but it is none the less true. If the cowhiders would prove that they are both true women and consistent Christians, let them apologize to Dr. Hancock for their brutal outbreak, give the church in which they learned such barbarities the marble heart, go back to their babes, where they properly belong, and leave the management of municipal affairs to men. That may not be the religion taught by Dr. Leatherhead; but it's the creed of Christ and the ICONOCLAST.

* * *

AN INFERNAL FRAUD.

THE most colossal fraud ever perpetrated on a free people is the federal pension fake. It smells to Heaven. It is infamy incarnate. It is the apotheosis of impudence. That the American people will tamely submit to such a brazen imposition is circumstantial evidence that there's something wrong with their heads, or that they are "white-livered and lack gall." They certainly lack something, or

they would have made a "roar" long ere this that would have appalled the shameless robbers. It is popularly supposed that the Republican party is chiefly responsible for this wholesale despoilation of the people; but that's a josh. The Democrats have bid the public money for the "old soldier vote" fully as freely as have the Republicans. In the seven years they have had a whack at the treasury since the war, they have got away with more than 724 millions of money coddling "the saviors of the country." The first year of Cleveland's first term the annual expenditure for pensions was raised nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and during the first year of his second term it touched high water mark by a saltation of more than 17 millions. The Democrats had been accused of being "Southern sympathizers," "copperheads" and "enemies of the old soldier," and they were determined to rout their critics or bankrupt the country. When a man has suffered serious injury in his country's service and is unable to properly provide for himself and those dependent upon him, he should be given a pension, and no niggardly one either; but that the generosity and patriotism of the American people have been shamefully abused in this pension business, a glance at the statistics will prove. We may reasonably infer that by the year 1870 every man disabled in the war had discovered that fact and called the attention of Congress to his case. The men who overthrew the Confederacy were in control of the government, and looked carefully to the interests of their old comrades. Every applicant having a reasonable claim on the public bounty was promptly pensioned; yet in 1870 there were less than 200,000 names on the roll, and the annual expenditure was under 28 millions. In 1893 there were more than 966,000 names on the roll and the annual expenditure exceeded 158 millions. The total number of pension

claims allowed from 1861 to 1895 inclusive, was 1,436,191 —a larger number than the Federal Government ever had soldiers south of the Ohio! Men are drawing pensions who received fat bounties for enlisting, yet were never provided with arms. The government is paying out millions annually on account of diseases contracted and injuries received fifteen years after the last gun was fired. It is providing liberal pensions, because of "disabilities," men who are making journeymen's wages at blacksmithing and other trades requiring more than the average physical strength. It is taxing people who are poor as poverty to pension men whose fortunes reach seven figures. If the people must have a political issue in order to be happy, here's one that's a howling jimmun. From 1861 to 1895 inclusive we paid out nearly two billion dollars in pensions, or double the amount of the national debt. It has already cost more to save the "old soldier" than it did to preserve the government, and we are still touched to the tune of 40 millions every twelvemonth, or about \$2 per capita, including infants and idiots, penitentiary inmates and preachers. It was supposed that we had reached the high-water mark in 1893, and that thenceforth the decline would be rapid; but the expenditure in '95 was greater than in '94, and we know not what the future will bring forth. If the annual expenditure decreases during the next 25 years, in the same ratio that it increased, during the last 25 years, we may get out of this for something in excess of the value of all property in the insurgent states at the close of the war; but God only knows where it will end. We are still paying pensions on account of the Revolution, which ended 113 years ago. Some of the conscript fathers took young wives to comfort their old age, and left their support as a legacy to posterity. As many of the veterans of the late unpleasantness are follow-

ing the example of their illustrious predecessors, we are liable to have "civil war widows" on our hands a century hence—some of whom have not yet been born! Sentiment is all right; but it should be tempered with reason. Grant declared the pension expenditure should not exceed 50 millions per annum a quarter of a century after the close of the war, and should then rapidly decline, but Grant was a soldier rather than a "statesman," a patriot instead of a politician. It never occurred to him to give the "old soldier" the country in part payment for saving it, and let the people work out the remainder. Make it an issue in this campaign that no man able to earn journeyman's wages, no person of either sex possessing health and strength, or an income of \$500 per annum, shall be quartered on the people—that the pension expenditure be cut to the figure given as the maximum by General Grant.

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BRO. EARLY'S BAZOO.

THE FOREIGN MISSION FAKE.

I AM always discovering something new and strange. While Prof. Roentgen is experimenting with the X-ray and Dr. Depew is unearthing ante-diluvian almanac jokes, I am bringing to the garish light of day wonderful differentiations of the intellectual doodlebug. I am not wont to boast over-much of my services to science; still it is but fair that I be accorded due credit for having discovered Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, where he lay buried in the sub-stratum of the azoic period by the anti-prohibition majority, and the Hon. Whoopee Kalamity Homan, of Dallas, after he had been trodden into the

quicksands by the political bull elephant. And now patient research in the field of micrology has been rewarded by the addition to my cabinet of curios of Rev. M. D. Early, superintendent of missions for the State of Texas. He is also managing editor of a Baptist periodical whose name I disremember. My discovery of Early was purely an accident. He was out on my "Katy" road, giving the *ICONOCLAST* a "roast" that made the paint on the car-ceiling curl. He lamented that people persisted in purchasing such a paper, while that into which he poured his sacred lucubrations would not sell. As he talked his indignation grew until he was telling his troubles to the entire car. The tearful lamentations of Jeremiah and the uncanny yodel of Jonah were as nothing to the heartache which Supt. Early poured forth because of the literary perversity of the American people. He insisted that he had never read a copy of the *ICONOCLAST* and would not do so, yet declared it awfully immoral, which proves that Early is a great man. He does not have to acquire knowledge by a patient industry like other people, but takes it by absorption as the sponge does stale beer on a mahogany bar, and when he wants to leak it he has only to squeeze his nice soft head. Like the patient ox and the megalophanous ass, Early is guided by instinct.

I regret that the good man cannot secure patrons for his paper. If the copy I have seen be a fair sample, the public is missing much by giving it the frozen face. It is almost as interesting and equally as coherent as the sermons of Sin-Killer Griffin, or the editorial page of the *Houston Post*. Reading it were like standing in the vortex of chaos and trying to size up the phenomena. It is the province of intellectual topsy-turvy, where the living lie dormant and the dead do gibber in the streets. When the

writers are serious the reader is convulsed, and when they uncork their wit the wooden tobacco signs weep. It is a journalistic *rara avis* that none with a taste for the bizarre should let go by. Now is the time to subscribe. I am determined to work up such a circulation for the *Missionary Mistake* that Supt. Early need no longer subsist on pennies torn from the toy savings banks of babes. It may be well enough for small-fry preachers to fill their lank bellies with candy money coaxed from kids in the name of Christ; but a man calling himself a journalist should be above such shameful business. Of the hundreds of thousands of dollars collected annually in this country for the ostensible purpose of informing the Ahkoond of Swat that Christ is dead, by far the greater part comes from the thin purse of poverty and the chubby hand of childhood. What becomes of this cash? I am told that \$2,500 per annum goes to pay the salary of this one State Superintendent. That represents 250,000 pennies per year taken from children's pockets. If each state has a missionary superintendent and Early's is the average salary, here is a snug item of \$112,500 per annum paid men by the very poor to ride about the country and advertise the *ICONOCLAST*. Then there is the national organization, the secretaries and other salaried officers, not to mention the money appropriated to the support of missionary journals guiltless of readers, and to pay pet publishing houses for the printing of tracts and other utterly useless tommyrot. Think of the little tin savings banks despoiled to supply the missionary fund! And not one dollar in three collected ever gets east of Castle Garden, while the small percentage that does sift abroad might just as well be squandered here at home, for the so-called labors of our foreign missionaries have had about as little effect on "paganism" as Bro. Early's paper on the public. It

has been estimated by men who have spent much time abroad, that it cost \$14,000 to convert a Buddhist to Protestant Christianity, and nearly double that sum to pull a Mussulman loose from his prophet. Yet while we are peddling high-priced saving grace in pagan lands, our own country is cursed with godless heathen and reeking with crime, and in the garrets of our great cities starving mothers give the withered breast to dying babes. It will be time enough to carry bibles to barbarians when our own children are provided with bread.

The Protestant missionaries have made precious little progress in their attempt to convert the "heathen," but they have done much to engender bitterness and precipitate fanatical outbreaks, such as those recently witnessed in China, and now making a hell of Armenia. As a rule the Catholic missionaries adapt themselves to the customs of the country and win the respect of the people. They have sufficient tact to appeal to the taste of barbarians by impressive ceremonies, and aid their understanding by the use of religious symbols, while others attempt to cram into the heads of intellectual infants abstruse tenets that puzzled even the scholastics. They substitute the host for heathen charms, the crucifix for the caaba-stone, and, by teaching savage people the gentle arts of peace, bring them gradually to a full realization of the love and power of God. How far "the plotting Jesuit stoops to conquer," what "unholy compromises he makes with heathendom" I do not know; but experience has amply proven that the Catholic missionary is, while his Protestant brother is not, capable of combating successfully the dark superstitions of semi-savagery. The former can go alone among the most murderous tribes and win his way; the latter must be protected from outrage by the double-shotted guns of his government. A Catholic mission makes for peace; a

Protestant mission is a storm-center of physical strife. I am not a Catholic—all my education and environments make for Protestantism; but the whole truth should be told, however, it may hurt. The reformer, like the surgeon, must sometimes be cruel in order to be kind. The Protestant missionaries begin wrong. They denounce as crass heathendom everything that runs counter to their creed, whether it be paganism or a differentiation of their own religious cult. They affect a superiority to the people they are sent to serve, insult their holiest traditions, and when this brutish folly and unbridled insolence result in violence to themselves, appeal to their home government for protection and preach a war of extermination. They are usually forced upon barbarous nations as was opium upon "Pagan China" by "Christian England," and protected by ships of war while they denounce people who dissent from their religious dogma.

About two years ago a Baptist missionary stationed in Mexico—and living on the fat of the land by the same means that Dr. Early receives his \$2,500 salary—issued a pamphlet grossly insulting to the people of that Republic. He was mobbed by the outraged populace and sentenced by the courts to acquire the art of courtesy in the penitentiary. Of course a tremendous roar anent this "Mexican atrocity" was made to the American government, and the consul-general succeeded in securing his release. He protected him from the mob and landed him safely on the soil of Uncle Sam, when Mr. Missionary at once began a tirade of abuse of Catholics in general and Mexicans in particular. The diplomat said quietly: "Had Mexico given you your just deserts she would have shot you as a professional mischief-maker or caged you for life as a malicious damp-hool. I extricated you from the penitentiary and protected you when you were scared to

death and afraid to run. My mother was a Catholic. Now take my advice and head for the rising sun."

That is a fair sample of Protestant missionary endeavor in both the Occident and the Orient. That's what the kids are giving up their toys and tidbits for! Our theological exportations belong to the same class with Early—men who condemn without investigation; who consider that in the little knots on the end of their necks God has *cached* all the wisdom of the world. They are the intellectual heirs of those Smart Alecks who condemned Christ unheard, poisoned Socrates on an idle supposition and refused to even consider the Copernican theory lest they get an idea into their fat heads that would fracture their theological hats.

* * *

GOLD, SILVER AND GAB.

TALKING OUR INDUSTRIES TO DEATH.

It was said of old that "speech is silver and silence is golden." Yet people wonder that Cleveland has to sell bonds to keep the "reserve" intact, while the supply of silver seems to be inexhaustible! Clearly the parity of the two metals is impossible until this generation applies a Westinghouse brake to its tireless jawbone.

The wordy war now raging between the gold and silver advocates—the "robbers" and the "repudiators," the "soap-tails," and "tool of Wall Street"—indicate that the fool-killer is enjoying a furlough. Deafened by the universal din, wading neck deep in the turgid tide of dialectical ditch-water, I fain would exclaim with Mercutio, "A plague on both your houses!"

In the name of the great horned beast, what is this ear-splitting, nerve-destroying cackle all about? The cur-

rency?—and not one in ten thousand of those who are forcing so much foul air through their faces could define a “dollar” to avoid being damned! It’s a political war for pie, rather than a legitimate controversy anent our currency. There’s just one jackass on earth with longer ears than the free-silver agitator who isn’t after office, and that’s the goldite who’s weeping anent “repudiation” while he hasn’t a dollar at interest. The two should be tethered out in the American desert, where their braying would disturb nobody, and they could comfortably kick each other to death. I sometimes think that the great American public keeps its head open so much that the sun shines into its bazoo and sours its brain.

There is no “currency problem” outside the minds of a few plotting politicians, who want “pap,” and their dupes, who eagerly embrace every opportunity to air their ignorance. While featherless geese have gabbled, business men cut the knot of Gordius. The case of gold vs. silver is now of precious little more importance to this people than that of Bardell vs. Pickwick.

Commerce has practically removed our exchange media beyond the jurisdiction of congress, and is now giving us an elastic currency, which adapts itself automatically and infallibly to the requirements of the country. The occupation of governmental money is almost gone. It has been supplanted by what some economists call a “deposit currency,” but which I prefer to nominate a mercantile money. If money be but “a tool that trade works with—an exchange medium”—then is our commercial or deposit currency, by means of which 93 per cent. of all exchanges are effected, entitled to be classed as money. However, we will not pause in the midst of the howling babelian mob to split hairs—there are too many damphools trying to “save the country” by the science of definition.

More than a hundred years ago Dr. Adam Smith, the greatest of all economists—barring, of course, those Solomonic twins, Hardy and Dudley, of Texas—advised governments that they need not worry much anent the currency, as commerce is competent to provide itself with ample exchange media; and there is certainly less occasion now than then for political intermeddling.

Year by year commercial paper has been doing more and more of our money work; year by year it has been rendering governmental currency of less and less importance, until to-day we find Cleveland and Carlisle, Stewart, Peffer, and all their paladins and peers tearing their blessed undershirts anent an exchange media employed only in the most trifling transactions, representing less than 7 per cent, of our volume of business! Think of making a red-hot, hell-roaring political “issue” anent the amount of copper in the penny! Yet the cent coinage bears about the same relation to the volume of governmental money that the latter does to the entire currency of commerce. Hundreds of millions of dollars are received and paid out every day without the shifting of a coin, the transfer of a paper dollar. Checks and drafts have so far supplanted the old-time “money current with the merchant” that the cashiers of great business concerns almost forget the existence of a national currency.

Buying and selling, it must be remembered, is but a convenient method of barter, and commerce naturally seeks the best possible intermediary. In olden time gold and silver, being indestructible commodities and representing large values in small bulk, constituted the exchange media. To avoid the trouble of weighing and testing with every trade the weight and fineness were stamped on each piece of metal, and it thus became money. As civilization progressed, paper representatives were sub-

stituted for the cumbrous metals, and exchange thereby expedited. The next improvement in the trade-tool was the bank check or draft, which is but the shadow of a shade—the promise of an individual, which may be exchanged at the option of the holder for a promise of the government. It does the necessary money-work as well as gold, and far more expeditiously than any other exchange medium yet devised.

The money issued by government amounts to about two billions. As it is equal to less than 7 per cent. of the money-work required by commerce, we may reasonably infer that it is supplemented by more than 28 millions of commercial currency, making an actual circulating media of some 30 billions; yet we are asked by the silverites to believe that the country will go to hades awhooping if half a billion more is not added to this enormous sum, while the goldites are equally certain that such inflation would amount practically to a repudiation of all debts!

I implore both parties to this idiotic controversy to be calm. Opening the mints to the white metal could not inflate, nor would the utter destruction of all silver coin contract the volume of our currency. Commerce will use no more than it needs, while, if we may believe Adam Smith and the evidence of our own eyes, it will have as much as its necessities may require. If the volume be sufficient you cannot force government money into the channels of trade without displacing an equal amount of commercial currency. Contract the volume of governmental money and commerce at once provides a substitute. It were strange indeed if the Yankee, with all his shrewdness, could not manage to “swap” corn for cotton and soap for sad-irons except by the grace of an omnium-gatherum of pot-house politicians yclept the American congress! It is to expeditiously effect exchanges that we

need an intermediary—a “wheel of circulation.” Whatever serves this purpose well is “good money,” though made of the hickory shirt-tails of Texas Populists; that which serves it ill is “bad money,” though it be gold of Ophir or pearls of Ind.

“But,” I am told, “the almighty dollar must be back of every check and draft, just as it is behind the greenback and silver certificate.” Quite true; but what is a dollar? It is something that was never seen of man—was never coined or counted. It is a pure abstraction, a thing supposed, a term by which we express the relative value of one commodity to all other commodities. It is our unit of value, and would stand, though all the gold and silver were sunk a thousand fathoms into the sea. A gold coin does not measure the value of a bushel of corn one whit more than the corn measures the value of the metal in the coin. The “dollar”—the unit of value—measures both, expresses their commercial relation to all other commodities. But let us concede the truth of the dogma of financial transubstantiation; let us admit that 25.8 grains of gold constitute a sure-enough dollar instead of a foolish trade fiction handed down to us from ancient days: What then? Are our commercial checks and governmental greenbacks based only upon the gold coin extant in this country? or upon all the gold in the world, coined and uncoined, mined and unmined? A promissory note, payable in gold, is not based upon the amount of yellow metal in the possession of its maker, but on his aggregate wealth—his ability to command gold. The real basis of our circulating media, governmental and commercial, is the wealth of the makers. Our astute economists of the Cleveland school, insist that unless 100 millions of gold be kept hoarded up as a guarantee fund, Uncle Sam’s promises to pay will not do the money-work required of

them, while 93 per cent. of all our exchanges are effected by means of a currency made by the people from day to day, and guiltless of a governmental guarantee.

The "currency question" is really the most ridiculous craze that ever took possession of a supposedly intelligent people. "Money," as the term is generally understood, is becoming of less importance in the world's economy every day. In a few years more our system of commercial exchanges will be so perfected that government currency will become a curiosity.

One would suppose from the tearful plaints of the "soaptails," that the country was suffering because of a dearth of white dollars; from the clamor of the "cuckoos" aenent "our commercial relations with gold-using countries," that our entire foreign trade depends upon an abundance of the yellow metal. We have, in fact, more silver than can be kept in circulation, and we cannot use one dollar of any kind in our international trade. Our money will not circulate in Europe, that of other countries does not pass current here. When gold or silver crosses the Atlantic it does so as merchandise and not as money, as a commodity and not as currency.

The idea that free coinage of silver would cause a general revival of business is the merest moonshine. We already have more trade tools than trade. Money transfers the ownership of wealth from hand to hand, just as a railway moves merchandise from place to place. When a company has sufficient cars for its carrying trade were not the manager an ass to put on more and run them empty? the theory that it would "bring down a crash to that 50-cent silver basis" and smash the immortal ichor out of business, is unworthy any man of brains. It might, in conformity with Gresham's law, drive out gold; but you cannot arbitrarily change the commercial

standard of value by an alteration of less than one-seventh of our circulating media. To a fool, a bob-tail may appear to wag a big dog; but the wise man knows that the canine controls his caudal appendage. The war era certainly demonstrated to both North and South that the unit of value may be one thing, and the circulating medium quite another.

It is urged that the silver agitation is depressing the value of our bonds and securities held abroad. If true, this is indeed distressing; still it might be well to allow our foreign creditors to do half the worrying. As we can pay our foreign debts only with our products, valued in the currency of the country to which they are carried, the tears with which the goldites are drowning our transatlantic creditors seem to be a wicked waste of water.

Mexico is frequently cited as an awful example of the evils of free silver. Were I a sixteen-to-oner I'd weave our sister Republic into song and sing her on every stump. I could pour forth a strain of argentiferous melody that would transform Peffer's whiskers into a halo of glory and waft him into the White House, while Carlisle regretted that he sold his presidential birthright for a bad mess of cabinet pottage. We are told that wages are nominally lower in Mexico than with us, and are paid in currency one-half the value of our coin; that the country is poverty-stricken, in debt, and has to give two silver dollars for one of gold with which to meet the interest on her bonds. Granted. Now let's view the other side of the hen-coop awhile: For ten years past wages have been rising in Mexico and declining in Texas. You can procure more of the necessaries and comforts of life over there with a Mexican dollar than here with an American gold dollar. And that's no fairy tale—I've tried it. For instance: You can buy a better cigar for five cents, Mexican money, in

the land of the Montezumas, than with fifteen cents gold-basis coin in McLennan county. Mexico pays her foreign indebtedness with her products, just as she does her big sister on this side of the Rio Grande. If she sometimes buys gold with her silver "dollars" at the ratio of two to one, she is only giving two pints for a quart, two halves for a whole, so there's nobody hurt. The Eastern states of our Union, which are making the most noise anent the "50-cent dollar," ship their capital clear across this blessed gold-standard country and invest it in free-silver Mexico. The country is still poor and labor scandalously cheap; but it is a semi-barbarous Indian nation that is but now feeling the thrill of progress, while America has been peopled with the dominant race for more than two centuries. Skilled white workmen obtain better wages in Mexico—both nominally and relatively—than with us; common Mexican labor receives precious small pay on both sides of the Rio Grande, but the least it gets is usually more than it is worth. The plea that free silver coinage is responsible for low wages in Mexico is rank dishonesty. Spain is the "mother country" of Mexico and South America. She is on a gold, while they are on a silver basis. According to the United States consular reports, the average weekly wages paid the building trades in Spain is \$3.80. In Mexico it is \$10, in Peru and Venezuela \$9. The same disproportion prevails in all occupations. Italy is on a gold basis, and the average weekly wages of her shoemakers is \$2; in Mexico and South American countries it ranges from \$9 to \$12, and this disproportion extends to all occupations. Wages are five times as high in the United States as in many other countries, some on a gold, some on a silver basis, which clearly demonstrates that wages may be high or low regardless of the character of the currency. It is time the people ceased listening to

these partisan blatherskites, with governmental axes to grind, and considered economic questions solely upon their merits.

It is not free silver that is pushing Mexico to the front despite the general worthlessness of her people. Her progress is chiefly due to the fact that commerce there knows pretty well what it can depend upon,—is not clapper-clawed every new moon to make a political picnic. Commerce can adapt itself to almost any condition and prosper if assured that said condition will be permanent; but when change is ever imminent capital plays a waiting game or emigrates, while labor goes hungry to bed. If we would either double our tariff tax or abolish it altogether; if we would either open our mints to the unlimited coinage of the white metal, or dispense with silver currency altogether, then adopt a constitutional amendment making it a capital offence for a congressman to even discuss these matters during the next dozen years, industry would quickly revive and America blossom like a rose. Our commerce is being killed by too much economic cackle. Everybody from "Cyclone" Davis down to the "Little Giant," from G. Cleveland up to "General" Coxey, is prescribing for the country, and prostrating it with their feculent lung power. All it needs is to be let alone. Men and brethren, go cork yourselves.

* * *

OUR PUBLIC PANDERS.

HAD I lived in the land of the Pharoahs when it was overrun with lice I should have fought the vermin, not with any hope of exterminating the disgusting parasites, but because such protest would have afforded me some slight satisfaction and kept a few square inches of space

free from them. I war on the corrupt American press for the self-same reason that I would have expended my best energies crushing lice in Egypt—and with about as little hope of exterminating the nauseous plague. Battling with vermin were an appetizing occupation compared to warring upon a press reeking with moral rottenness, flooded with the foulest filth and destitute of the faintest shadow of shame; still it is some poor comfort to strike at it—to call the attention of the American people to the fact that while prating of God and morality, honor and virtue, they are fostering and feeding a coterie of inhuman harpies who, for a few pence, are day by day flaunting in the faces of the children of their benefactors flaming advertisements calculated to familiarize them with every species of crime, with the foulest phases of human degradation, the deepest damnation ever touched by any creature created in the divine image of God.

Take up almost any newspaper published in this country, daily or weekly, large or small, and you will find staring you in the face display advertisements of nostrums for the cure of criminal complaints, charlatans, promising to restore the worn out roue's power for evil, abortion recipes, gambling devices, love philters, quack doctor's books filled with suggestive pictures—especially designed for the young—and probably, to crown the crime, a "personal column," wherein the lawless libertine sets his snares for foolish school girls; the whole making a symposium of reeking rottenness that might cause the gorge of the very prince of Hell to rise.

As I might, had I lived in Egypt during the plagues, have killed a few lice, so have I, since beginning this crusade upon the press, compelled a few papers to purify or altogether abandon their assignation column; but I am not aware that a single one has acquired sufficient shame

to decline an advertisement of a disgusting quack nostrum if the payment was guaranteed. The crime of printing such ads. is a two-fold one. Not only does it familiarize the very school children with the lowest forms of vice, robbing youth of its purity and sweetness, but it fosters crime. A medicine guaranteed to produce abortion has been advertised for years past in nearly every American newspaper, great and small. Such extensive advertising costs many thousands of dollars. The investment pays or the advertisement would be discontinued. Do you understand what that means? It means that the printing of that one advertisement has caused thousands of crimes to be committed or attempted, probably hundreds of lives to be sacrificed. Yet newspapers making great pretense to respectability are printing it; papers are printing it that have the polite and elegant gall to denounce the **ICONOCLAST** as an "unclean sheet"—to go into moral hysterics because it presumed to criticize the hippodroming methods of Sam Jones! People subscribe for such papers and carry them home for their daughters to read, who think it simply dreadful that the **ICONOCLAST** does not cross itself every time a priest sneezes, or cry God bless you, whenever a preacher says amen! It is strange what a small gnat will gag some people who have just gulped down a very large and mangy camel! A man who will allow the average newspaper, bearing its cargo of disgraceful and disgusting advertisements to come into his house, cannot be really shocked by anything short of an electric bolt or the kick of a mule. If his stomach will stand syphilitic literature it will stand anything. A post-master-general who admits to the mails publications containing such ads. and bars out anything whatsoever that the brain of a demon could devise and the hand of a human being pen, is a rank hypocrite, a sanctimonious fraud.

If I had to choose between robbing graves and printing such advertisements for hire as can be found in nine-tenths of the American newspapers, I would not hesitate a moment, but proceed to tumble the dead out of their coffins and strip their cold, clammy fingers of their trifling ornaments. I could not harm the dead by thus despoiling their bodies, but by printing such ads. I could and would corrupt the souls of the living. The cutpurse and the burglar, the bunco-steerer and sheep thief are honorable men, are gentlemen, aye, demi-gods by comparison with the publishers who will accept the class of advertisements I am here discussing. The latter only find their level among rape fiends, panders, scandal-mongers, paid assassins and perjurors. This is plain talk, but so obviously true that the offenders will not dare quarrel with it. They will swallow it to a man, with the stolid indifference of a Digger Indian absorbing a gourdful of grasshopper soup—and continue to sell their space to the foulest of all Hell's foul hierarchy, while posing as public educators and ranting about morality! The average American editor posing as a public pedagogue were like the devil rebuking sin—or a skunk lecturing on sweet incense!

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

SPRING is here—the blue-bird and female bike-fiend are abroad in the land. The great she-world is on wheels these sensuous, sunny days, and rolling—heaven alone knows whither. Wheels here, and there, and everywhere; the world turned into one vast kaleidoscope of many-colored hosiery—and still we're not happy. We're getting too much of a good thing—and, truth to tell, we're just a little disappointed with the exhibition. It is really not all our fond fancy had painted it—is not what we were

led to expect. Although a preacher, I am not ex-actly a he-prude; but I dislike to see a woman bestraddle a bike and go bowling down a business street, the observed of all observers. Of course most of us know that the average woman must have legs; still, it is not well that they should be always in evidence—it makes feminine charms too cheap. A "modest" bicycle habit for woman cannot be made, for her position is itself immodest, though not necessarily immoral. There's a suggestiveness about a female astride a narrow saddle, her feet well apart and her legs working like the piston-rods of a pony engine, and this suggestiveness rather enhanced by skirts. Still, I wouldn't leave the country on that account—it is not the gravamen of my complaint. I object to female biking because when a woman makes a pedaling clothes-pin of herself she becomes a blot on the landscape instead of a thing of beauty. She's about as graceful as a fat goose waddling across a hot brick floor. When a woman walks, and does it well, she's a perfect symphony—"her limbs are like melodies," her poise is that of a goddess. As we note the grace and charm of her movement we forget that she's a bifurcated animal, which progresses by putting one foot before the other; but the moment she straddles a bike the illusion is gone and we have, instead of "the poetry of motion," an ungraceful trunk equipped with sprawling legs that awkwardly churn the atmosphere. No exercise can be healthy that is unnatural. Biking has a tendency to render woman a physical abnormality. It flattens the bust, rounds the shoulders and enlarges the knees. If a sculptor ever makes a statue of a female bike-fiend it will be in response to an order from a medical museum. Biking is to horse-back riding what a pug is to a baby—a deucedly unsatisfactory substitute.

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As might have been expected, the Galveston-Dallas *News* is highly indignant because a plebeian American congress has presumed to censure our lippy ambassador to Great Britain, Bayard and Belo are men of a mind. They regard their own country with undisguised contempt and bow themselves to the very earth before John Bull. Bayard should use his pull with the royal relict of the erstwhile John Brown to get Belo appointed keeper of the cupidores, master of the buck-hounds or lord of the bed-chamber. His ostentatious worship of everything English should not go unrewarded. He has peculiar claims to the consideration of her Britannic Majesty—she is the only person he ever served without pay. Cleveland rewarded his services by social recognition—permitted the “Colonel” to accompany him on a fishing excursion and carry the bait-can; but Queen Victoria has not even invited him to visit Windsor Castle and eat up the cold victuals. He has worshipped at a distance and without apparent hope of reward. His earnest advocacy of English interests, whenever they clashed with those of his own country, has been solely a labor of love. In all the years that he has controlled the “double-ender” it has not printed one patriotic American editorial. Every man who has suggested that Columbia should assume her proper place among the nations of the earth, instead of dangling at England’s apron strings, at once became a target for the puerile wit of Belo’s journalistic peons. He has gathered into his editorial den a mangy herd of pro-British Charley-horses, who are expected to turn up their little cockney proboscides and cackle “jingo,” and “demagogue” whenever an American patriot suggests that this mighty nation is not a British dependency. With such tories our revolutionary fathers were wont to disfigure the trees. “Col.” Belo is the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my

native land. He is the Joseph Phewlitzer of the Southwest. He is the fice that snaps at the hand that feeds it, the unclean bird which befouls its own nest. Bayard is his familiar spirit, Benedict Arnold his patron saint, and John Bull the god of his idolatry. A man cannot rise superior to his ideals; hence it surprised no one that the *Gal-Dal* had the polite and elegant audacity to defend, as legitimate journalism, the sale of its editorial influence. "Col." Belo's the man who prints newspapers to promote the sale of his cheap sewing machines. He's the party who, in 1891, wanted the Dems and Pops to get together on a fiat money platform, and whose bifurcated journal is now blithely bestriding the paper collar of every man who suggests the free coinage of silver. He's a great public educator who has been on all sides of every question—has alternately damned or defied men and measures, like a shyster lawyer hustling for five-dollar fees. He's the editor who carefully curls his whiskers before taking his typewriter in hand to announce that he cannot find in this blawsted country, doncher know, anything worthy his distinguished commendation. He's chief owner of the shameless sheet which approved the utterances of the Dallas coons, when they declared old Miscegenation Douglas the equal of such men as Washington and Madison, Lincoln and Lee.

The law of New Jersey, like its apple-jack, seems to be provokingly uncertain. Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton sued for divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion, and secured a decree. The defendant alleged adultery on the part of the plaintiff; but, while admitting that "the circumstances were gravely suspicious," the court held that Mr. Drayton has no right to abandon his wife unless he could establish her guilt beyond the peradventure

of a doubt. It was his duty, in the view of the court, to live with and provide for her until the belief that he was keeping what Othello calls "a cistern for foul toads to knot and gender in" became a certainty. That may be good law, but it is certainly not good sense. Just what constitutes "proof" of infidelity the court failed to inform us. It would appear, however, that when a judge, after carefully weighing the evidence, publicly announces that there exists reasonable ground for the belief that a woman has played the prostitute, it is high-time for her husband to give her the marble heart. We can, however, almost forgive the court its peculiar idea anent a husband's duty, for having heard the unsavory case behind closed doors and thereby prevented that "great educator," the daily press, gorging the public with carrion. As it is, it can only announce the verdict, rehash the Drayton-Borrowe scandal and again remind its readers whose daughter has been debauched. There is something demoniacal in the manner in which innocent relatives of fashionable Magdalens are dragged in the mire by our mighty "conservator of morals. The Creator is said to visit the sins of parents upon their children; but the press, to add interest to an unsavory "sensation," and fill its pockets with ha'pence, reverses the decree of Providence.

The cable brings the startling intelligence that "Prince" Henry of Orleans, prospective heir to the crown of France, has actually "recognized the existence of the Republic." This is indeed important. First thing we know the "Prince" will acknowledge the existence of the earth. Now that so eminent an authority has pronounced French titles of nobility no good, the Goulds must feel that they have been gold-bricked.

The pastors of Birmingham, Ala., are trying to break up winter racing at that place on the plea that it "debauches the people." My brother ministers are mistaken. The people cannot sit beneath the drippings of the sanctuary all the time—they must have occasional surcease from drowsy sermons. Horseracing is a noble sport that is enjoyed, not only by all manly men, but by every thoroughbred that answers to the bit. We don't have so much fun in this old work-a-day world that we can afford to taboo the racetrack simply because an occasional Christian backs the wrong color. It is all that we have left of the old Olympian games. Get the cracker-jacks together, and—let 'em go! It does a man good to get drunk with excitement—mad with joy. It rehabilitates his liver and tones up his religion. It thaws the icicles from around his heart and brushes the cobwebs from his brain. And nothing produces such an ecstatic delirium as a bevy of blue-grasses bunched and coming down the home-stretch like the devil beating tan-bark—not a gleam of daylight between 'em, every muscle in full play, every nerve at its utmost tension, each making an heroic fight for the mastery. Life becomes better worth the living; you feel kindlier to your neighbor; your whole system seems to have been rejuvenated—you can almost hear the wild melody of those iron-clad hoofs beating in your blood. Those Birmingham preachers should try it—it will do 'em good like a medicine. Really, one good horse-race is worth a hundred bad homilies. It enhances the pleasure of life, while sermons too often add to its horrors.

Now that the Massachusetts legislature proposes to commemorate in bronze the warlike deeds of B. F. Butler, military men are declaring that the only thing "Old

Ben" could fight successfully was a New Orleans mortar, manned by serving-maids and loaded with liquids.

Herr Doktor Ahlwardt refers, I understand, to the Jews as "Christ Killers." I presume that he means it for a term of reproach; but it is really equivalent to "God-fearing," or "God-obeying," for when the Almighty wrote the Mosaic Law he signed the warrant for the crucifixion of Christ. The Jews were distinctly told that it was their religious duty to put to death those who would add or take from the letter of the law, or lead them to worship other gods. The teachings of Jesus were, in many essentials, at variance with the laws promulgated by Moses. The "New Dispensation" was to supplant the Old. The Jews were monotheists, while the followers of Christ was modified polytheists. The New Testament is essentially a pagan book. Its doctrines are those of people whom the Jews were commissioned to destroy. We must either admit that Moses was an imposter and Deuteronomy a barbarous tissue of falsehoods, or concede that the Jews discharged their heaven-appointed duty when they crucified Christ on Calvary. Unless Moses was a liar and the Old Testament worse than worthless, the Jews would have challenged the wrath of the Deity by suffering the great Nazarene to die a natural death.

England has sent an expedition to the Soudan to see if there's anything else in Africa worth appropriating. In trying to defend their country thousands of dervishes will be killed. Then John Bull will build a church in which to return thanks for his blood-stained boodle.

I am really glad that the A. P. Apes made that foolish "roar" anent placing a statue of Father Marquette

among those of men whose greatness is America's glory. It served to recall to the memory of mankind a character that was well nigh forgotten—to remind us how much the New World is indebted to the Jesuit fathers and Franciscan friars. Father Marquette is indeed fortunate. When his noble deeds seemed destined to be forever hidden by the shadows of the centuries, bigotry and spleen rescued his name from oblivion and made it immortal. His greatness is unduly enhanced by comparison with the pitiful littleness of his detractors—our admiration of the man is intensified by contempt of his critics. Nothing exists in vain—even the A. P. A. hath its uses. With such a background, Pere Marquette stands forth transfigured—illumined by the light of God. He inherited an ample fortune in sunny France, and could have lived a life of luxury. Instead of doing so, he was sent, at his own request, a missionary to Canada, when that country was inhabited by savage beasts and still more savage men. He went, not to accept a high-priced pastorate and syndicate his sermons, but to live among bears and wolves, to sleep in huts and eat boiled dog—to fill the place of priests who had been tortured to death by savage tribes. Armed only with the crucifix, he penetrated 2,000 miles farther into the unknown forest than white men had gone before. His discoveries were but incidents of his journey—his sole mission was the salvation of souls, his zeal the glory of God. Everywhere he won his way by the magic power of love. Everywhere he was welcomed with rejoicing and parted from with regret. "How bright the sun, O Blackgown, when thou comest to visit us," cried the chief of the savage Illini, while painted warriors, fierce as hell's own brood, knelt to kiss the snow that had taken the imprint of his feet. No warship was necessary to force such a teacher upon them, no armed squadrons to protect his mission-

house. When he walked they followed him, when he spoke they bent eagerly forward to hear the story of Christ crucified, when he slept they kept watch and ward, stealing up to look at the peaceful face that mirrored his gentle heart. Worn with hardships and sufferings too great for one so gently bred, he passed to his reward, surrounded by his swarthy converts—the night of death came down in those Western wilds ere he had reached manhood's glorious noon. In the North, as in the South, in Canada as in Texas, the Catholic priests were America's true pioneers. And now comes a gang of godless ingrates, who enjoy the blessings so largely due to the labors and sacrifices of those dauntless pathfinders—an unclean crew, with Linton of Michigan howling in the lead,—crying out that Pere Marquette deserves no honor at Columbia's hands because, forsooth, he was a Catholic! Why, do not these splenetic pismires know that America was discovered by a Catholic, and that the expenses of his voyage was defrayed by a Catholic queen, who tore the diamonds from her crown to set therein the star of empire? To be consistent, Congressman Linton should introduce a resolution to have the bodies of Sherman and Sheridan exhumed and their heads exposed on pikes because they acknowledged the theological supremacy of the Pope.

Col. Roger Q. Mills has denounced Gen. Weyler as “an atrocious scoundrel.” But Weyler need not worry. The senior senator from Texas was never known to entertain the same opinion long.

The lynching at Wichita Falls of two distinguished graduates of the Federal School for Thugs—commonly known as the Fort Sill Country—has caused a great deal of unnecessary snuffling anent that method of disposing

of criminals. There was not the slightest doubt regarding the guilt of the men, no difference of opinion anent their deserts. Punishment, to act as a deterrent, must be sure and swift. Our courts have become veritable circumlocution offices, apparently designed to wring as much money as may be from the people, while affording as little protection to life and property as possible. The uprising of an entire community to punish a particularly atrocious offender cannot be classed as lawlessness without doing violence to our theory of local self-government. The supreme power is vested in the people—the law is but their expressed will, the court is but their creature. The execution of Crawford and the "Kid" was in accordance with law—the people resumed, for the time being, authority which they had delegated to others. They simply set their servants aside and themselves executed the written law that those who wantonly extinguish life shall not be allowed to live. Such lynchings are not, as some Weeping Willies seem to think, evidence of a lawless inclination on the part of the people; but rather a terrible expression of that profound respect for human rights which inscribes punitive statutes and established courts.

Chauncey M. Depew is talking politics again, and, as usual, is intensely interesting. He is coaching Morton's presidential boom, but has been kind enough to take a day off and point out to the people that "if McKinley is nominated on the first ballot that will settle the matter." Quite true; but who the dickens would have suspected it except Chauncey Depew? He predicts, however, that "the necessity of carrying New York" will be recognized by the convention and result in Morton's nomination. How often must we caution Mr. Depew to refrain from political prognosticism—to confine himself to post-pran-

dial persiflage? There he's both ornamental and useful. His harmless jokes of the pliocene period add flavor to the wine and unction to the walnuts; but his political fooleries are conducive to that tired feeling. The West will have none of Mr. Gold Standard Morton. His bar'l may catch a few nigger delegates who know what they're there for; but his boom will hit the ceiling of the wigwam before the end of the first ballot.

The war in Cuba between a horde of Spanish mercenaries and a few patriots struggling for the inalienable right of human liberty, still wears on with varying success, much as did our own struggle for independence—the few bravely contending against the many, the weak against the strong. The time has arrived for Columbia, "the champion of liberty in the New World," to interfere in the Cuban affair. The island is our neighbor; its commerce is almost entirely with us; it constitutes the key to the Mexican gulf; our citizens have large investments there which are jeopardized if not already ruined by these frequent revolutions. Spain has demonstrated her inability to govern the island and should be compelled to give somebody else a whack at the job. So long as Spain is permitted to hold title to Cuba, just so long will the garden spot of the world be a reeking slaughter-house, a scene of despoilation and outrage, a hell upon earth. The Cleveland administration meddled unnecessarily with Hawaiian affairs; it went out of its way to prevent Venezuela being deprived of a few leagues of malarial land, but does not even accord to the brave Cubans the simple right of belligerents in their manly revolt against a robber despotism more damnable than was ever dreamed of by the Unspeakable Turk. The outrages and insults heaped upon the American colonies by the "mother country" were as noth-

ing to those which have marked Spanish domination in Cuba. Let this government either give Spain a tip to take her hirelings out of Cuba p. d. q., or close its eyes while American citizens do for the fair Queen of the Antilles what Lafayette and his brave compatriots did for us. One regiment of Texas cowboys could sweep the island from stem to stern in a week, and have every Spanish cavallero either in Hell or by the heels.

The Texas lawyers who cannot pay their office rent—the briefless barristers—are making frantic bids for business by announcing themselves as candidates for Congress.

Chevalier Geo. W. Pullman's daughter is about to take unto herself a husband, and, as might have been expected, the daily press has uncorked its slobber reserve and is spreading the taffy on with a trowel. We are favored with before-taking portraits of the young turtle-doves, together with their history from the hour they donned their first diapers to this good day. There is really nothing wrong about that. A majority of the readers of the daily press are intellectual infants and must be given a diet adapted to their powers of digestion; but it occurs to me that the Pullmans are presenting themselves with too many posies. Papa Pullman could easily purchase a duke for his daughter; still I cannot see that he deserves any special credit for conferring her upon an American sovereign who hasn't a dollar. The fact that Miss Florence is about to be married is no reason why the family should rush into print with a catalogue of all the men who have sighed in vain for her millions. If Mr. Pullman chose to send the nephew of the Austrian emperor about his business, and approve the suit of an Iowa farmer's son, there is really no occasion for him to mount to the roof of his

palatial mansion and proclaim that fact to the public. The ostentation is altogether un-American. If he holds foreign titles in such contempt how came he to purchase one for himself of the Italian King? I am glad that the Pullman millions are to remain in America. They are the fruits of monopoly and a brutal grinding of the faces of the laboring people. Miss Pullman has been old enough to marry any time these ten years past. She is able to support a husband properly; hence I fail to see that the marriage is one whit more important than that of dozens of others that will be solemnized on the same day. The intellectual giants of the world are seldom begotten in gilded boudoirs. If Miss Florence feels the need of a man at her time of life, let her marry—while Papa Pullman makes an earnest effort to apply the soft pedal to himself. The people are growing awearied of this ostentatious impudence of wealth.

A mighty reform movement has been in progress for some years past among the “erring sisters”—many a wretched creature has been led by kindly hands out of the foul atmosphere of lust into the radiant light. The world still moves, and, despite the *ipse dixit* of Solomon, there’s something new under the sun. I once held to the theory that it was as impossible to reform a public prostitute as to make a savory omelet of a rotten egg—that all the well-meant effort of those noble ladies who go as missionaries among them, was but love’s labor lost. It was a dreadful theory, but apparently fully justified by conditions. The Matron of one of the best known houses of refuge in America had said to me, with tears, that she doubted much if all her earnest labor to uplift the fallen has resulted in one bona-fide reformation. Now hundreds of “girls” are voluntarily abandoning their evil business,

while not a few keepers of disreputable dives have closed their establishments and are striving to reclaim those whom they once helped to degrade. It is enough to make even a hardened sinner join in the hosannahs. But is this bad old world actually growing better—are these reformations real? I do not know. I have before me a letter from the Madame of a notorious *maison de joie*. The former says “Poverty is the scourge which drives women into prostitution, and it has become the lash which is driving them out. Never before, perhaps, in the history of this city, were so many women trying to subsist on the fruits of their shame. Many find it impossible, and must seek more respectable employment or starve. Reformation, so-called, induces the ladies to find these poor creatures employment.” Not very encouraging, truly; still the fact that, for some reason, women do come out of the depths, is just cause for rejoicing. The letter of the Matron merits the serious consideration of sociologists, while that of the Madame seems to call for carbolic acid. The latter says: “So we are reforming, are we? Sure! We’re being starved out by the competition of ‘respectable’ prostitutes. I made a great mistake in opening a house instead of becoming a leader in swell society. I think I’ll get a coat of moral whitewash, turn my place into a laundry and give my girls a chance to make bread and butter washing the dirty linen of fashionable w—s.” Perhaps the Madame is too hard on society’s “hupper suckles;” but it is noticeable that her explanation of the success of the reformers has much in common with that of the eminently practical, if too pessimistic Matron. It will also be remarked by the study of social phenomena, that the number of prominent business and professional men who frequent places of ill-repute becomes appreciably smaller year by year. Is a successful reform movement in progress among the male debauchees likewise?

It is to be hoped so ; still, the number of " scandals in high life " and divorces granted on the ground of adultery ; the noticeable lack of confidence which women of fashion have in the virtue of their dearest friends, and the consensus of opinion that society is becoming daily more corrupt, are not encouraging signs.

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OUR CODFISH ARISTOCRACY.

"*Poets are born, not made,*" says the proverb, but the reverse is true of the American autocrat—of all autocrats in fact, for the new-got brat of most Serene Highness, lying in its costly crib and wildly yooping with cholera infantum, is but a barbarian. However sacred it will be in the worshipful eyes of man, the misplaced diaper-pin is no respecter of persons, but gets in its graft as readily on youthful royalty as with the Populist babe, fed with a wooden spoon and rocked in a soap-box. The American aristocracy is based altogether upon boodle, that of brains being still undreamed of in our philosophy. It matters little whether one's parents were people of culture or Digger Indians ; whether they were deified or damned, if he but have the "dough." It matter even less whether he accumulated wealth in a learned profession or as a public scavenger, by genius or jackassery, by transforming the wilderness into happy homes or fattening upon the misfortunes of his fellows, if he but have it. In America the successful soap-boiler stands upon the same social level with the prosperous exponent of law—higher if he have more lucre. Those before whom the common herd are expected to make lowest salaam are not the Edisons and Franklins, the Fields and Irvings ; but the Astors and Vanderbilts, the Goulds and Mackays—people guiltless of all intelligence

except the vulpine instinct, and having nothing to recommend them but that money which Prof. Agassiz was "too busy to make." The Astor fortune was founded by a trader in the skins of polecats, the Vanderbilt by the economy of a Dutch fishwife, the Gould by a peddler of mousetraps and the Mackay by a streak of bull luck that lifted its proprietors above the necessity of peddling beer over a pine bar and engineering a miners' boarding-house. The wand of Fortune easily transforms a stable-boy or scullion into a social Cæsar. But while good money atones for bad breeding, and brains are at a discount in our social world unless chaperoned by boodle, we yield a servile worship to titles, even though no longer synonyms of power. Like our British cousins, we "dearly love a lord"—bow and scrape even to the bogus titles of the erstwhile French "nobility." We care naught for the descendants of Burns or Shakespeare; those of Dante or Socrates would stand outside our higher social pale that enclosed the "big rich," unless they could unlock the gate with a key of gold; but before the rotting spawn of titled pimps and coroneted courtesans our boodle aristocracy bows itself to the very dust. America has much to say anent "equality of man," "nobility of nature," etc.; but if there is any spot on earth where wealth instead of "worth makes the man, and want of it fellow," that place is the land of the political crank and home of the shoe-string evangelist. If there is a people on the great round earth ever ready to lick the boots of royalty, pruriently hungry for class distinction, eagerly aping European nobility, it is that composite congeries of bipeds over which the Star-Spangled Banner ostentatiously floats and flaps,—foolishly enough for the most part. Our very trades-people are infected with the itch for coats-of-arms and other heraldic mum-mery and offensive nonsense; can scarce wait until, by as-

siduous trading in tripe and tape, they can afford to keep a coach and mount thereon a straddling biped with a wilderness of big buttons and parade themselves before all men,—strengthening the bold hypothesis of Darwin! Think of it, ye foolish orators who churn the mephitic air at state conventions; ye “able editors” grinding out interminable “takes” of dry rot anent the dignity of American manhood. Even in our chief Texas villages (ambitiously aspiring to become cities that the “unearned increment” of the land-grabber may be increased thereby) the successful merchant,—the man who, by assiduously drawing of vinegar and scooping of brown sugar and ten-penny nails, measuring of molasses and bed-ticking and other like useful but lowly services, has acquired wealth—employs one of his fellow citizens (his equal according to the blessed constitution), gets him up in the outlandish gear of a European funkey and commands him to drive him about that his fellow townsmen may behold and envy him! He is now a member of the yard-stick and sugar-scoop aristocracy! He is now a great man, privileged to make an ass of himself—as if nature did not render effort in that direction superfluous on his part, did he but know it.

Most wonderful of our social phenomena is our boodle aristocracy, wherein the successful trader, the fortunate speculator, miner and other quick-rich people vie with each other in ostentatious and vulgar display. A title of nobility the sugar-scoop or soapfat aristocrat cannot purchase for himself, the blessed constitution standing in the way; but he can at least hire a man to call him “colonel!” mayhap, if the bidding be not too brisk, buy himself a seat in the United States Senate, and, using this as a lever, pry his family into touch with the European aristocracy based upon birth and wanting brains. Nay, if his purse be long

enough; if he bought codfish or cotton at the proper time, may he not purchase foreign titles for his daughters,—encumbered, perhaps, but empty-headed and bankrupt roues who should have been pilloried or hanged years ago—but titles just the same; enabling him henceforth to speak of “me daughter, the Marchioness Macaroni,” or “the Lady Bullhead?” Ordinary Americans, for whom no oil spouts, to whom no Fortunatus’ purse has been vouchsafed, must content themselves with the titles of “judge,” “major,” or even “captain” which is some distinction, a barrier though frail, that separates them from the common herd, the proletarian rabble that wags along with plain “Mr.” or “Squire.”

It would not be a bad idea to amend the constitution and put titles of nobility up for sale to the highest bidder, as some states now do United States Senatorships. So hungry are the shoddies for titular distinction that, to secure it, they would readily pay off the national debt, and perhaps leave a surplus to be divided among the middle-aged orphan children of the “veterans” who made money out of the war. By laying a tax on coat-of-arms and liveried lackeys, we could easily dispense with the internal revenue tax. Really it were preferable to have a few indifferent lords rather than so much bad whiskey. Let our statesmen think of this.

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INGERSOLL’S TEXAS ITINERARY.

“PAGAN BOB” recently toured Texas with his great moral show, and the ministers have been “answering” him ever since in the pulpit and the press. Just what Ingersoll said that demanded a ministerial rebuke I am unable to

imagine. He apostrophized liberty, eulogized woman and insisted that religion should not be exempt from the law of evolution—nothing very alarming or original. I would as soon think of having a controversy with an æolian harp as with Col. Ingersoll. His brain is simply a music-box, his lectures prose poems, in which ideas are subordinated to euphony. He says nothing, but does it so entertainingly that we long to hear him say it again. Listening to him is like drinking Weiss beer—there's not the slightest danger of becoming overloaded. I know of nothing equal in restfulness to the Ingersollian oration—you don't even have to think that you are thinking. You drop one-fifty in the slot and he does the rest. It is grateful to the tired brain after a wearisome day as bromo-soda to the stomach after a rapid night. You simply drift in a gilded bark on a placid sea to an intellectual nowhere, while the band plays

“ Floating in a dreamy waltz.”

Ingersoll imagines that he is an agnostic; but he is mistaken. He hasn't sufficient mental virility to be an original kicker. Had not others raised the flag of revolt, he would probably have been a Presbyterian preacher. He is unquestionably great in his way; but he wasn't put up for a pioneer. He is the musical mouthpiece of agnosticism, the flute through which passes the breath of brainier men. Ingersoll is the jeweler of the intellect. Given gold and pearls he'll build a resplendent crown; but he cannot bring the orients from the bottom of the sea nor rip the refractory metal from the bowels of the earth. That labor must be performed by sterner hearts and stronger hands. He reminds me of a machine once planned by a Connecticut yankee. He proposed to drive geese into it and have them come out *pate de foie gras* on one side and feather pillows

on the other. The ideas of the great dissenters are poured into Col. Ingersoll and they come out Orpheus music and eau de cologne. Ingersoll is as guiltless of original ideas as a rabbit, but is an expert at putting old wine into new bottles. He can transform the veriest scare-crow into a dress suit. He can warble "Ben Bolt" so that it is mistaken for the melody of the spheres. Read three of Ingersoll's lecture and you get all he ever said—and every bit of it was borrowed. Put into the mouth of a common man it would pass without remark; but chanted by the great prose poet the world pauses to wonder. I have no desire to belittle Col. Ingersoll,—I would give to every man his due. That he is an exemplary citizen, an indulgent father and a model husband I freely admit; but as much may be said of many ministers who preach foreordination and infant damnation. The social virtues are not indicative of genius,—are usually monopolized by mediocrity. Ingersoll is great in his way, but it is a greatness that will not appeal strongly to posterity. His fame will not outlast his life. He is an entertainer rather than an orator, an adapter instead of a thinker. His speeches are "finished" rather than foreful, his writing "pretty" rather than profound. He is the chief exponent of literary luxuriousness, *facile princeps* of oratorical decadents. Upon everything that he has written or uttered is stamped in capital letters, "I strive to please." I do not mean that Col. Ingersoll panders to popular prejudice in religion or politics, but that he seeks to gratify the effeminate tastes of literary Sybarites. His lectures and speeches are carefully memorized, every word weighed, every look and gesture foreordained, hence his oratory rises little above perfect elocution. When a speaker hath the art to conceal his art such oratory is pleasing, but it can never possess that weird power that enabled Burke Cockran to hold 20,-

000 enemies of Tammany spellbound at the midnight hour while he plead the cause of the execrated "tiger." There is nothing magnetic, nothing volcanic in Ingersoll's happiest efforts—none of that dominating personal power by which the old masters melted their auditors to tears, or wrought them to frenzy, then hurled them against pretty flowers; but they lack perfume. There's not one cape jasmine to drown the soul in sensuous ecstasy. There are a thousand petty darts that sting like pismires, but not one Toledo blade, driven like a thunderbolt through a coat of mail. Were Ingersoll a really wise man he would discourse of the philosophy of religion instead of wrangling with foolish secretaries anent its non-essentials. Who the devil cares what barbarians thought about the creation, or what their idea of the Creator? Are we never to hear the last of the inquisitorial thumbscrews and old John Calvin's crime? Shall we be preterists ever and turn our faces to the dead past instead of to the dawn? Religion has been subject to the law of evolution. It has evolved from the Mumbo Jumbo and the wooden idols of Araby—with "flies on them"—to a God of infinite love. To be consistent, Col. Ingersoll should decry all government because tyrants have enslaved their subjects and ruled them with a rod of iron. He should mock at science because the world's wisest once thought the earth supported by a monster tortoise. He should condemn the Copernican theory because the Ptolemaic was proven fatuous. He should decry love because it was born of lust, and condemn marriage because it began in slavery. Col. Ingersoll lectures on Shakespeare sometimes, and declares, if I mistake not, that the Bard of Avon was the wisest man that ever adorned the world. If that be true it may be true to ponder these words, which sound like an echo of the voice of Solomon:

“Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven.”

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POLITICAL POT-POURRI.

“NAPOLEON” MCKINLEY appears to be well in the lead for the presidential persimmon, which will be awarded this year by the Republican party. He’s the man of destiny. The stars in their course fight for McKinley. Politically, geographically and intellectually, he’s all that could be desired—in a presidential probability. Bill McKinley resembles Bonaparte—and so do the First Consul’s plaster-of-Paris busts. Shakespeare intimates that a fool may pass for a philosopher by looking wise as an owl and sawing wood; and McKinley has profited by the hint. He’s the Napoleonic sphynx. He stands “wrapt in the solitude of his own originality,” and says nothing. It is impossible in these latter days to elect a really brainy man chief magistrate. Intellect and industry are correlatives, and activity in politics means a horde of enemies who will climb your collar at the national convention. No man of superior mental powers has attained the presidency since the death of Lincoln, and his elevation was a political accident. The Websters and Clays, the Blaines and Shermans,—these are not the men who are “available;” it is the Hayeses and Harrisons, the Buchanans and Clevelands who keno. “A fool for luck,” says the wise man, and the proverb applies with peculiar force to politics. Intellectual giants are defeated for county judgeships, while mediocrity reaches the chief magistracy. We Democrats may dislike to admit it, but Tom Reed’s the brainiest American on earth to-day. He knows more in a minute

than do Cleveland and his entire cabinet of obsequious clerks in a month. He'll be wiser when dead than McKinley in the possession of all his mental powers—and that's why he'll never be president. I can't imagine how he came to break into Congress. Brains win in every occupation but politics. That's why "Waco's Warwick" has heeded the advice of Wolsey and put away ambition—is devoting his remarkable energies to the newspaper "interview." Bill McKinley never had but one idea, and that was borrowed. He reminds me of a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store—forever offering the same painted fraud. McKinley is the coming man. We can already hear his footsteps in the marble halls of fame—resounding like the clatter of a stray calf in the deserted halls of the Olympian gods. We'll elect him because he knows little and is unlikely to learn. Mediocrity is "safe" and "conservative," hence McKinley's the man for our money. There's no telling what a genius would do in the White House—he might get lonesome and resign before the end of his term, and thereby upset all political precedent. "Wit to madness is near allied"—but McKinley's dead safe.

I note with pardonable pride that my fellow-townsman, Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, is rapidly forging to the front as a prospective presidential candidate of the Prohibition party. This is as it should be. Cranfill is the typical Prohib., the logical candidate of the cold-water crew. If elected he will give us an administration in perfect harmony with the principles of his party. It would muzzle every man who dares dissent from its politico-religious dogma, and boycott those who presume to doubt that it has all the goodness and wisdom of the world grabbed. It is the avatar of vicious ignorance, the apotheosis of intol-

erance. Its methods are those of the bulldozer, its occupation that of the meddler. It considers falsehood and fornication but venial faults compared with the absorption of hard cider, and places the man who sells a glass of liquor, with the sanction of law, below the moral level of the forger and the rape-fiend. The brain of the party is a festering ulcer and its heart putrid with hypocrisy. Great are the Prohibs, and Cranfill is their prophet. He is a pious Christian who has been born three times, and is probably not yet at the end of his string. When "born of the spirit" they failed to get a good scald on the abdominal doctor, but Judge Gerald reincarnated him, and he is now the meekest man since the days of Moses. Instead of advocating "muscular Christianity," he now turns the other cheek to the smacker and gets it smuck. It required just two minutes by the town clock to convince him that the church militant was a mistake. I sincerely trust that he has a lead-pipe cinch on the nomination. He is the greatest Prohibitionist "what they is." He's the incarnation of that un-American itch for meddling, a worthy leader of that motley omnium-gatherun of canting he-virgins and female wall-flowers. A prohibition campaign without Cranfill working in the lead were like a society drama without a repentant courtesan in the cast. He's *facile princeps* of the goo-goos, bell-wether of that sanctified mob of moral hobos who would sit at the muzzle of a freeborn American citizen and dictate how he shall load himself. He's to Prohibition what Old Holland is to a gin-fizz, ears to an ass, or perfume to a pole-cat. I want to see him hit the shining goal with both pietistic pedal extremities on the first ballot. I admire the colossal even in hypocrisy, the monumental even in gall. Furthermore, we office in the same building and our great religious journals are printed in the same shop. It were indeed un-

neighborly and unkind to thwart his laudable ambition to keep himself before the public, thereby proclaiming to all men that now is the time to subscribe. If Cranfill doesn't receive the presidential nomination of his party, I want it distinctly understood that his failure is not my fault. The honor is not necessarily an empty one,—he can use it to work John D. Rockefeller for another trip pass over the "Katy" road.

It is now said that the manufacturers and free silver Republicans have "got together" under an oriflamme consisting of a "Chinese Wall" saltant on an argent field. In this sign they will conquer. At this stage of the political game nothing can withstand such a combine. The Republican party is solidly protection, while on this issue—as upon all others—the Democracy has no idea where it is "at." It has tried to carry water on both shoulders, and fallen between its buckets—made a more ridiculous spectacle of itself than did Hebe when she slipped up on the Milky Way. While failing to please the manufacturer, it caused the producer of raw material to rise up and exclaim. The protectionist for private revenue and the free trader for others only played football in '94 with the party of our fathers. Neither feels that it can be trusted so far as Taurus may be thrown by the tail. Free trade is a political winning card only when it can be played at the expense of the other fellow, and when it came to making a "revenue tariff," it was found that, first or last, we were all other fellows, and unwilling to sacrifice private interests for our dear country's sake. The g. o. p. is in nowise a unit on the so-called monetary problem, but an overwhelming majority of the people are enthusiastically in favor of free silver—would swallow almost any kind of an annex to secure it. The action of the manufacturers in

following the silver strains of the Pied Piper of the Centennial State is not at all surprising. The money-lenders and bond grafters are unalterably opposed to free silver, but the manufacturers have ever had a sneaking fondness for the white metal. The Democracy will split itself from posterior appendage to paper collar on the silver Al Sirat, and drop with a pair of pathetic dull plunks into innocuous desuetude, while the Republican bull elephant goes atrumping through the fragrant clover-patch, "Four more years of Grover—I don't think!"

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Six Democratic congressmen were patriotic enough to lay aside partisan politics and vote to censure Ambassador Bayard for his anglomaniacaal utterances in England. Mr. Bayard is a man of some ability, but is sadly deficient in what is known as horse-sense. As a private citizen he is privileged to belittle his country as much as he likes; but while serving it as minister plenipotentiary he should put a time lock on his hair-trigger mouth. We do not pay men \$17,500 per annum to make public harangues and point out to foreigners our supposed faults. A man who is ashamed of the land of his birth should at least have the decency not to officially misrepresent it abroad. Ambassador Bayard deserves the royal bounce. That he has not been fired, body and breeches, long ago is a source of surprise in all diplomatic circles. The London *Times* declares that should Pauncefote offend as Bayard has done he would be recalled and disgraced. In seeking to curry favor with the English, by belittling his own land, Bayard has only earned their contempt. President Cleveland will never make the people believe his John Bull bluff hadn't a third term attachment until he rolls the official head of this offensive pro-British blatherskite into the basket.

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Senator Chandler has given notice that he will offer a resolution providing for the direct election by the people of the president, vice-president, United States senators, postmasters and collectors of internal revenue. I have been urging this measure for more than a dozen years. When I first suggested it I was called a "crank." To-day the press and people favor the direct election of United States senators, and they will accept the rest of the plan by the end of the century. Senator Chandler should enlarge his resolution so as to include United States marshals and customs collectors. When we abolish the "pie-counter" we will have purer politics. Congressmen will no longer be burthened with the onerous duties of office-brokerage, and may dispense with their high-priced clerks. Presidents may then find worthier employment than the distribution of spoils. The people will be served locally by officers of their own selection, instead of by incompetents possessing a political "pull." Senatorships will neither be bought and sold, or made the subjects of such disgraceful contentions as that recently witnessed in Kentucky. The offices will be so distributed among the various partisan organizations that each incumbent will be in accord with the people he serves, and political bossism will get an eternal black eye.

Judge Frank B. Earnest, of Laredo, Texas, thinks he wants to go to Congress, catch the speaker's eye, and save the country; but he doesn't. Judge Earnest hasn't sized himself up exactly right. He is entirely too good a man to transform into an office broker and dispenser of garden seeds that won't grow. He couldn't stand the stifling atmosphere of the national capital. He'd have an acute attack of nostalgia in ten days and wish himself safely back on the banks of the Rio Bravo. He would hunger for

the red-pepper diet of his native heath, and sigh for the serenade of the lowly burro beneath his lattice at break of day. His cheek would loose its peach bloom, his eye its brightness, and that fund of quaint humor, which makes him the Mark Twain of the chaparral, would cease to flow. A congressional career is like a mescal jag—there's an hilarious eclat at the opening that makes life seem one universal fandango, a perpetual *fiesta*; but at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like a bumble-bee in a pair of bedticking pants. I call upon Judge Earnest's friends to save him from himself. Consul-general Donnelly should take him across the river and charm him with some new and greater Queen Scheherazade serial until the election is over.

Col. Dick Wynne, of Fort Worth, has secured his tardy consent to an "interview" anent the political situation, and made everything translucent as mud. How tired these laboriously extracted "interviews" do make an old newspaper man! After an editor has systematically dodged the inevitable for days, he is run to earth and a bulky document emptied upon him with an urgent request that he "work it in." He pleads pressure upon his columns, twists and tergiversates, only to be met with the cool suggestion, "Oh, well, use it for time copy." He opens it with an air of chronic ennui, and learns that he has had a reporter camping on the trail of the Hon. So-and-So for days, and that at last—praise Heaven!—the great man consented—albeit with evident reluctance—to talk! "Consented?" Ye gods, what immaculate gall! The type-written "interview" is the *bete noire* of every editor. A yard of spring poetry is a godsend by comparison, a kick by "Old Subscriber" a positive relief. All the weary years I was engaged in diurnal deviltry these faker "inter-

viewers" supplied me with fuel. Col. Wynne has taken his type-writer in hand to inform the Texas people that they will re-elect Charles of the office holding tribe of Culberson. That is indeed important—the more so as they hadn't suspected it. We can only wonder who told Col. Wynne. As he speaks like one having authority, it's possible that he's been consulting familiar spirits. The goldbug and free-silver wings of the Texas Democracy cannot get together without self-evident stultification—political perjury for the sake of pie; yet that is exactly what Wynne wants and expects. The bosses may be willing, but the people will not tolerate such brazen prostitution of principle. A coalition of protectionists and free-traders for the sake of office were not so insufferable, for the tariff is not a recognized issue. If the two wings flap together in another office-jobbing truce, and renominate a man who has ignored his every platform pledge with the insouciance of a Machiavelli, the name of the Democracy is Dennis. There is but one man who stands a ghost of a chance to lead the party to victory, and that's the ancient political mariner of Palestine. The "Boy Statesman" began as a fraud and will end as a failure. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. He rattles in his gubernatorial robe like a cowpea in a quart pot. He mistakes ward politics for statecraft and his own prurient ambition for the general welfare. Despite his woeful shortcomings he might be re-elected were his faults those of a sovereign instead of the vices of a slave. The errors of Hogg were human; his mistakes were those of the head. There was a warm, flesh and blood tint to his every fault that made us admire the man while we condemned the magistrate. He fought ever in the open—set his battle in array and issued his defi like a knight-errant of old. Culberson is a bush-whacker and policy-player. His heart is frozen and all his

instincts are those of the fox. There's craft in his stereotyped smile and icicles in his handshake. He is about as magnetic as a last year's corpse. His suavity suggests the sinuosity of the serpent, his hypocrisy that of Uriah Heep. Before he had been a member of Gov. Hogg's official family six months he had a conspiracy afoot to retire his chief at the end of one term. Re-elect Culberson? Col. Wynne has hypnotized himself with a false hope and is talking in a trance. Tennyson assures us that

“ All men do walk in sleep and all
Have faith in what they dream.”

Somebody should turn the hose on Col. Wynne and wake him up.

* * *

HAS THE SALOONIST A SOUL?

WHENEVER our prohibition friends speak of the man of ecstatic mixtures they devoutly cross themselves and wonder how long the Almighty will allow a world so wicked to dodge the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Prohibitionist regards the saloonist as a son of Satan if not his infernal majesty in *propria persona*; his place of business as a spider-web into which the poor buzzing human fly has no more gumption than to go, with or without invitation, and be devoured, body and breeches. That the saloonist would, without compunction, sweep into his till the last copper of a man whose family was freezing in the street, or put the finishing touches to an inebriate wreck; that he would welcome money realized from the sale of an infant's shroud or picked from the pockets of a blind beggar, is the chief tenet in the Prohib's confession of faith.

Now I am aware that some men engaged in the liquor traffic have touched the nadir of human degradation; but

the same is true of all avocations. How many merchants, lawyers, doctors, farmers, even preachers, have been guilty of arson, murder, rape, incest! How many men engaged in "respectable" avocations have robbed the widow of her mite and the orphan of his patrimony, blasted the reputation of honest men and noble women with a breath of slander?

It were as fatuous to judge all men engaged in the liquor trade by the worst specimens as to measure all ministers by those who have "fallen from grace," all merchants by those who make money by failures, all lawyers by the "shysters."

I will not pretend to say that retailing spirits is either a noble or necessary avocation, one in which a man may properly feel pride; but it is sheer folly to condemn a man for seeking fortune in fields legitimized by law, to expect the individual seeking sustenance for a family to rise superior to public sentiment as manifested in legislative enactments. We should remember that it is not the opinion of the few, but of many that constitute the world's code of ethics, and that to question a man's moral and legal right to do what the majority approve, is to strike at the very tap-root of representative government. If the man who sells liquor over a bar is sinning against society, he is doing so with its sanction. If he is guilty of a moral crime, every man who voted to legitimatize his business is equally culpable, so responsible for all the ill effects that may follow,—as deserving of the anathemas of purists and Prohibitionists. Those who denounce the saloonist thus ask the court of public opinion to render a verdict against itself and become its own executioner.

The two classes who denounce the saloonist most bitterly are those who know nothing about him, and those weak-kneed brethren who must keep their Prohibition enthusiasm

ever at white heat or plunge back into the gutter. The better class of saloonists do not want their patrons to drink to excess,—are quick to warn them when they are overstepping the line that divides good cheer and drunkenness; will flatly refuse them liquor if they persist in going too far. They want only the patronage of men to whom liquor is a luxury, not a necessity; who can drink like gentlemen and go about their business. I have seen saloonists refuse to sell to men and urge them to let liquor alone, and have seen those same men at public assemblages denouncing all saloonists, without exception, in the most violent language. The better class of saloon men deplore the existence of the disreputable "doggeries" as much as reputable lawyers do the methods of their barratrous brethren. They are usually progressive citizens and liberal contributors to church and charity. Their manners and morals are equal to those of men in other lines of business, their intelligence equal.

The existence of saloons unquestionably causes some drunkenness; but so long as liquor is made it will be sold, and it is a debatable question whether it does the most damage when sold by the dram or the gallon,—whether the man who keeps it in his house or the one who does all his drinking at the bar, is the most likely to allow his appetite to master his judgment. It is much easier to resist the temptation to make a pilgrimage to a saloon and buy a drink (and perhaps spend a dollar treating chance acquaintances) than to convince yourself that your system does not need a little toning if you have a demijohn of ten-year-old in the cupboard. Thanks to the damnable American folly of "treating," one is more liable to get drunk in company than by himself; but an occasional "drunk-and-down" is infinitely preferable to a chronic state of semi-inebriety. It is the solitary, rather than the

social drunk, that makes work for the sextons in the potter's field.

The social drunk is born of the treating habit, an evil indigenous to America, and which the most virulent Prohib will hardly charge to the debit side of the saloonist's account with society, as it prevails equally at the restaurant, the cigar-stand,—everywhere. The American sovereign still feels that he may properly purchase a pair of shoes without asking every stranger in sight to walk in and be shod at his expense, and kiss his wife without inviting the world to sample the sweetness of her lips; but in pretty much all things else he imagines that he must share his bounty with bystanders or deny himself. The result is that when a business man slips into a saloon at midday for a refreshing glass of beer, expecting to spend five cents, to be absent from his desk five minutes, he probably finds a dozen chance acquaintances fringing the bar,—called up by a previous victim. Of course, he must drink with them, willy-nilly. Then a second man "sets 'em up," a third, fourth, fifth,—he must drink with all or be voted uncourteous. Then his turn comes to "make a play,"—which spoils a dollar—and he escapes to his business half intoxicated and finds himself utterly worthless for the rest of the day. His condition, his loss of time and expenditure of twenty times the sum he contemplated, are not the fault of the saloonist or the saloon. That single glass of cold beer would have been a luxury, have done him good. That the saloonist provided, but, yielding to the slavery of a foolish custom which he helped to make, the patron allows himself to be injured where he should have been benefitted.

But the Prohib does not hesitate to charge all the ills that result from this social delirium, as well as those due to the weakness and inherent cussedness of man with men-

tal malformities, to the white-apron brigade. If a man who never saw a saloon should purchase a gallon of mean whiskey of his grocer, or of a moonlight distiller in the Tennessee mountains, get drunk, fall over his own shadow and break his worthless neck, the Prohib would parade the inconsequential event before all men as "another shocking result of the saloon curse!"

Personally, I think the good Lord made a grave mistake in not leaving old Noah out in the weather and saving somebody not quite as saturated with Yankee enterprise; but as he did not, and we have, as a result, several hundred varieties of "jags," I prefer to let the saloonist keep my share in stock instead of becoming my own bartender. I find that it lasts longer under this arrangement, and that my legs are more trustworthy.

Before taking, his name was Prince Troubetskoi; since taking, he writes it plain J. Stahl. It seems that he was "stuck o'er with titles and hung around with strings" for matrimonial purposes only. Amelie Rivers Chanler Tocabcosauceskoi has been deceived. But let the deep-dyed vilyum beware! Hell has no fury like a woman who has played for a sure-enough prince and caught a measly pleb. She'll take a terrible revenge by turning off the water and reading him a poetic conflagration that'll toast him in his own tallow.

Rev. J. W. Hill, of Gainesville, better known as "Loco"—the Spanish word for crazy, and meaning in English a poisonous weed—appears to divide his time pretty equally between writing boycott literature for misprint newspapers and sending consolation by telephone to such of his parishioners as happen to be ill of contagious diseases. Bro. Hill cannot be too careful of his precious self. Good heavens!

Suppose he should catch the mumps—and be unfitted for the ministry.

Col. Doremus, of the Dallas *News*, has conceived the brilliant idea of printing portraits of congressional candidates, with soft-soap biographies—at regular advertising rates. As a till-filler it lays 'way over a Houston *Post* voting contest fake, but is awfully hard on regular readers.

If you don't like the ICONOCLAST please tell your neighbor so—he'll sure buy it to find out what devilment you've been doing.

* * *

SALMAGUNDI.

Col. Ingersoll has little use for Moses, but great respect for the profits.

Barney Gibbs seems to have "shot" his way into the camp of the soaptails.

A "jingo" is an American who does not sneeze every time John Bull takes snuff.

It is now Amelie Rives Chanler Troubetskoi. What a name to go to bed with!

The trouble with the Salvation Army is too many Boss Booths and bass drums.

Nansen is supposed to have discovered the north pole during a cold day in August.

John H. Reagan will find that the political Mahomet must go to the Populist mountain.

Many a politician will snag his panties this year trying to straddle the free silver plank.

A society journal assures us that "bloomers are not good form." It depends a great deal on who wears them.

Corbett must have been studying the campaigns of Samson—he's doing his fighting with the jawbone of an ass.

Messrs. Hardy and Dudley are striving desperately to save the Democratic party of Texas with their pens, while the farmers are attending to the salvation of the country with their plows.

The congressional seed merchants insist that J. Sterling Morton is unbalanced. That's what comes of parting his name on the side.

Congress' resolutions of sympathy with the Cuban insurgents were much like presenting a brewery ad. to the Houston Bohemian Club.

Gov. Stone of Missouri has plenty of backbone, but the fires of his political ambition have warped it into the semblance of a drunken rainbow.

The rumor that the St. Louis *Republic* is employing the Roentgen ray in the hope of discovering some solid substance in its editorial soup, is probably a canard.

A Pennsylvanian has been justice of the peace for forty years and is again a candidate. He's evidently the man who wants but little here below, but wants that little long.

If Spain desires domestic peace of the most approved brand she should police her universities with Texas cowboys.

The Prohibition orator usually begins by telling how worthless he used to be, and winds up by abusing everybody who can keep their brains above their bellybands without governmental aid.

Italy is not securing a very large supply of sympathy because of the defeat of Gen. Baratieri. The army of Italy had no more business in Abyssinia than had Jamieson's buccaneers in the republic of the Boers.

The difference between a "gold-bug idiot" and "free silver crank" is that the one wants to loan a pup and receive back a pig, while the other would borrow a pig and return a pup. Each is a madness pregnant with method.

Dr. Cranfill suggests to a critic that if the latter does not like his religious environment he can move out of the country. That's a pretty raw talk for a man to make who lives in Texas only by the grace of Judge Gerald.

The googoos insist that capital punishment is no deterrent of crime. Of course not—when less than one homicide in sixty is legally hanged. Hemp is one of those excellent medicines which lose their potency when administered homeopathically.

At this writing Judge George Clark has not been able for several days to secure his consent to a type-written "interview" anent the political situation. Georgie is a very shy bird, and experiences considerable difficulty in throwing salt on his own coattails.

Dr. Cyrus Edson has discovered a "cure" for incurable consumption, and calls it pilocarppinphenylhydroxide. The doctor doubtless argues that with such a name cavorting around inside a patient, the bacilli tuberculosis must either emigrate or get run over.

An exchange assures us that, although Cleveland entered the presidency a poor man, and is now a seven-figure plutocrat, he made his millions "in legitimate speculation." In other words, the gilded thieves found him useful and let him into their nefarious schemes on the ground floor.

Evangelist Abe Mulkey has been at Cleburne preaching on "Restitution," and one man was so affected that he returned \$80, of which he had bilked a bank. Bro. Mulkey continues, however, to hang to the thousands of dollars which he has coaxed from the pockets of the poor in the name of Christ.

A phrenologist, who made a chart of Doc Cranfill's truly wonderful head, marked his "bump of love as very much inflamed." That is provokingly inexplicit. Is it his love of lucre, liquor or libidinosity that needs lancing? I know not, but opine that a mush poultice on his bump of self-esteem would not be misapplied.

General Coxey continues to travel about the country telling it what to do to be saved. The fact that so foolish

a Peter the Hermit can secure a hearing argues that there is something radically wrong—something that is breeding a robust, red-headed revolution. Drowning men will grasp at straws, and a desperate people give heed to cranks.

It really makes no difference whether this State elevates a “ goldbug ” or “ silverite ” to the chief magistracy, if he be an honest and able man; but Texas wants no more political Judases, flash gamblers and chippy-chasers posing before the world as her “ heroic young christian governor.” She has soured on pug-nosed hypocrites who have the will to “ work ” her, but lack the ability.

Psychologists have not yet informed us why the study of medicines causes so many murders, and abnormal religious fervor in women almost invariably leads to fornication. It is a notorious fact that the most horrible homicides have been perpetrated by men having a smattering of medicines, that the most shameless old “ cats ” in the country never forego an opportunity to boycott Bob Ingersoll.

The “ Apostle ” desires to return his heartfelt thanks to that devoted band of Christian ladies who canvassed Temple in the mud and rain to advertise his lecture in that charming city. The “ Apostle ” is not at all pretty, but his fervent piety makes him a prime favorite with the fair sex whithersoever he may wander. Even Paderewski’s hirsute sunrise pales its ineffectual fires, and “ purity ” preachers lose their hypnotic powers in the presence of the “ Apostle.”

Rev. E. B. Sutton, an A. P. Ape evangelist who is gad-ding over the great northwest at the expense of idiots, and

stirring up religious strife, is a representative member of that ridiculous order. Having failed to make a living in the ministry, he became a Prohibition campaigner. That panned out no better, so he tried scandal-mongering and got rotten-egged. Placed between the devil of starvation and the deep sea of honest labor, he climbed a tree with the other "apes," and is now serving the respectable citizens as the yahoos did Gulliver.

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BRER. JONES ABILIN'.

I HAVE received a copy of a Cumberland Presbyterian paper which purports to be published at Hutto and Dallas, Texas. Just why it is published anywhere I am unable to determine, unless it be to give certain Christian brethren an opportunity to work off their bile without the expense of pills. Carpet tacks are used for type, and the press-work consists of throwing a sponge full of soot at a sheet of blank paper. Its mental pabulum is even wilder than its typography. The place of honor in this issue is occupied by H. A. Jones, of Gainesville, who strikes from the shoulder with both hands, kicks out front and rear, bucks and butts all at one and the same time. Brer. Jones is a funnel-shaped verbal cyclone who is steering himself down the "Katy" road, twisting the rails into corkscrews and telescoping the right-of-way. Wherever he hits the solid earth he leaves a hole as big as an Iowa barn. He is relentless as a tax-collector, terrible as a Salvation Army with banners. He has discovered that some of the soulless railway corporations insist that preachers pay full fare or find other methods of transportation, and he wants them boycotted with a big B. Brer. Jones should be calm. He really has no kick coming—at

least none that he can effectively deliver himself. The world would probably wag along just as well if the preachers gadded less and labored more. It might even be some gain to this long-suffering country if Sam Jones, Abe Mulkey and other peripatetic blatherskites were compelled to imitate the example set by old Peter Cartwright and hoof it to their appointments, instead of flying about in luxurious palace cars at half price. They would have time for reflection as they toiled down the plank turnpike, and might give us sermons that were not eleven-sevenths slang—as a prelude to taking up a collection. Furthermore, if the railways have revoked the ministerial half rate, the act, according to Presbyterian theology, was foreordained—the poor passenger agents are helpless in the hands of Providence. There is really no more reason why the railways should carry ministers at half-rates, and thereby present them with some hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, than that the butcher and baker should supply them with provisions at half price. Teachers are far more necessary to society than are preachers, yet are expected to pay full fare. We could do without doctors of divinity much better than without doctors of medicine, yet the latter demand no special concession. The fact is that the average preacher has profited by quasi-pauper concessions so long that he imagines himself possessed of certain prescriptive rights not enjoyed by others, and when these are called in question he becomes actually impudent. Brer. Jones calls upon all Protestant churches to organize a relentless boycott against such railroads as decline to place ministers in the mendicant class, and adds: "I am informed that some railroads in the state discriminate against Protestant preachers by granting free transportation to Roman priests, monks, nuns and every Papist roaming through the country." Who gave him this in-

formation? and what steps did he take to verify it before attempting to use it to the injury of the companies? Does he not know that at least three-fourths of the stock of Texas roads is owned by Protestants? He singles out the M. K. & T. as the especial object of Protestant wrath, yet that road is practically owned by John D. Rockefeller, a most devout Baptist. Brer. Jones has successfully boycotted the shade of Lindley Murray; but a live railway company can strike back, while a dead grammarian can't. I fear that Brer. Jones' crop of Christian charity is sadly in the grass, that the heat of his holy zeal has caused his milk of human kindness to curdle. No man who is either a consistent Christian or a good American citizen ever did or ever will have any connection with a boycott. It is the weapon of the inherently vicious, is resorted to only by men who hold the laws of their country in contempt and would deprive the citizen of his constitutional prerogative. If the Gainesville guy possessed sufficient gumption to teach an infant Sunday-school class, he would know that he has embarked in an unlawful conspiracy that may put him on the rock-pile—perhaps breaking ballast for the object of his boycott.

* * *

POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE prediction of Washington has been fulfilled,—partisan politics has become the curse of this country.

In a government by the people, political partisanship, as exemplified by the existing parties, is born of Ignorance and nursed by Knavery. Instead of helping, it hinders the perpetuation of equality, liberty and fraternity. It is a constant menace to good government. It promotes discord and disunion. It is a breeder of bitterness and the

abettor of bloodshed. Party names are not the badges of American sovereignty, but of partisan slavery. When Senator Hill boasted of his party fealty he simply exhibited his fetters.

“I’m a Democrat.”

What does it mean? It means that should a majority of the partisan organization with which he is allied, decree that white is black and the urine of a skunk sweet incense, he would accept the fiat and devote his best energies to the promulgation of the folly. It means that he has surrendered both liberty of conscience and freedom of speech—that the brains of the machine are riveted on both body and brain.

“I’m an American.”

Place the two declarations side by side and compare them—sovereignty vs. slavery, the master vs. the man! The one is a lord by divine right; when the other ceases to be a serf he’s no longer a “Democrat.” One turn of the machine crank, and he’s over the garden wall—fired out for insubordination, for declining to obey the bosses!

Partisan organization necessary? Nit! Politics is the science of government just as mathematics is the science of numbers. Quarreling anent the tariff were as ridiculous as wrangling over the multiplication table. It may be argued that, like medicine, politics is not an exact science. All the more reason why it should be pursued in a spirit of honest inquiry and opinions held tentatively—why the nation should not be divided into warring factions,—each proclaiming itself the possessor of the heaven-sent Palladium. Stubbornness in defense of a demonstration is pardonable; but hide-bound dogmatism, intellectual intolerance grounded on a pure hypothesis, proclaims an ass of the long-eared variety.

Government by the people is simply a joint-stock con-

cern, like a colossal farm owned and managed by the cultivators. At stated intervals the horny-handed come together to consider the general welfare. One wants to plant cotton, another declares for corn. One would raise beef cattle, a second would sell butter. They differ in opinion as to the necessity of building a new barn and the best antidote for the potato bug. Majority votes decide these matters, and the minority is more or less dissatisfied; but they do not organize, hire a brass band and begin a "campaign of education." How could they? Every cleavage was on a different line, for each member of the company exercised his best judgment on each proposition, voted for what, in his opinion, would yield to the least analysis, that's all there is to government. We need neither partisan organizations nor political platforms. All we need is sufficient common sense to realize that we are stockholders in this governmental concern—that honest and economical management is necessary to promote our individual interests.

Some faint adumbration of this has evidently dawned upon the people, for the great thick-and-thin partisan organizations are rapidly going to pieces. Democrats and Republicans affiliate as though they were really citizens of the same great commonwealth, having commutual interests. The party "whips" are laughed to scorn, rebellion against brass-collar rule is everywhere rife. Democrat and Republican are no longer names to conjure with—the people are actually consulting their own interests. It is a hopeful sign for the Republic, although gall and wormwood to the professional politicians. They are looking for "a new alignment of parties;" but I am hoping for a general renascence of common-sense on lines mapped out by the immortal Washington. In his farewell address the Father of his country said:

“ Let me now warn you, in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally. It exists under different shapes in all governments; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy. The alternate domination of one faction over another . . . is itself a frightful despotism. The common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. It seems, always, to distract the public and enfeeble the public administration. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which finds a facilitated access to the government itself, through the channels of party passion. . . . There is an opinion that parties in a free country are useful checks upon the administration; but in those of a popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. . . . It demands a uniform vigilance to prevent it bursting into flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.”

Yet Chairman Hardy really considers a declination to yield ready obedience to every foolish ukase of the “ dimmycratic ” machine equivalent to a sin against the Holy Ghost; while Republican congressman who, representing their constituents, demand the free coinage of silver, without awaiting a special dispensation for a job-lot of pie-biters in national convention assembled, are regarded by their confreres as political Benedict Arnolds. At present a determined effort is being made to align the West and South in partisan warfare against the East and North. While dallying with the dust of the great dead, it may not be amiss to consider well what he had to say anent that kind of campaigning to corral the succulent public pie.

“ In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern that any

ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discrimination—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interest and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection."

The wisdom of Washington was exemplified by the terrible sequence to that geographical party spirit which culminated in the revolt of 1861; yet despite the warning and in the face of the bloody experience, we are daily told by a tribe of blatant demagogues, who should be dead and damned, that "the West and South must make common cause against the East and North."

* * *

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

A CORRESPONDENT at El Paso, Texas, requests the ICONOCLAST to define "Jeffersonian Democracy," and adds: "The Populists claim to be its exponents, Dudley is sure he has the disease, while Chairman Hardy seems to think he has a monopoly of it himself. Again: Was Jefferson an Atheist?"

I will let the author of the Declaration of Independence speak for himself. On the occasion of his first inaugural, he outlined what he deemed "the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration," as follows:

“ Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administration for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-Republican tendencies: the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional origin, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war until regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles should be the creed of our political faith.”

Jefferson was not an Atheist; nor was he a hidebound dogmatist, groveling before the foolish blunders of dead barbarians. He believed in freedom of the brain as well as of the hand. He was one of those who are

“ Slave to no sect, who take no private road,
But look through nature up to nature’s God.”

In the address from which I have already quoted occur these expressions:

“Enlightened by a benign religion, profound, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them including honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an over-ruling Providence which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter. . . . And may that infinite Power, which rules the destinies of the universe, lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.”

The foregoing certainly breathes a spirit of profound reverence for an all-wise and omnipotent Power, taking an active interest in the welfare of men and shaping the destiny of nations—a personal God. He realized, however, that blind faith is the cult of fools. He had been given a thinker, and as he could utilize it for no other purpose, concluded that it was intended to think with, hence he said:

“Fix Reason on her seat firmly, and call to her tribunal every opinion; question boldly even the existence of a God, because if there be one, He must more approve the homage of Reason than of blind Fear.”

* * *

RECIPROCITY IN PRAYER.

THE Rev. Mr. Tally, pastor of the Baptist Church at Goldthwaite, has been praying for me. That is eminently proper. I need the moral support of all worthy people in my welfare on frauds and fakes, humbugs and hypocrites. Moses prayed while Joshua did battle with the enemies of Israel, and while the petition ascended the sword of Judah

prevailed. While Brother Tally prays, the "Apostle" will swing his snickersee against all that loveth or maketh a lie. Still, I would better appreciate the services of my Baptist Moses had he not begun with an unChristian boycott. I would have more confidence in his "pull" with the upper powers had he imitated the man in the old blue-back speller and tried to coax the boy out of the apple tree with kind words before letting slip his deluge of dornicks. It looks very much as though Brother Tally was trying to add insult to attempted injury—that his prayers are a piece of canting hypocrisy; still I do not object to his petitions, for, like the old lady's bread pills, if they do no good, they cannot do any harm. Being an ardent advocate of reciprocity, the "Apostle" herewith offers the following fervent petition on behalf of Brother Tally:

Almighty Creator of the Universe—Jehovah or Jove, Brahma or Buddha—dear Father of all men, of whatsoever faith; be good, I prithee, to Tally, my erring brother. Hadst thou intended that he should be wise thou wouldst have built his head for a bigger hat. Thou, who didst evolve the molecule from primordial matter and build the industrious doodlebug, called the spirit of Tally from the great inane and gave to it a habitation and a name. He is Thy handiwork, O God, not mine. Thou mad'st him, even as thou didst make those primal Prohibitionists who denounced Christ for preferring the society of publicans and sinners to that of Pharisees, and those vindictive religious bigots who gave him to crucifixion for daring to dissent from their dogma. Father, forgive him, and for the same reason that his prototypes were pardoned. If it be not inconsistent with thy great plan, broaden his intellect until he can comprehend that not every man destitute of the Baptist watermark is slipping dynamite bombs under thy throne of dazzling brightness. Make him to understand

that the world rolled on for countless ages, through joy and through sorrow, through glory and through shame before a single "locus" preacher of the Baptist persuasion crawled from Time's fecund womb to supervise its future. Thou can'st teach him, if thou wilt, that the finite hath no power to harm Infinity—that those serve thee best who are kindest to their fellows; that it is impossible for man, cumbered as he is with earthly clay, to understand thy tremendous plans, or direct with his feeble prayers thy mighty powers. Thou can'st, by building his head anew, and refurnishing it throughout, make him to understand that we are but a breed of moths, flitting through the light of one brief day, between a night that had no beginning and that can have no end; that thou dost not sit secure in some far citadel issuing baptismal ordinances from a mystic cloud, while unfeathered bipeds dance a holy can-can and indulge in one everlasting grand opera for thy delectation; but liv'st in all that is, or was, or ever can be, from the smallest monadic Tally to the mightiest Shakespearean titan. Yea, God, thou can'st do this—but not without creating an immediate vacancy in the sectarian ministry.

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A CANDIDATE FOR CASTRATION.

I HAVE received a marked copy of a Philadelphia periodical, the mission of which appears to be to incite Southern negroes to take up arms against the dominant race to right their supposed wrongs. My attention is especially called to an article by one G. F. Richings, on the burning of a negro rape fiend at Tyler, Texas. Richings is very wroth because Southern men avenge as best they may the out-

raged honor of their homes, and assures us that, after a careful inspection of photos of the Tyler executioners, there was not a man in the "mob" who would not "on the slightest provocation commit murder." Gross ignorance and inherent knavery on the part of the Southern people is, according to Richings, the efficient cause of the roasting of negro rape fiends. It may surprise him somewhat to learn that many of the participants in the Tyler "roast" were Northern men; that the photographer, whom he so bitterly condemns for having the "nerve" to turn the camera on such a scene of horror, was born beyond the Ohio. The fact is that Northern men residing South usually have far less patience with the criminal class of "coons" than have the natives. They have been educated to regard the negro as a responsible entity; a Southerner knows there is little to be expected of Sambo. I am unable to determine from Richings' picture whether he is a negro or not; but presume from his occupation, and the fact that he sends me certificates from prominent Ethiopians to the effect that he is a really great man, that he is a "smart" mulatto, and probably a relative of Ida Wells. His face is "perfect gallows." There is not a strong, manly line in it. The eyes are "foxy" and the nose is "niggery." There is something in his expression that suggests an apt pupil of Fagin—a "ticket lifter" or "wipe swiper." If he is not a thief there's nothing in physiognomy. Richings tacitly endorses the recommendation of a nigger preacher in Chicago that the blacks "resort to the torch and shotgun in retaliation." Does Richings realize that he would precipitate a reign of terror, and that when it ended his occupation would be gone—that there would not be a negro left to support such cattle? He says that during the past four years eight hundred negroes have been lynched in this country and "none of them were even proven guilty."

Richings is a vicious falsifier—and a man who will lie is capable of committing any crime for which he has the requisite physical courage. Creatures like Richings should be caught and castrated to prevent them from perpetuating themselves by cohabitation with colored courtesans. To permit such people to breed is a crime against posterity.

* * *

THE CALVINISTIC CALF.

FROM the *Church Helper* I learn that the Cumberland Presbyterians have some missions located in the Panhandle, and that those in charge have come into possession of a calf which they are anxious to convert into cash. They have been praying the Lord to provide a purchaser, but he hesitates to open an office for bovine brokerage. One of the missionaries, writing to the *Helper*, becomes enthusiastic in praise of the calf, which he declares a Jersey of the masculine gender and "well worth \$200,"—which indicates that these devout men are trying to induce the Lord to send them a sucker. Fervent piety and ability to get the best of a horse trade are not considered incompatible; but I was not hitherto aware that this theologicocommercial indulgence covered bull calves. Just how the good brethren came by the youthful Taurus deponent saith not. Curiosity in such matters is not considered good form in the land of the maverick. The correspondent assures us, however, that the calf must soon be sold or the missionaries as well as the cause of Christ will suffer—that three of the patient toilers in the Lord's vineyard are already confronted by empty pantries and are appealing to the Master with increasing fervor to help them out of the hole. The brethren everywhere are urged to assist the Lord in find-

ing a buyer for the young bovine. The situation becomes day by day more critical—the C. P. Missionary Society hath hung all its hopes on the calf, and is facing a crisis. But the calf doesn't seem to care. It goes forth to crop the succulent herbage, then kicks up its vagrant heels as light of heart as though it were not a four-legged Atlas upholding the Christian world. The salvation of countless souls may depend upon whether that calf is sold for breeding purposes, or barbecued by the hungry brethren. All the sacred bulls of Egypt were as nothing as to its potentiality for good or ill, and we may well imagine legions of angels looking down upon it from Heaven's imperial battlements and wondering, with bated breath, whether it will succeed in landing its mighty burthen of human souls within the jasper walls of the New Jerusalem. Who wants to buy a calf?

* * *

GOVERNMENTAL EDUCATION.

THE *North American Review*, supposed to represent the cumulative wisdom of this continent, declares that state education should not extend beyond the simple and fundamental branches, such as "reading, writing, figuring and a knowledge of the country's history," the remainder being left to private enterprise. The ICONOCLAST voiced exactly the same sentiment several months ago—and has had the public pedagogues astride its celluloid collar ever since. We may now expect to see the *Review* denounced by these all-knowing knights of the birch as "the unprincipled enemy of the public school system." Teach a boy to read and you confer upon him the open sesame to all knowledge. If he be worthy an education, he will then secure it without further assistance from the State. We have made so-

called education entirely too cheap—the youth has only to sit down and have his head pumped full of text-book information by governmental machinery, free of cost. Knowledge, like love and gold, is most valuable to its possessor when hardly won. The great leaders in almost every province of human endeavor have toiled upwards without aid. Our ornate public school systems represents a mistaken effort to transform sows' ears into silken purses at public expense.

* * *

PRICE'S PREDICAMENT.

W. E. PRICE, editor of the *A. P. A. Magazine*, recently arrested for sending obscene matter through the mails and selling nasty pictures to schoolchildren at his bookstore, is out in a card protesting his innocence and declaring himself the victim of Roman Catholic persecution. At this writing the case has not been called in the courts, and an authoritative opinion cannot, therefore, be pronounced; still I opine that if Price be guiltless of these particular offenses it is because he was at the time engaged in some other act equally infamous. A man who persistently defames the Roman Catholic sisterhoods is capable of any crime. An editor who wages brutal war upon a religion dear to the hearts of millions of human beings is crass enough by nature to send obscene literature through the mails. A professed teacher who will exploit brazen falsehoods to inflame ignorant prejudice and fill his purse would scarce hesitate to corrupt the minds of babies if such pernicious industry proved profitable. Price declares that the morning press of San Francisco is cruelly defaming him. If that be true the law provides a remedy. The publishers who are pointing the finger of scorn at Price are financially

responsible. A judgment against them for half a million would be worth its face. Furthermore, there's an abundance of shotguns and six-shooters in San Francisco. Were Price innocent of the dirty deviltry of which he is daily accused; were he an honest man, a self-respecting American citizen, he would not tolerate for one hour the terrible castigations administered by the *Daily Examiner*. He is giving a realistic imitation of a moral bankrupt and physical coward. The fact that he is a grand master of that order of intellectual perverts who would disfranchise patriotic Americans for presuming to exercise their constitutional prerogative to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, is *prima facie* evidence that he should be caught and caged as a plotter against human liberty, an active enemy of this country.

* * *

THAT TEXAS TESTIMONIAL.

GOVERNOR CULBERSON has appointed Messrs. Wm. D. Cleveland, Geo. Sealy, Thos. Randolph, T. C. Frost, R. A. Ferris, Ed. Rotan and Frank Hamilton, all good men—to have on your note—as a committee “to solicit contributions for the purpose of presenting an appropriate testimonial from the people of this state to the battleship *Texas*! The committee has already “got action” through the press, and is appealing to patriotic Texas to cough up the necessary cash to purchase a silver service for the state’s aquatic namesake. Great idea! The Seven Wise Men of old were not a circumstance to the seven savants of the exuberant Southwest. The former would probably have presented the *Texas* with a flag, or added somewhat to its armory—mere barbarians they, who knew not that “a full belly maketh a strong back,” and that our æsthetic

“ salts ” must be served in vessels to tempt their sybaritic appetites. Verily, “ the world do move.” No more pledges over fair hands to defend a silken flag; no more vows that the “ Twin Sisters ” or their sullen cousins shall speak the language of death to liberty’s foes; no more promises that swords accepted with grateful tears shall be wielded well, but rather that the silver service shall be kept bright and clean in our dear country’s cause! From many a stubborn battlefield or hotly contested naval engagement the words have come ringing back, “ The colors are safe ”; but when, after a brush with the enemy, the commander of the *Texas* wires our governor, “ Thank God, we saved the silverware,” the state will go mad with joy! The *Texas* will not go into action with the Lone Star nailed to her main truck and streaming from her spanker gaff; but with a silver tankard for oriflamme, emblazoned with the motto, *In hoc signo vinces*. When a sailor is wounded he will not beg to be wrapped in the *Texas* flag, but to be carried between decks on a silver salver. When a hostile fleet appears on the far horizon the commander of the *Texas* will adjure his men to be true to their sacred silver trust. By all means let us give the *Texas* a white metal testimonial—if Dudley can spare enough from the mints and Hardy does not protest that it is repudiation. True, some of us are glad to get grub served in cheap crockery, and take our buttermilk out of a gourd; but that is no reason why the officers of the *Texas* should not dine on solid silver at our expense. The wool-hat brigade will please go down in its half-sold jeans for the elusive nickel and seldom dime. How can it refuse when millionaires pass the plate? Only a trifle over \$2,000 has been collected thus far, and of course that is not nearly enough for Texas to pay for having an old tub named after her, which naval experts say is dangerous only to those on board.

Unless the people do better it may be necessary for the chairman of the committee to send Mr. Geo. Sealy out with a barrel-organ and monkey to appeal to the patriotism of the children and instruct Mr. Rotan to tour the state with an accordeon and play the national hymn.

* * *

A PRECIOUS PAIR.

THOSE people who are in the habit of reading a chapter or two of the *ICONOCLAST* every morning as an appetizer, will remember that Elder E. A. Harman and Rev. W. Wimberly, of Brenham, recently organized themselves into a sacred song-and-dance team and started out to tour the states as "The Ministers Accused of a Galveston Escapade." They expected people to put up fifty cents apiece for the privilege of listening to the moralizing of men who announced, with a flourish of trumpets, that they had been accused by reputable newspapers of doing the dives, beating hack bills and absorbing too much booze. It appears, however, that the best laid plans of mice and ministers gang aft aglee, for I am informed that Wimberly is now peddling fruit trees, while Harman has been admitted to the bar whose attendants do not wear white aprons and is chasing fame and fortune in the chicken courts. These sacred adventurers were of the wrong sex to coin unsavory notoriety into cold cash. There are, perhaps, thousands of people who would cheerfully give up a dime to hear Madeline Pollard or Rebecca Merlindy Johnson relate their troubles; but a he-courtesan was never considered by well-informed amusement managers as a drawing card. Having failed to trade successfully on either their alleged piety or supposed shame, Revs. Harman and Wimberly are reduced to the necessity of working for a living.

THE SOLDIERS OF PEACE.

THE Philadelphia Fire Department consists of seven hundred members, of whom nearly two hundred were either killed or crippled last year in the discharge of their duty—a record seldom made by a regiment engaged in actual war. The percentage of casualties in the departments of other cities is almost as appalling. The fire laddies are called upon to do battle with a foe that knows naught of pity and never concludes a peace—the demoniac avatar of destruction. Acts of heroism are performed by the fire laddies every day that would win undying fame on the battlefield, but upon their blackened brows there rests no laurel wreath; their dependants receive no pensions from a grateful public. It is the province of the soldier to destroy, that of the firemen to preserve. The former contends with his fellow man; the latter with an enemy more powerful than all the legions of the first Napoleon. Were a monument erected to the memory of every hero who goes down to death 'mid swirling flames and falling walls—terrors beside which throbbing batteries were a blessing—every city would soon seem like a vast cemetery. There is a better plan than to erect cenotaphs to the dead and provide pensions for the living—the building of cities on a plan that makes impossible the horrors of Chicago and Boston. Before the days of rapid transit there was some excuse for crowding millions of people upon a few square miles, transforming our great marts of trade into plague spots, piling up acres of buildings that kiss the clouds—firetraps in which people perish while heroes battle for their preservation. Space has been practically annihilated, and we should now build our cities on the plan of ancient Babylon, with intervening gardens that make for beauty, health and safety. Those peace societies that are going about with

their pockets full of rat-tailed files, trying to spike the six-pounder, should seriously consider the possibility of making it unnecessary to sacrifice two hundred brave men per annum to protect the property of one city from destruction. If men are criminals who, to promote their political fortunes, precipitate destructive wars, what must we say of those who, to fill their purses, pile up solid miles of "skyscrapers"—who sacrifice thousands of the bravest of mankind upon the unholy altar of Mammon?

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